AS I REMEMBER

The Home in My Heart

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BY MICHAEL SHARLITT

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Dedication

THIS NARRATIVE is a running and chronological development of life within orphanages as I knew them. The unfolding of the story may reveal, as the writer hopes it does, the unusual combination of circumstances making for my career.

Looking back, the encouragement received readily provided the kind of optimism and faith that made the day by day task a positive experience and an inner joy. So much is owed to so many. And this book is primarily written to express such indebtedness.

Many, many hundreds of graduates of the three institutions served kept me freshly inspired. It may be of special interest to the critics of "Boards" that throughout my professional career the "go" sign was conspicuously present. The section on Bellefaire illustrates this so well, and my days there were the high point in my service to underprivileged youngsters.

It is a pleasure to make acknowledgment to Mrs. Shirley Ziskind Schreiber, who not only typed this story, but refreshingly assisted with suggestion. Important, too, in my appreciation of her contribution is the faithful manner in which she continued to act as a refuge for graduates needing counsel.

All associated with the development of my career, youngsters and Board members, would not regard this dedicatory statement complete without reference to my wife, helpmate and inspiration throughout. Indebtedness goes deeper here, for without previous training in any direction she became, as my partner, a highly respected and influential factor in the work that meant career. Graduates can hardly dissociate us in an appraisal of accomplishment.

And my two sons were a real solace as my career developed. Despite what might readily give them invidious status as sons of the Director, they shared the downstairs and campus life in every detail, earning the affection of the youngsters under care. I am grateful for this family organic relationship to my story.

Finally, acknowledgment must be made to a society that made such a story possible. Payment in kind could easily be a subtitle of this tale.

Contents

INTRODUCTION 11

I. The Beginnings of a Career 17

1. THE HEBREW SHELTERING GUARDIAN SOCIETY 17
2. NEW LEADERSHIP AT AN OLD BARRACKS 32
3. PLEASANTVILLE 50
4. BALTIMORE 72

II. The Jewish Orphan Home of Cleveland 97

III. Bellefaire 181

IV. Conclusion 271

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Introduction

TWO quotations from Ralph Waldo Emerson instinctively come to mind. The first: "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." The second: "There is properly no History; only Biography."

I cite these jewels of wisdom because they so aptly characterize Michael Sharlitt, whose career can be delineated in its proper perspective only by reciting in brief the history of the institution which he served as superintendent for a score of years—a period in which radical social changes were the order of the day.

The Cleveland Jewish Orphan Asylum, which eventually came to be known as Bellefaire, was established by District Grand Lodges Numbers 2, 6, and 7 of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith in 1868, primarily to provide for the care of children orphaned by the Civil War, although in the following years any orphan whose surviving parent was unable to furnish adequate care for him became eligible for admission.

For more than fifty years the institution remained but little more than custodial in character. Almost military discipline was enforced. The boys and girls were regimented as to uniforms, food, and education. They attended school on the grounds and had no opportunity for association with children attending the public schools. The late Dr. Samuel Wolfenstein, who functioned as superintendent for over thirty years, performed a Herculean task with five hundred children, despite outmoded and obsolete buildings and equipment. To his everlasting credit be it said that he won the respect and affection of his charges and will long be remembered by them for his fatherly interest.

After Dr. Wolfenstein's death, the name of the institution was changed to the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home, and the late Dr. Simon Peiser became Superintendent, but an untimely death ended his brief yet well-remembered service. He was succeeded by the late Edward Lashman whose service was of very brief duration.

Michael Sharlitt appeared upon the scene in 1921. He had been affiliated as assistant superintendent with a New York orphanage of which he himself was a graduate, and he proceeded immediately to inaugurate changes in the operation of the Home. The children were sent to the public schools. They dressed as did other children. They had frequent contacts with other children outside the institution. Visiting days, which had been severely restricted, were multiplied. So far as was possible in the increasingly deteriorating neighborhood, Michael Sharlitt strove to make the institution a Home in which children were individualized and not treated en masse.

Finally, about thirty years ago, the name of the Home was changed to Bellefaire—as suggested by Michael Sharlitt himself—a name selected because the Home was moved to a new location at Belvoir and Fairmount Boulevards. The purpose of Bellefaire was declared to be to aid and protect children who for any reason required the assistance of the institution.

The congregate plan was discarded and the cottage plan substituted. The cottages approximated homes as nearly as possible with cottage parents in charge, better capable of evaluating the needs of the children in their charge.

More than that, however, there was attendance by parents and the Board of Trustees at dramatic performances, operettas, and county fairs, as well as at Passover and other holiday services. Every effort was made to create a genuine home atmosphere—an atmosphere in which the children were afforded opportunities to realize their highest potentials, the superintendent being looked upon as a friend, indeed as a father, in whom they could confide their inmost secrets and with whom they could freely discuss their varied problems.

Born within a stone's throw of the old Home and a frequent participant in the baseball games between the home team and teams from the outside, and now having served almost half a century on the Board of Trustees, I have a vivid picture of the remarkable transformation of a purely custodial institution into a real home.

Michael Sharlitt's predecessors builded according to their lights and in accordance with concepts of child care then prevailing, but, *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis* ("Times change and we change with them"). What was regarded as accepted practice a generation ago is now looked upon as passé.

Michael Sharlitt realized that, transcending the physical, intellectual, and spiritual needs of the children entrusted to his care were a comprehending spirit and an understanding heart; that it was not enough to administer an institution but that the welfare of children demanded the kind of treatment which is expected in a well-organized home. And in putting that realization into practice he builded better than he knew. In him were combined in remarkable synthesis imagination, professional competency, and organizational ability—a combination which distinguishes the great administrator from the ordinary. His were always the deft touch, the masterful presentation, and the skillful performance. His was ever the alert and logical mind. Wherever he went, integrity, honor, ability, and fidelity went with him. He was always colorful in speech, forceful in argument, and armed with a sparkling vocabulary and incisive delivery. To the privileged who worked with him he was gentle, kind, considerate, and just. To the officers and trustees of Bellefaire he was the wise counselor, expressing the highest traditions of social service.

He was conspicuously endowed with a gift for friendship which radiated throughout his dealings with all and with a personality intense and eager in its devotion to his profession and courageous and adventurous in its quest of the truths essential to effectuate that devotion. In short, there can most appropriately be applied to him the words of the Latin poet:

> Fortiter in re—suaviter in modo.
> (Strong in action—gentle in manner.)

Alfred A. Benesch

PART I

The Beginnings of a Career

1

The Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society

THIS book is written in a direct autobiographical vein. It will be difficult, if not inescapable, to avoid the use of the first person, and I am hoping the reader will not charge the writer with a vanity neither consciously nor unconsciously intended. Perhaps there is a degree of pride. This is the telling of a story, though perhaps a long one, written very much as one tells of his adventures to a listening group, and the pronoun "I" must therefore fix the relative positions of the narrator and the listening group.

To begin with, I must express the gratefulness I feel to have been born in this country. There is every reason to doubt that the opportunities, the free education, the incentives, the courage, direct and indirect, the inspirations suggested in the open accomplishments of others could hardly have been in evidence in another land.

And I am grateful that there was a Jewish community that made it a "must" from the beginning of Jewish life in America to accept responsibility for the incapacitated and underprivileged. True, when this story began, succor and service were rudimentary. Developments in communal service over the past three generations have kept pace in a way with the progress on all sides, leading up to the atomic age. But there was a degree of sufficiency in Jewish organized life in this country in those early days to care for the extreme helpless, and as an orphan in the late eighties of the last century, I was a beneficiary of this traditional development of the Jews' desire to take care of their own, reminiscent of the understanding held by the leaders of the Dutch settlement of the early New Amsterdam that only on such condition could the Jews as a group settle there.

Incidentally, in the passing of the years—with the disillusionment in life with its partisan religious and political pressures of minority groups—I have gradually come to the conclusion that this mandate of Peter Stuyvesant and his council was not as magnanimous as historical records indicated, but that such was the "touch-me-not" attitude the better part of the world at the time had shown our people, leaving us on a kind of island of our own. And recent research seems to authenticate such a conclusion.

But I was an orphan in the late eighties of the last century. At the time there was an organization whose purpose it was to care for orphans and dependent children of the earliest sizable Jewish immigration group—the German. Later, with the pogroms and bitter persecutions in Russia and eastern Europe, the first immigration from that area set in, and it wasn't too long before the necessity of caring for the dependent children of this latter group, struggling for life in new and unaccustomed surroundings, became all too apparent.

Whatever the reasons—and there is something to substantiate the belief that the established German group was not too eager to pick up the additional load—a new organization was founded, with headquarters and home for the care of the dependent children of this new group. Oddly enough, the women were most active in this movement, the first president of the organization being the wife of a New York City judge. These women served faithfully, visiting with a frequency that indicated possessive devotion to the cause. The first quarters established proved too inadequate for the purpose, and later an evacuated home for old Civil War soldiers, on what was then called Grand Boulevard, now a section along upper Broadway of New York City, was purchased and renovated to care for orphaned boys. As can be imagined, the environment at the time was almost rural, as indicated by the existence of a sizable farm that sloped down below the building. This farm in turn led to wide-open fields which touched the banks of the Hudson.

Thus the setting and the historical background of the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society of New York City. In the early nineties a new structure to house orphaned girls was built, and the cornerstone conspicuously proclaimed the motto of the organization: "Shelter Us Under the Shadow of Thy Wings."

I entered the institution about 1887, at the age of a little over four, an older brother and sister having been admitted previously. A still older sister, too old for admission, moved to the West when we were admitted. I was her baby brother, and when I dropped in on her nearly twenty years later, she hugged me hysterically. We hadn't seen each other for all of the twenty years.

I might mention here, because I suspect there will be a natural curiosity about family background, that I had lost my mother, and that on my admission to the institution, my father had moved to a western city—later remarrying. I was to see very little of my sister in the Home right through my tender years. A Chinese wall of rigid separation of boys and girls made it unlikely that I could be in her company, though accident at long intervals would bring us together, and we would make the most of the circumstance. I imagine now that I would reciprocate the tenderness she showed me at such times in a vain effort to catch the will-o'-the-wisp of family sentiment. My brother, six years older than I, conspicuously played father in vigorous and solemn fashion. I say "conspicuously" because that is the impression of our relationship that he created in those impressionable days in the minds of others, as revealed in the remarks of playroom intimates. In matters of language and the elementary virtues, I had to walk a chalk line. During my adolescent years, my sister on her own, as a struggling member of society, found time and the means to be with me, graciously sharing with me what she could. I cannot recall a cross word or an angry look that ever passed between us.

Institution care of children in 1887 may not have been too much removed in standards and atmosphere from the picture presented by Dickens in the Charity School of his *Oliver Twist*, though, of course, time made some improvement. Public spirit and sense of responsibility toward helpless have-nots, albeit dependent children, must have been at a pretty low level. Perhaps it will help to recall that more than one hundred years earlier Johnathan Swift, the bitter author of *Gulliver's Travels,* in one of his essays, commenting on the miserable plight of orphans and the total eclipse of them from public concern, sarcastically suggested that a solution of the problem would be to fatten up the orphans and serve them at the tables of the rich for Christmas.

It isn't only that knowledge of good community service was so meager and elementary. Perhaps the corollary of this very lack of knowledge was the black and white classification of society into the ultra-haves and the ultra-have-nots with little between. The spirit of democracy, with its Bill of Rights projection into all levels of society as we know it today, was not too generously practiced. "Let them eat cake" may have been the cold-blooded indifference of the royal rulers to the French masses nearly one hundred years earlier. "Don't educate or train or inspire them to get out of their level" was commonly observed by patrons of "charity" in the latter part of the last century regarding beneficiaries of service. There may be at least faint echoes of this to this very day.

And this calculated paternalism was reflected in budgets for institution maintenance. Administrative costs in a modern child-care organization today, especially with the elaborate program of intense clinical and psychiatric case-work service practiced in the best institutions, run close to fifteen dollars per child per day. Contrast this with a little more than twenty-five cents a day in the nineties of the last century and you may get an idea of the shadows of the picture in those early days. And skimpy budgets cast their shadows in all directions, over the policies, program, facilities of the elementary institution living in those days. Personnel from top to bottom were for the most part escapees from the rigid competition in life. I find it difficult to recall a single person over the years of my care, which covered a period of ten years, who had the barest preparation for the work, except of course the doctor and the nurse, who thereby had to perform almost miraculous service in the extremes of sickness and contagion.

Contagion played havoc with the life. Ringworm of the scalp, trachoma (we youngsters called it "soreheads" and "sore-eyes") almost annually paid their mean visit—one or the other, and sometimes both. Such contagion would sweep through in wild fashion, making for prolonged quarantine in a most restricted way. Schooling was out; play could be enjoyed only under most limited conditions. It was a case of large groups at a time going into a kind of social shell hole. Nobody seemed to give a thought to the obvious need of compensating recreation for the isolated group. And to add to the depressing picture, closely shaven heads, topped with a miserable ointment unpleasantly visible, was the only treatment applied that I can recall. Occasionally, there would be a dysentery attack going through the place like a swamping tidal wave, and at night the toilets would be the meanest kind of spectacle. Fortunately, several years later, a new physician entered the place as a resident and in some way changed much of the depressing physical picture in his new approach to the treatment of contagion.

Food was hardly a featured element of the day; breakfast and supper were alike: a couple of pieces of jelly bread with dubious coffee at breakfast and sickly looking tea at supper. An extra slice or two of bread was apportioned among the older children. The crust at the end of the loaf was always in demand. The noon luncheon had a show of heavily watered soup, a suggestion of meat, with a vegetable menu depending on the day of the week—an inflexible arrangement. There was a slight addition on Friday evening—in recognition of the Sabbath eve: a piece of herring broke the monotony of the bread and tea program. Saturday noon there were meat loaf and bread pudding—the most popular meal of the week. I should mention here that once a year, at the time of the annual meeting of the Board of Directors, the dining room was closed, and only on this great day, frankfurters, two to each, were served to all. No dirt, no evidence of physical disorder must be seen anywhere in the building on this day. The night before, the children slept two in a bed to save labor on the part of the maids whose daily routine included the making of beds.

Food costs must have been close to a daring minimum; and there was a significant reflection of this in the weirdly small stature of the boys who left the institution at the legal working age of fourteen years. I don't recall that there ever was a "fatty" in the group. Come to think of it now, it seems that I did not sit down to a chicken meal until I was close to thirteen, and then it was at the annual post-fast day supper. Apparently, in that early period, there was a general lack of appreciation of the place that food has in the life of growing youngsters. Somewhere I ran across the story of a food strike at Harvard College at about the same time. Later I was to appreciate the focal significance of food as a psychological as well as a physical need in development.

As an afterthought, there was one experience that lasted me through my lifetime. Later I shall refer again to the big annual Board meeting. On one of these occasions, my earliest, I believe, for I could not have been more than five at the time, parsnips were served to the youngest children as a special treat. It must have been regarded as a festive special for I had never seen the vegetable before. I responded to the holiday lure of the parsnips, especially since they were so sweet to the taste. Like an untutored primitive who might overdo with condiments that he had never seen, I simply gorged myself with the strange vegetable. That evening I was sick as the proverbial dog and spread my undigested parsnips everywhere. The point I really want to make is that through all my days I have been spontaneously allergic to even the sight of parsnips on any table within view. This assuredly has been a long pay-off for an innocent indulgence in early childhood.

Characteristic clothing partook of the shut-in and generally monastic character of the life. All, of course, were dressed alike and this was particularly illustrated in the coverall aprons of blue and white worn by the girls. The "city" suit was the undeniable acme of free society; and when the rare lad, having graduated from public school, enjoyed the high privilege of a scholarship to attend the downtown, free City College, he was marked for his superiority as much by his privileged right to wear "city clothes" as by his distinction as a scholar. I was one of the few who enjoyed this rare opportunity, and can recall the torture I went through for weeks wearing a pair of castoff patent-leather shoes a size or so too small for me.

Play? A far cry from the deluxe swimming pools, tiled ball fields, and ample indoor gymnasiums in certain of the fine institutions of today. Recreation, as would be expected from the limitations in other directions, was frankly though pleasantly catch-as-catch-can. As a matter of fact, some of the fun, almost basic recreational pleasures certainly dear to growing boys, had to be stolen at the risk of pretty severe bodily punishment. Occasionally an older boy would steal over the fence in the rear and make his way to the commercially operated swimming spot below on the banks of the Hudson. Keeping his eye on the doorman, he would steal into the enclosure when the latter left his base, and picking up one of the wet bathing suits lying around, regardless of size, would gorge himself with the thrill of the water and the notion that he was a regular guy. Caught when he returned, he paid a-plenty for his clandestine outing.

Baseballs were hand-woven. The trick of knitting covers was easily learned and became a tradition. Such amateurishly made balls could hardly be hit out of the infield, and they had no bounce to speak of, but it was baseball, so what! Football was a crude affair. Later on, actual "store footballs" got into the picture, but in my childhood the fistful of rags tightly sewn together served the purpose for scrimmage passing, with kicking out of the question. A small block of wood played its part in soccer, the puck being advanced along the ground. Old castoff basins, if they were big enough for the purpose, were used in belly-whopping in winter down the playground slope. Now and then an actual homemade sled would make its appearance.

The indoor life was in a sense a better picture; and this was fortunate, for the winters could be very long in a life that was of itself so drab. Later, an institution library was established in the ample office of the superintendent, though it was not too frequently patronized, a taboo arising from the disinclination to be in the superintendent's sanctum, no matter how good the reason. Come Chanukah time (often coinciding with Christmas), old magazines would appear in the playrooms, the gift of institution friends. I remember *Chatterbox* and *Youth's Companion* were favorites. Now and then bold older boys would sneak into the place copies of *Nick Carter* and *The Boys of '76*—five- and ten-cent magazines that were passed from hand to hand. These ten-centers were the bane of the older generation, who were fearful of the vicious influence of these magazines, very much the way some elderly folks regard the comics of today.

Checkers and parchesi boards would annually get into the playroom life at this time, again gifts, and they were blessedly welcome. Also, I recall the deep satisfaction of certain card games of the scholastically challenging kind, containing questions in history, Bible, geography, and literature, exciting school-minded oldsters in the playroom, and bringing, I must confess, a certain kind of happiness. Academically minded youngsters made the most of these latter games. Strangely enough, chess rarely got a play, possibly because the gift set would be too expensive; though much later chess did get in, and some excellent chess players developed.

As is not unusual in such places, with restrictions in facilities and no opportunity for the outdoor legendary activities and adventures of boyhood, some occupational interests were developed entirely indigenous to the life, reminiscent in a way of tribal practices that seem so strange to the uninitiated. Horsehair and cherry-pit chains are an example. Bolder boys would seize a handful of hair from the tails of horses pulling delivery wagons into the yard, and something of skill, and even art, would go into the business of making rings, bracelets, and chains to be sold to "outside" boys in the public schools attended by the children. The same for cherry pits. To get the latter underway it was not uncommon to steal into the neighboring orchard when cherries were ripe, an orchard in the Audubon estate owned by the famous pioneer ornithologist. The pits were ground down until a small ring in each remained, then dipped in colored inks, depending on the project in mind. Later an effort would be made to sell the product, and of course to outsiders. The horsehair and cherry-pit enterprise was quite an active interest. Skilled artists of a kind were really developed therefrom.

It would not surprise even the most uninformed outsider, young or adult, if some effort was made to bring candy into the playroom. The once-a-year Thanksgiving or Chanukah season usually inspired hard-candy gifts for the children of the orphan home, enough for each of us to get two or three pieces. But there was what might be called an "underground" of candy sales set up to dig out what pennies or two-cent pieces or nickels happened to be in circulation. I myself, rarely having a visitor, did not know what the jingle of change in a pocket was like; others were more fortunate. And I recall so vividly the stealthy candy salesman, an older boy who most of the time got his supply by stealing out, likely over the fence, making a routine retail purchase of limited stock, and selling the same at twice the rate purchased. It may seem trivial but the rarity of candy was such a treat that I can remember to this day the popular candies of the time. Playroom prices for jellybeans were eight to ten for a penny; jawbreakers, a great big mouth-sized hard candy, a penny apiece, snowdrops five for a cent, haggies, extra-sized, and hardened gum drops, were two for a penny.

Of course, on our way to and from school, in two-by-two procession, the supervisor would sometimes permit one of the crowd to get out of line to make a purchase at a candy shop. Candy shops and bakeries were mouth-watering even through the shop windows. Something of this feeling remained with me even to my middle twenties. I smile now as I recall my experience at a patisserie in Paris on my visit abroad in 1910. I gorged myself with the delicate and rich-looking pastries to the point where I was *hors de combat* for a few days.

A rare, pleasant break in the long week, the long year, was the band. And there is an almost weird phenomenon tied up with this memory. I do know that we had the usual complement of instruments associated with a brass band—we were probably over twenty in number. And I do know that we gave "concerts" one evening a week, with the front gate open so that visitors might look in. And I know, too, that we were invited out to play at public places. One of the latter occasions I cannot easily forget in the light of present-day standards: It was at a large beer garden and restaurant in Coney Island, and I hear as if it were today the waiters as they walked from table to table, calling out, "Band plays every few minutes."

But there was a puzzle to it all. How came this band together? Who taught us the rudiments of sight reading and special instrumental skill? The bandmaster was the superintendent's son, a handsome figure who knew how to throw a baton but who knew little else in a musical way. Strangely enough, he learned how to catch discords and when to stop us en route through a selection. Apparently, the competency of the ensemble of instruments grew on him as did frequent practice on the part of the members finally lead them to some degree of competency and harmony. But somebody had to teach us and my best recollection is that the rudiments were taught in the most painstaking way, little by little, by a graduate of another similar institution, who had played cornet in its band, and who, it happened, was a supervisor. Practice was not too irksome for most of the band members, and so progress was made. Later, with many progressive changes in the life, a real professional bandmaster, skilled in his art, was engaged. The contrast between the two pictures amuses me today and has been the subject of pleasant reminiscences when old graduates meet at a reunion.

Mention was made earlier that the "staff"—the word produces a smile (with its suggestion of special competency as in the dictionary)—was made up in good part of escapees from the economic struggle. I am especially concerned here with the near-zero basis of the institution life at the time, and naturally have a critical eye for the adult personnel touching the intimate day-by-day life of the children. Suffice it to say, no special training was required, as can be readily understood since society was meagerly informed in such matters, and since only the meagerest of budgets was available. And some odd personalities get into my recollections.

It would be unfair to be too inclusive in criticizing the workers in those primitive institutions, for occasionally a man or a woman came along who represented easy fellowship, something not to be ignored. I am a pedagogue and I like to think of the word "mentor" in the classic Greek sense. The "faculty"—a step or two beyond the academic significance of the word—can engender in such a group optimism, confidence, even purpose in life, or their opposites. I have seen in operation what some would call "imitation," based on personal admiration of a member of the staff. The staff, the workers, can supply the almost undefinable something that indirectly suggests instruction, but directly patterns the adult life.

I remember, with a certain curiosity even to this day, after considerable experience with workers in such places, a man who was officially listed as steward on the payroll but who functioned additionally in several other unrelated capacities. He was a Costa Rican, and obviously came from a good family. As a matter of fact, even to our shut-in minds, the question suggested itself as to how he came to be there. He developed a shop of his own, where he would putter and tinker after hours, and delighted in exciting our imaginations with the inventions he had in mind. There was gentility in his manner, but he had, I believe, a weakness for the Polish maids, who loved to work in their bare feet, and the rumor was that he eventually married one of them. I'm still of the opinion that the place was a kind of hide-out for him.

We boys enjoyed one personality among the miscellany of supervisors that came and went. He advised us that he had been a sailor, and in an introductory address, gave us to understand that he knew what discipline and order meant. He was a man of strong convictions, but we early suspected that he was not nearly as tough as his talk and manner suggested. Instinctively and without training, he was exceedingly understanding in his relationship with the children, though a martinet about orders. We boys quickly caught on to this.

Inseparable from the now colorful memory of those primitive days was the figure of the engineer. He could not have been very professionally trained, for later, when changes came in, he was relieved of his post and given a roving assignment of a nondescript character. When he attended to his boilers, he went from place to place, particularly so in consultation with the office, with sooty face and hands, never failing to show his symbol of job royalty—a monkey wrench. He lives in my reminiscent notes because of an incident that is ludicrously illustrative of the meager environment. It just happened that the boys' playroom, we called it "shed" with no attempt at humor, was renovated: new floors brightly varnished, painted walls, new wall benches. The latter were so constructed to permit small trunks and boxes to be snugly hidden under them. In these boxes were the personal possessions of the playroom population. Came the day when we were permitted to enter. The head supervisor, without special plan for the occasion, made a few remarks about the fresh surroundings, and then, casually, suggested that his friend, the engineer, who happened to come into the playroom on one of his officious errands, might have something to say. And did he begin! "You boys have a damn fine new shed and if I catch any g— d— one of you monkeying with the pipes (radiator), I'll knock his g— d— block off!"—a dedicatory speech of a kind.

Any reference to school makes a special appeal to me. It seems that I must have been very happy in every detail of the school day. Naturally the walk to the public school building, some six blocks away, had its petty excitements. I recall one morning, on our way to school, I spied what looked like a bill off the curb. I ventured out of line and sure enough, picked up a ten-dollar bill. It was a thrill. I was about ten years of age at the time and had never seen money of such denomination. Proud of my luck, I turned the bill over to the supervisor. He greedily accepted it. I never heard what was done with it, though it wouldn't be too hard to guess.

And I recall something else about my morning walk in the procession to the schoolhouse. Inordinately anxious to make good grades, I would superstitiously walk so as to have the toes of my shoes touch the lines marking off the blocks of stone or asphalt on the walk. If I did this successfully, I expected a classroom day of good results.

School meant everything to me. I disliked, as others must have, the long vacation which meant the monotony of the daily institution regime, and I must confess that part of my pleasure came from the fact that I generally rated high with my teachers. I must have been something of a prodigy in memorization. Lessons in history would be assigned by pages, and I had no difficulty in reproducing word for word from the text over several pages. The teachers liked this. There was one experience which I cannot easily forget. The few days before the Christmas vacation were sparring and time-killing days in the classroom. On one of these pleasant mornings, my teacher proudly challenged the class to ask me any questions in history or geography covered in the semester. Standing in front of the room, I must have parried every question, as a result of which the teacher put her arms about me and presented me with an air rifle. Little did she dream that I would never be permitted to use it. I must have been all of twelve at the time. I turned in the rifle to the supervisor, and of course it disappeared. Later, I was to receive two books, *A Life of Washington* and *Cherry Valley*, a story of the American Revolution, from the principal of the school, appropriately autographed with the reason for presentation. I kept these treasured volumes for many years.

I was sixteen at the time and enjoyed the unusual privilege of a scholarship at the free City College. The scholarship covered the cost of my maintenance at the institution, since the New York City subsidization for care did not provide for maintenance beyond the fourteenth year. And it was a real distinction to go to town daily and actually touch outside life. In passing, I believe I should mention that up to the time I made my daily trips to college, I did not know what it was to palm a quarter of my own in my hand, which is a kind of key to the total situation enveloping the life.

Well, came the day when ringworm of the scalp was discovered on one boy during the semiannual medical inspection. Also, came the doctor's edict that every head had to be shaven close. Rumbling resulted, the right to part one's hair, believe it or not, being a precious privilege of the older boys only. Our genial supervisor friend decided to carry through the prescription of the physician in a manner that would leave no doubt about his fair dealing and earnestness. Accordingly, he waited until I entered the large playroom and immediately ordered all to their seats. He then quietly approached me and, entirely unprepared for what I considered impossible, I found myself struggling with him, the barber's clipper in his hand, in the presence of everybody. It was a case of getting just one clipperful from the front of my head. And, to the deadly silence of all, he succeeded. I learned to respect the sincerity and sympathetic interest in our crowd this man had, for he was the moving factor in organizing grads into an alumni group, but quite naturally the incident cut deep into me. I was tempted to run away—where I didn't know—and, of course, with my shaven head I was terribly self-conscious in my classroom at college. Fortunately, I lived the incident down, praying hopefully that my hair would come back as fast as my timid heart wished. I must have measured every tenth of an inch as I stood before the mirror from morning to morning.

Fortunately for my state of mind, sitting in class at college with a closely shaven head was not the ordeal I expected it to be. There was some banter, of course. But so many of the students came from homes where struggle and denial was the daily family lot and where it was only too apparent that family and student had made every sacrifice for the cherished goal of a college education. Most of us have a memory of something in our formative years that refuses to yield to the crowding out of accelerating experience. I can still recall, and recapture it with deep respect, the steady solemnity with which so many of these students of a free city college made their daily pilgrimage from the Lower East Side of the city, walking the several miles to the grim buildings dedicated to learning. There was something profound about this which I have never forgotten.

There is a sad note in this reminiscence of mine, sad, ironically tied up inescapably with the origins of my life, showing the poverty of understanding in society at the time. Orphans were really twice removed, separated from family and admitted to the institution. It is painful to recall the humiliation suffered by surviving relatives—mothers, fathers, second-line family members—on the occasion of visiting days officially scheduled once in two months. The rules were rigid regarding food and goodies that could be brought in. Many a woman visitor would try to beat the rules and hide the delectables she brought under her dress and even in her bosom. There was a police officer, an Irishman—most policemen in those days were Irish—assigned daily to the institution as his beat. For some inexplicable reason, among his duties he walked the children on their daily trips to the public school, a great shepherd dog trailing behind him. The supervisors routinely walked along. But another chore for this policeman was to intercept visitors, particularly checking on the possibility of hidden food. And he carried through according to his lights, touching and feeling the women, not hesitating to go to crude lengths to follow through on orders. This policeman had a good sense of humor and was otherwise what might be called a "decent fellow," but I suppose anything went in the name of management.

An additional commentary on visiting was the effort of relatives and friends to see dear ones between the official visiting days. Fortunately for such purpose, the wooden fence in the rear of the playground had some openings, just big enough to see through and to pass through candies, cakes, etc. Some of the devoted surviving mothers and fathers seized the opportunity to call in this way weekly. Those of us who were accustomed to no visitors at all became familiar with the practice, and would act somewhat as lookouts. Maybe some precious goodies changed hands for this. Older boys particularly relished this clandestine visiting, for almost every older boy had under his protection a youngster he referred to in the playroom vernacular as his "post." It was traditional for such a youngster to share with his "big brother" the largesse of a lucky visitation. The institution fence served many adventurous purposes, of which this was only one.

Incidentally, this business of putting a restrictive taboo on food and goodies for residents of institutions has always puzzled me, and later when I had the opportunity to test the results of no prohibitions in this direction whatsoever, I became convinced it was one of those many traditions in institution management that had no basis in administrative need. Annually, I later saw hundreds of children, guests of the community automobile club at an all-day picnic, stuffed with all kinds of food by their generous hosts in the course of the outing; and there was hardly a single stomach disturbance the next day. I noticed this result for years, and I very, very happily, with a good memory for what had been, erased a blight that, in my opinion, was as humiliating as it was cruel. I have never forgotten the figure of the officer at the front door, intercepting or frightening the sobbing women who came, frequently under difficulty, to visit their children.

There have been a few times in my career when my name got into the daily papers. It might sound like a piece of fiction when I say that I broke into the daily news when I was about seven. The Barnum and Bailey Circus made it a practice then, as it so happily and generously does to this day, of inviting the orphans to the Big Show on a day traditionally known as "Orphans' Day." The whole institution was emptied on the occasion of this big treat, for treat it really was. After the performance, we children made the rounds of the wild animals of the circus, and in the pushing melee, I was a lost orphan. I don't recall how I was finally located by the workers, but I do know that the playroom supervisor told me the next morning that the newspaper found good copy in a straying orphan, rigid and frightened, before the elephants' stall.

Thus the institution in those distant days. There was one aspect that was not exactly physical. I have always been something of a dreamer, and in those drifting days I very likely played with the open skies by day and the stars by night, and the silver streak of the beautiful Hudson in the long summers. We boys would huddle together in the yard in intimate groups, tell our extravagant tales, mark the time of day by the overnight boat to Albany going up the river, count the number of freighters being pulled by tugs—very much as errant boys would count freight cars—and whisper of daring runaway feats of bolder spirits. Those were fascinating moments and must be included in a recital of formal and informal memories. So often such moments brought sweetness to the day.

2

New Leadership at an Old Barracks

THE turn of the century brought some changes in the opaque clouds of blight, changes that must have had their origin in the slowly developing conscience of society. Education, particularly, opened up its opportunities. In the late nineties, 50 per cent of children entering the first grade of public school were destined not to go beyond the sixth grade. Possibly only 25 per cent completed the eighth grade. About three of every hundred entering kindergarten entered college. Slowly the figures on all counts rose. John Dewey was the pioneer educational prophet of the time, and the public schools particularly began to show, inch by inch, the inspiration of his *School and Society.*

Child labor legislation began its onward march. The emancipation of labor also began to take positive strides. The tragic Triangle Factory fire in New York City, with its heavy toll of lives, burned a hole in public complacency regarding struggling groups. The democratization process developed some momentum, casting reflection on all sides of the American scene.

And so it was within the walls of institutions for dependent children. There were no deep structural and policy changes at first, but the introduction of some new personalities, organizationally and marginally, made for a slow transfusion of a new spirit, leading eventually to the kind of administrative direction that made a tremendous difference in the life and mood of the institution which was my home, a difference almost explosive in result.

To begin with, there was a new president of the Board of Directors, an attorney who himself had grown up the hard way, and who had attached himself, on the way up in a successful career, to communal activities. He began, of course, in a minor post, and as is not unusual in volunteer, philanthropic service, moved to the top because of his selfless concern and his readiness to work, always an invaluable combination. To these he added a gentility of soul and manner, and a strong memory of his humble beginnings. I have a special recollection of his deep devotion to his mother, and it may have been her spirit that urged him on in his labor in behalf of others.

I recall so appreciatively a call I received from him almost immediately after my graduation from City College. I sat before him in his professional office. He discussed with me my career plans. Best of all, for the simple and naive youngster I was, he told me of his own early struggle. Conspicuously on his desk was a beautifully framed portrait of his mother, and he spoke of her in a manner in keeping with his quiet way of speaking.

It was a new experience for me, who had missed or lost the physical meaning of parental influence; and the incident lingered a long time in my mind, particularly because the beneficent gentleman left with me on his final word a specially constructed watch, which told not only the time of day but other regular phases of the solar system. Many years later, graduates of the institution arranged a tribute dinner in honor of this fine personality in one of the major hotels of New York City. He had then been for some years an honored figure as a juvenile-court judge. I had the privilege of being one of the speakers, and I seized the opportunity of discharging an indebtedness that was deep in my heart.

One of the developments at about this time was the appointment of an official rabbi for the institution. Prior to this, the superintendent officiated at Sabbath and holiday services. Religious instruction had been not too vigorous nor inspiring before this, and most of us grew up with the scantiest knowledge of our people and heritage. The new rabbi was, I believe, a recent arrival from Australia. There was no mistaking his determination to blast what he may have regarded as the heathenism of the place. The older children, as would be expected, quickly took to him and he to them. I feel now that there was a sort of pipe line between him and the lawyer president of the Board, which could have been a kind of hint of what was to follow. The rabbi was a prime influence for change, a scholarly philosophical star in an almost empty firmament. In a way I clung to him, though he probably was not aware of it, and when I was confronted later with the prospect of marriage, I arranged with him to officiate at the ceremony.

Something was in the wind, though as children we could guess nothing. Looking back, as a mature and seasoned and experienced adult in life, the movement at the top was indicated. A businessman was appointed as assistant to the superintendent. He was hand-picked for his qualities of heart as well as his ability with the books of management. He had a social feeling that was quickly evident by his impatience with the monotonous routine and his open desire to make life more meaningful to the older children. What really happened that prevented him from becoming the executive of the place, I do not know, except in the light of personal career experience of my own. It may be that he had personal differences with some members of the Board, or there may have been a clear cut determination to engage an educator for the superintendency, or even Board politics may have entered. But he was a genuine influence for change and for good, and undoubtedly speeded the day for something better.

At this juncture, and the timing is about right, a fine soul, a non-Jewish woman of New England background, is interjected into my picture. Her entry was the result of pure circumstance, some would call it destiny, for it was so for me. It happened that she lived next door to a family that had a girl of tender age as a member of the household. Neighbors frequently see and hear things involuntarily. At first it was hinted that the girl was an adopted member of the family. Subsequent events, however, led to curiosity about the status of this girl, for the cries of the child and loud-voiced, peremptory direction of the child indicated a less optimistic relationship.

Stealthy inquiry by several neighbors, among whom was our non-Jewish friend, revealed the fact that the teen-age girl was an orphan-home waif, given a "home" out of the "generous" impulse of a woman who "so wanted to have a little girl in the house." As a matter of brutal fact, the little girl was really a slavey, with none of the minimum compensations that a maid would receive, and according to the neighbors, no affection. The cries of the child, presumably from beatings, aroused the neighbors, and our friend, a very sensitive and sympathetic soul, got busy. She learned somehow from where the child came and arranged for an interview with the president of the Board of the institution.

The president, the lawyer previously mentioned, abruptly arranged for the return of the child to the institution. Our friend, deeply impressed by the decency and spontaneous anger that the president showed over the brutal exploitation of the child, and impressed by the remarkable speed with which action was taken, began on her own visits to the institution to continue her interest in the child. A remarkable friendship developed on all sides with this unusual woman. It may seem odd but something of a spiritual change of life entered her own outlook. She took to attending regular Saturday-morning services at the institution and occasional Sunday-morning services at the big temple on Fifth Avenue.

More than that, she visited fairly regularly with the older children, arranging for simple theatricals in which they took part. She gave love and found it. For years after I left the institution, I visited regularly with her. When she passed on, she left the nucleus of her library to me, and when my first-born came, we carried on her memory in his name. Her picture is conspicuously posted in my living room. A great character and a great soul, emphasizing the common denominator of love, and the blessed reminder that man is created in the image of his Maker.

It finally came—the change in managerial direction that was to mean so much. There was, of course, the physical handicap to be reckoned with of barracks living, featuring mass movement in the daily regimen. Later I was to learn that even barracks living—with enthusiastically promoted recreation, with some privacy promoted by the right to visit in and out, restricted only by health requirements and the necessity of preserving regular hours of religious instruction, dining, and retiring for the day, in the guarantee of complete privacy in outgoing and incoming mail—while not ideal, would not of itself destroy the joy of living. Modern boarding and military schools for juveniles amply illustrate this.

The new superintendent, by his very background and training, made it unlikely that the old formula of heavy routine, taboos, seemingly meaningless pressures, would continue. Much of the professional training and thinking in the work I was to do later stems from my relationship to this man. My evaluation goes deeper, very likely a personal opinion only. I regard him now, as I review the whole field of this work, in the light of its great changes and current optimistic patterns, as a genuine pioneer, with something of the fervor of the old prophets, and I have a deep regret, a painful hurt, that he has been apparently almost completely forgotten.

Destiny could not have picked a greater prospect for the challenge that was awaiting. To begin with, the new director was down to the depths of his heart an educator. He came from the public school system of New York City, having served as head of the Latin department of one of the mammoth high schools of the city. He was conversant with a half dozen languages, having obtained his doctorate at Columbia University with a thesis on *The Order of Words in Old Norse Prose.* Most remarkable about him regarding languages was the way he could speak the language of his adopted country, for he was foreign-born and came to America, I believe, in his very late teens or early twenties. There was an accuracy in his English, despite his late arrival, that would do ample justice to a combination Oxford and Harvard scholar. As a matter of fact, it was so exact and so devoid of idiom, that it almost hurt, if there can be such a phenomenon. He was a learned man if there ever was one, and on a broad basis enough to be described as distinguished in culture, with the core of his learning suggesting the culture-proud German, though he was not born in Germany. Added to his superb intellectual qualities was a fine singing voice, which the children were later to enjoy not only in the religious services, but in the social functions which became so pleasantly a part of the new pattern of life.

"The Doctor," as we called him, was almost squat in stature. He was always impeccably dressed, glasses on chain, and favored a substantial-looking walking stick as he went from place to place. He could have been an artistic caricature of the headmaster, were it not for the substantiality he radiated. Strangely enough, or maybe it isn't so strange, he did not easily suggest warmth, though this may have been the composite result of deep scholarship and a philosophic separation from the intimate things of life.

One of the early moves the Doctor made was to designate an older boy, past sixteen, as assistant to the head supervisor in the boys' playroom. I mention this because it was the earliest recognition of leadership among the children, and because the lad appointed accelerated the good will and unit fellowship of the playroom, particularly in sports. He was a fine student in one of the city high schools. Later he became a kind of power among the boys, partly because of his athletic ability, and partly because he had won the confidence of all, upstairs and down, because of his simple, genial personality and sense of fair play. The boys popularly called him "Sheep," an idiomatic shortening of his real name. Later in life, as a successful attorney, he was to continue his influence with the alumni group, his office being a kind of rendezvous for grads who were in difficulty or grads who simply wanted to recall old days. The institution was obviously in his genes. I believe that it was he who eventually suggested, and the suggestion was carried through, that the alumni have a burial section of their own in one of the large nearby cemeteries.

More important, perhaps I shall say most important, the Doctor about the same time established a Boys' Republic and a Girls' Republic in the separate departments. This was almost fifty years ago, at a time when the conventional relationship between adults and children can best be expressed by the commonplace that children should be seen and not heard. The Republics were a dramatic development, not altogether understood and possibly not appreciated at first by the children themselves, and their establishment was doubtless one of the earliest, if not the earliest, move to recognize the elementary citizenship of children in the sense of partnership in the family. For dependent children, it was a kind of enfranchisement.

It seems fair to say that every explosive breakdown from the traditionalism of the past in the care of dependent children stems from this rooted concept. Here was born, though most of us were unaware of it, the separate entity of the child as an individual, with a personality, with rights as an integral member of society, with a future that might exploit his full strength.

A children's republic in an institution for dependent children presented an opportunity, a channel for self-expression on the part of the youngsters, particularly pertinent of course in a group whose voice had been frankly suppressed over the long years. The idea of a self-government arrangement must have come to the Doctor from the slowly rising concern for self-expression in the field of general education. Psychology and psychiatry had not as yet exerted the wide effect and influence that was to come later.

This introduction of self-government in an institution for dependents quickly caught the attention of public-spirited citizens.

Meetings of the children's council were held, if I recall correctly, on Sunday evenings, and interested visitors looked in. I can still remember the pride with which the Doctor sat in on the sessions. Somehow or other my review of today carries with it the feeling that his hand and voice were too prevalent, but he was doubtlessly overanxious that the plan would not lose ground, or fail because of the lack of understanding by the youngsters of practical problems in group administration, or a lack of an appreciation of basic impulses and needs of the mass of children for whom the council deliberated.

But the tone of the entire place was lifted at once. Not only was the monotonous routine partially overcome, but new horizons for the children were fixed, the philosophy and realistic challenges of broad community living stealthily interjected. And with all the limitations of the arrangement, occasional pomp and ceremony and even window dressing stealing into the picture, the novel self-government plan immediately created a change of life for the playrooms. In a sense the Doctor caught and attempted to apply the definition of education for children as going much beyond a desk application to the proverbial three R's. And he was to carry this much, much further later on.

I keep referring to the work of the Doctor because, even though I had left the home, I had an almost psychical concern in its affairs. My intimate friendships were built almost entirely around it, and at this time of life, I realize only too appreciatively how much that I was to do later grew out of contacts with it and the Doctor in those significant days. He had a vision much ahead of his time, and along with an educator superintendent at a Dobbs Ferry institution and the director of the Child Welfare League, he lifted the institution world to a new level. As I look at it all now, I can well realize that I drank deep of the new formula and its crusading opportunity for change.

In keeping with the plan of taking the daily regimen out of the shadows, the Doctor brought into the life a number of outside volunteers. I cannot say how many institutions serving the public made use of the volunteer then, and in this reservation I include not only the child-care organizations. Nearly three dozen men and women were invited in as club leaders. They were each to meet with a small group of children, organized around age or special interests. And they made an impression at once that was optimistic. Each club met once a week. Occasionally the volunteer leader would arrange for outside trips. Attachments were formed that in at least a few instances lasted over many years, even influencing careers.

One of the volunteers, a daughter of one of the rare trustees who found joy in personal relationships with the children, almost professionalized her service by a regularity and intimacy and a devotion characteristic of her generous, selfless personality. There was no mistaking, not through her whole life, that she was a gentle sister of service. She inspired and influenced many children by her transparent integrity, gentility, wisdom, and readiness to help—a wonderful soul to add to an atmosphere that had been depersonalized over the years, bringing a touch of sweet fellowship between child and grownup. I know she had a very mellow influence on me in my twenties. She was most instrumental in the establishment of Fellowship House, a center for graduates of the institution where they could meet socially, consult professional staff as to jobs and places to live, receive guidance generally, and find intimate fellowship particularly. Later she was to be the active director for the first medical Hadassah (the Zionist sisterhood organization for service to Israel) unit to Israel.

The entire group of these club leaders seemed to have been hand-picked. A number of them ultimately distinguished themselves in life. One, I recall, had a humorous column in one of the metropolitan dailies; another, I believe, developed and became a president of the Book-of-the-Month Club. His association with the institution must have influenced his own life in a real way, for he married one of the teachers on the faculty of the institution school when it was established in Pleasantville, New York. Another one of the leaders must have thoroughly enjoyed his experience, for he spent a great deal of time at the place and eventually wrote a musical revue based on the life, the children presenting it in operetta form. The latter was a great experience all around, and it must have been one of the series of happenings marking the break from the bleak past. The featured song of the revue indicates the new spirit as expressed by the new confidence and courage of the children themselves. The lines went as follows:

If I were the superintendent
There are lots of things that I would change,
There'd be music every day,
And the band would have to play
Every night at supper time.
If the children didn't care for school,
Why I guess I'd have to change that rule;
They could stay at home all day
And do nothing else but play.
If I were the superintendent.

That the operetta made its deep impression on the children was sentimentally revealed recently at the 75th Anniversary of the institution when a group of graduates, now in their early fifties, sang this motif of the operetta, not missing a single word.

I became intimately acquainted with this group of club leaders, for the Doctor invited me, when there was a vacancy in the post, to take over the administration of the group. I was teaching in the grade schools of New York City at the time, and since the club leaders would visit only on evenings and weekends, it was feasible for me to take over the work. I confess that the additional income fixed for the task was some inducement; but as I look back on it now, the experience was just another one of those things that cast its light on my future.

I had begun my schoolteaching when barely past twenty-one. My assignment took me to a school in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York City, a neighborhood notorious for incident and accident conspicuously reported in the daily papers. Innocently enough, I had no notion of the rough task ahead of me. Fellow teachers in the same school took it upon themselves to tell me, very shortly after I began, that I would have to fight my way into classroom control in the case of difficulty with recalcitrant pupils. That was the legend of the school, and unhappily I followed through on this counsel, to my discomfort and depression in the evenings following a fracas.

Apparently, I wasn't tall enough nor physically prepossessing enough, and my presence generally must have created the impression that I was little more than a schoolboy myself. This is illustrated by an incident that took place very shortly after I began. One of the routine duties of the classroom teacher was to discourage tardiness of pupils. One of my pupils had been chronically late. When he reported one morning after classroom work had gotten underway, I ordered him to go home and return at once with his mother. She came shortly thereafter, opened the door of the room, looked about, and called to her son, "Jamie, where's the teacher?" When he gestured in my direction, the woman exploded with, "What? Let's go home, Jamie. He's no older than you are."

Then there was the time I undertook to teach evening school in order to add to my income. One of my day-school colleagues, a senior teacher, was the assistant to the principal at a night school that was situated in one of the deep slum sections of New York, a spot close to the junction of Chatham Square and the Bowery. I believe that this neighborhood also had a reputation for toughness. The night school was attended mainly by late adolescents who had left elementary school when they reached the working age of fourteen. The school law at the time insisted that such youngsters continue to attend night school until eighteen. The night-school teacher was to keep a nightly record of attendance by name.

I was newly assigned and of course requested names as the students entered. A rough-looking lad arrived. When accosted for his name, he looked me over and answered, "Kid Malone." It was the day when prize fighters favored the addition of "Kid" to their names. I suspected at once that the lad was sparring with me in a challenging way. In addressing him in the course of the two hours of classwork, I kept calling him "Kid Malone," emphasizing the "Kid" part of the name. I cannot remember now whether I was prompted by mischief or the simple determination to match wits with him. I do recall that he threatened to "get me" on the way out of school. I must confess I looked for protection when the final school bell rang, dropping in at the office for the purpose. But the office was empty and I started downstairs on my own. Hurrying along the street to the elevated railway, I heard, "Hey you, sheeny, how about it now?" I looked around and there was my Kid Malone with another boy, presumably a buddy. I know I made the elevated station in better than the usual time.

Strangely enough, or maybe it was not so strange, the business of being taunted because of my faith never really upset me to the extent of retreat. And overwhelmingly, most overwhelmingly, the total run of pupils were respectful and seemingly anxious to establish the traditional good will and pleasant relationship between teacher and pupil. Occasionally there was a break which could easily have been disturbing. And there was one it would be impossible to forget.

The classroom teacher in those days had the task of seeing that pupils descended the stairs quietly after dismissal. One of the pupils from another classroom of older pupils seemed to make it his business to annoy me by plummeting down the stairs noisily, and as he sped past me, contemptuously calling out, "You Jew." It was the second day before the Christmas holiday when I decided to wait for him. He came sure enough and I was ready for him. I seized his arm and struggled to get him into my room, which was just off the stairway head. As I closed the door, he leaped at me with an open knife in his outstretched hand. I tried to take it from him, but he caught me in the neck, fortunately below the jugular. Naturally there was excitement, and a neighboring teacher called a policeman.

At the juvenile-court trial it was revealed that the lad was something of a mental case and had been transferred from another school because of trouble. Later, when the unfortunate lad learned he was to be institutionalized, he did away with himself. The whole incident, of course, was disconcerting to me and depressed me for some time. But there was an aftermath of the incident which confused me even more.

The story of an attack on a classroom teacher naturally made newspaper copy the next morning, and the item was repeated in papers throughout the country. I mentioned earlier that my father moved to a western city when I was admitted to the institution. The tragic incident just described brought us together in an intimate and personal way. The local newspaper in the town where my dad lived made note of the stabbing incident in a New York public school and the teacher's name was mentioned. There had been very little correspondence between my father and myself, and yet it was not altogether surprising to get a wire from him asking about my condition and saying that he was coming east to see me. Even though I expected friends to make inquiry, I was in a sense completely unprepared to meet my own father. I knew from my flimsy knowledge that he was ardent in his orthodoxy as a Jew. My religious training as a boy hardly prepared me to meet such a situation easily, since along with the lack of adequate Jewish education, I had also developed a kind of impatience, to put it mildly, with orthodoxy. Orthodoxy represented a circumstance and phenomenon frequently referred to among the untrained and unprepared children at the institution as expressing "the foreign type." No mistaking the fact that I was very far from feeling the ease that should normally exist between father and son, especially with the terrific block of years of separation. I slept very little the night before his train was to arrive, and I was extremely nervous as I walked up and down the platform waiting for the train. I was never to forget the experience, later building on the unhappy and unnatural incident to do everything possible to neutralize the gap between family and child once the latter is placed under foster care.

The meeting of father and son under such circumstance was unmistakably strained. My dad tried to manifest affection and concern at seeing me after so many years of separation. I, on my part, found it almost impossible to initiate conversation.

We both must have felt a deep psychic gap between us, which was reduced only slightly as a result of the few days we spent together. A circumstance that did not help, because I did not understand Yiddish, was the visit of my father to his former cronies in the heart of the East Side ghetto, most of whom spoke very little English. I felt all the more detached, and certainly confused.

I must have tried to respond respectfully and courteously to any consideration shown me by my dad and his friends, for I was conscious, at least in the abstract, of all that is implied in a father and son relationship. When the time eventually came for his train departure, I was aware that my dad sensitively felt the detachment I almost involuntarily had shown. He pleaded for a frequent exchange of letters in the days ahead. But correspondence died with the weight of mutual self-consciousness. At least that is my surmise now.

To return to the institution and my renewed connection with it, I saw something in the making that must have been like an electric charge to the place. The Doctor had sold his Board of Directors on the idea of moving to the country and establishing a cottage home plan for the institution in a new location. As would be expected, there was a great deal of timidity because of finance and the detachment from the environs of New York City, with all of its accessible facilities. At the time there were only a few cottage institutions in the country. It must have taken some imagination, as well as courage, on the part of the Doctor to "leap into space," so to speak, away from conventional notions of child care. The most radical phase of the contemplated change was the plan to run a school on the premises, which would have to be financed by the institution itself since the New York City Board of Education was not in a mood at the time to send its teachers to the new place and make the school—at Pleasantville, the new location, some thirty miles from the Grand Central Station—a branch of the city system. And the Doctor must have had some skill as a promoter to convince the hardpanned business executives on his Board that the plan would pay off. Later, it may have been this additional financial burden that made difficulty for the Doctor.

The new cottage home was to be an educational center in the broadest sense, reaching well beyond conventional patterns. As the Doctor frequently put it, *curriculum vitae* was to be the basis of all detail. The children were to do the chores in the cottages; there were to be no maids. There would be an attempt at small-time vegetable growing. Leadership would be encouraged by having a president and vice-president in each cottage, delegates to a general children's council and chosen by the children, whose duty it would be to help the housemother in all the details of cottage routine and management.

In the strictly school area, the scholarly Doctor went all out. He planned a special technical school for the boys which would offer courses in shopwork, printing, and metalwork, and a separate building for the girls which would offer courses in the domestic sciences and arts. For the older children, there would be stenography and typing. Aside from the fact that an eleemosynary institution was to do all this, the plan was daring in almost every respect. It was compulsory for all to be in the technical school half the day and half the day in the academic section. The school day was close to seven and a half hours long.

But that is only part of the story of pioneer educational planning done by the Doctor. He seriously planned for the maximum number of dependent children as possible to complete a high-school education by the age of sixteen. There would be no long summer vacation. The technical school was to be closed for three weeks in the summer, while the academic departments carried on; and then there would be a similar respite for the academic school of only three weeks. And in passing, educators have long since felt that the long school layoff during the summer was an unnecessary appendix borrowed from the days when the population was thoroughly rural, with the necessity to have growing children help in the fields.

Looking back from the viewpoint of my graduate studies in education, my seasoning as superintendent of two institutions, and my career with dependent children, covering a period of thirty years, the curriculum planned for the academic school was the most formidable. The average educator today would probably regard it as foolhardy to attempt, if not impossible. It included the usual high-school courses in English, history, mathematics, and sciences. But also compulsory was to be Hebrew, German, French, and Latin. No mistaking the strict continental educational background and philosophy of the Doctor.

And so the buildings on 150th Street and Broadway began to hum with a new kind of vibration. Down to the youngest school child there was highly imaginative conversation about the change of life ahead. The Doctor must have been in his element, discussing with everyone his contemplated plans. The big move was scheduled to take place immediately after school closed in June, 1912.

And realizing the necessity for preparing the older children, particularly for the dramatic change in school organization, a preliminary arrangement of classes for the advanced pupils was started some six months earlier, if I remember correctly, in the old buildings. A half-dozen teachers were engaged to cover the curriculum for these older children. Teachers College, at Columbia University, was requested to suggest one of its able young graduates to take charge and function as principal. I wonder now whether Teachers College, an institution that featured then, as it very likely does now, the best and most modern in education, fully appreciated the extent and depth of the course of study outlined by the Doctor for the new cottage home. Teachers College complied with the request, and the experimental school got underway.

From the outset there was difficulty. The children sensed the weakness of the teachers and class control and made ready comparison with the stern standards of management they were familiar with in the public schools. Some of the more serious-minded children were not at all happy over the change, referring to the arrangement as "homemade," leaving the inference that it lacked professional sturdiness. There was, of course, some pleasant curiosity about French and German, subjects definitely new to youngsters accustomed to the conventional public school curriculum of the day. But a preliminary state of mind was definitely fixed, and I was to remember this when a number of years later I was confronted with the problem of removal from a barracks to a cottage-plan institution.

Then I was drawn directly into the picture. For some reason, probably because of the elementary difficulties encountered with the startling change of life, and probably also because of the simple headache of classroom difficulty, the Doctor was disturbed. And here fate, or destiny, or sequential circumstance, interjected me into the new school.

I have previously mentioned that the Doctor had been at the head of the department of Latin instruction in one of the big New York City high schools. Department heads and school principals had the practice of meeting once a year at a dinner, and the Doctor, mindful in a pleasant professional way of his previous associations, made it a habit to be present at such functions, even though he had left the New York system. And who should be sitting next to him at the table but the man who was principal of the school where I did my daily chore of teaching. So much happened as the result of this circumstance that even now I wonder about it. Never having met before, the two naturally broke into easy table conversation. And when my principal casually mentioned the school over which he presided, the neighborhood, and its problems, the Doctor, probably drawing on his memory to make sure of the fact, recollected that I had discussed with him the same details. He inquired whether the principal didn't have among his corps of teachers a young man with my name. Answered in the affirmative, the Doctor then (I am presuming here) must have gone into the usual inquiries about competency, classroom personality, and scholarship. And as the discussion developed, it is likely that the Doctor observed to himself that here was a young man who would understand his problem, be familiar with the outlook of institution youngsters, might even personally know some of the older children; maybe the combination would be a solution to the ever-vexing problem of administrative control. It happens also that at this point I had received a Master's Degree in Education at Teachers College, having been a graduate student there for a few years.

And so it happened! The very next day I received a telephone call; the Doctor wanted to see me. He began by telling me he had been at the annual dinner of the Male Principals' Association and had sat next to the gentleman who was "my boss." Then with a characteristic twinkle in his eye, he bluntly asked me how I felt about taking over the principalship of his contemplated school in the new cottage home at Pleasantville. Well, I must have been stunned for the moment. It was the second big invitation and recognition in my life, the first having been my appointment as teacher to one of New York City's schools. Frankly, I was flattered and indicated as much. In every dreaming institution child, there is, I believe, as part of his subconscious, the ambition to come back and head the procession. Isn't there something like this on the part of great football players on a big college team: to come back and be the coach? It is hard to explain this thought otherwise.

Nevertheless, I had to raise some practical questions. There was the matter of resignation from the New York City schools, with the arrangement for pension. And should I resign, I should have to forget the serious ambition of working toward the principalship of one of the New York City schools; my studies at Teachers College had been moving me in that direction. In a way, it was a speculative adventure for a young man only recently married. But the Doctor's enthusiasm, together with the opportunity to return to the kind of spot and responsibility that made a peculiar appeal to a young man of my background, settled the matter. I accepted and was to begin officially at the end of the school semester, when the big move to the country was to be made.

A change in my life plans—and only because the Doctor happened to sit next to my principal at an association dinner! I suppose each of us can recall an event that made a change in our affairs that stemmed from a seemingly trifling incident. And since this is an autobiography, I must tell of another in my career. I couldn't dodge it, even if only for the drama of personal coincidences in my life. It has to do with my marriage.

It began after one of my Saturday-morning graduate classes at Columbia. A number of the young graduate students made it a practice to meet after class in a pickup game of basketball on the gymnasium floor. I was moving across the floor when a friend intercepted me with the request that I leave the game and talk with him. It seems he was interested in a certain young lady and was convinced that she had a kind of interest in him. Would I join him and attend a dance that same evening at which the young lady of his heart would be present?

I told him I couldn't be with him, wouldn't barge in on a group that was completely strange to me. He kept on my heels. Basketball had to go, he bothered me so. I told him I was planning to take a swim in the gymnasium pool. He followed me down and waited for me to dress again, insisting on walking me home. There was no losing him, so I finally consented to be with him at the affair. We met as per plan and joined the group, which was evidently having the usual good time that young folks do at such an affair.

I was introduced around and quickly broke into the good will of the evening, getting my share of dances. Suddenly I realized my sponsor was nowhere to be seen. I learned later that the young lady of his interests had not been particularly cordial to him and that he had left, chagrined and in a huff. But I was there and having a good time, and I decided to see the evening through. A few dances before the windup, I was introduced to a very personable brunette. Of course I danced with her and was on the verge of a second, when the musicians struck up "Home, Sweet Home." Quite casually I inquired, "Anybody seeing you home?" I volunteered in cavalier fashion to do the honors, though at the moment I must have felt it was only the correct thing to do. This incident was more than four decades ago and my personable brunette and I enjoy retelling the story that was and still is such a pleasant memory. Fate? Destiny? Coincidence? Opportunity? All of these, enveloped possibly in a four-leaf clover.

3

Pleasantville

THE great day for the "flight" had come. I do not seem able to recapture all of the dramatic details. Some six hundred children were to make the trip from the then upper reaches of Broadway, New York City, to the new address, some thirty miles away in rural Westchester County. And in keeping with the almost fantastic change of address and life, the whole contingent, girls as well as boys, paraded behind the band to the 125th Street station of the Harlem Division of the New York Central, nearly two miles away. I do not recall exactly but can easily imagine the

Doctor swinging his cane jauntily, exuding all of the anticipation, satisfaction, and pride of the adventure ahead.

Nearly twenty years later, I was to experience the same thrill and excitement and can borrow from the more immediate memory some of the surprise reactions experienced by the youngsters as they stepped into the cottages that were to be home. Accustomed to the drab and simple benches and walls and barracks-type dining rooms and dormitories, the trim and furnished living rooms, the decidedly smaller bedrooms, a campus flanked with trees, must have given the children something of an Alice-in-Wonderland feeling. If it were possible, I should be tempted to say, "Their hearts stood still."

But frankly it wasn't long before the implications of the new life, with the realistic and direct reminder of the intimate part they were to play in bringing life into this new campus cosmos, created the usual outlook that goes with the tenacious routine of daily chores. For the boys, making beds was not too forbidding, but scrubbing floors was something else again, and so was cooking—yes, the boys were to lend a hand; there was to be a real partnership with the housemother in the preparation of meals! Naturally enough, the inflexibility of it all carried its backwash of complaint on all sides, especially since there was the most serious and determined effort to establish standards of cleanliness and order.

To maintain the highest living standards commensurate with the budget and the total program, the Doctor did his utmost to surround the children with housemothers who, in addition to job competency, might have qualifications in personality to suggest leadership and tone and character. He did not succeed altogether in this, and there were resignations every now and then, but he kept his aims high. (Among the earliest group were a member of Justice Brandeis's family and a daughter of one of the distinguished American rabbis.) The housemother was the crux of the cottage plan of living, as can be quickly imagined. There was a crusading fervor exhibited by the pioneering group of women, and if any failed, it was not because of lack of interest in the cause. All those in supervisory capacity were comrades of the Doctor in his quest for a new way of life for dependent children.

In a way, it might be surprising that this continentally trained scholar and academician would be equal to the terrific grind of administrative detail. Yet he instinctively knew what basic standards in organization and household cleanliness were; or he simply responded to direct challenges under pressure, with the courage and determination of direct action.

To aid him in establishing the compass points of order, he had an assistant who fortunately was not only indefatigable in energy but ready to go beyond the Doctor in relentlessly demanding follow-through. Looking back on it all now, and appreciating it from similar experience myself, I realize that there was much that was sacrificial in this service of his assistant. The latter did not compromise for popularity, though he was an intensely sociable individual himself. He was a veritable slave to his job, giving from sixteen to eighteen hours a day to the work. The children and many of the staff did not appreciate this, and a good deal of the time he was a lone scout in the enterprise. What the Doctor would have accomplished without him in those difficult days is, to put it mildly, conjectural.

Later this assistant was to prove beyond a doubt his qualities of administrative skill and top-sergeant realism when he assumed the superintendency of one of the major hospitals in New York City, where he carried on for many years with marked success. Incidentally, this man did not have a college education. I give this space to him by way of tribute and by way of comment that not all the social service challenges are solved by academic formula. And this probably holds today as well.

Working closely with the assistant in the follow-through of physical standards in the cottages were two women who became known as supervising inspectors. They made daily visits to each cottage, checking off each item that contributed to order. In a way it seems ridiculous now to realize to what extent this daily inspection went and how it was measured and marked. There were points for each room and a total for each cottage for the day and for the week, and the house with the best record each week was awarded the privilege of a huge flag spread across the front wall, facing the campus. The competition served to stimulate like a hypodermic, but many felt that daily inspections were too microscopic and provoked such an interest in detail that household and family spirit in the human tests of cottage life may have been overlooked.

But I was to understand later one aspect of this driving inspection routine, though I borrowed from the recollection of its marginal unhappiness to modify the approach and method. Institutions are subject to ready visitation on the part of the public these days, which is wholesome from every angle. The public is, indirectly at least, in partnership with the enterprise. This feeling grew on me in my own work, and I found it tremendously advantageous and good public relations strategy to encourage almost unrestricted visitation. As a result of which the children were able to appreciate that standards were fixed as much by public scrutiny as by mandate from the superintendent's office. One of the besetting causes for inertia against change in the old days was that the fact that the public very rarely looked in.

An overall factor which had much, if not everything, to do with the progress and momentum of the old life was the weekly cottage mothers' meeting. Here the Doctor was in his element as pedagogue and scholar, and here he must have picked up much of the practical that enabled him to balance theory with practice. The housemothers presented their problems, the Doctor his interpretations, and there would be general discussion. There is little doubt that there was inspiration to carry on, as well as instruction, in these weekly meetings. The housemother's job was one of terrific pressure on all sides; and the wonder is that the monthly salary of forty dollars (plus maintenance) was considered adequate.

Cottage pressures and school divided the day. And, as mentioned, the school was a long seven and a half hours as contrasted with the five hours in the conventional public school. It is not surprising that there was constant sensitivity about the academic standards of the unusual educational experiment, a critical approach that often sifted down to the children themselves. An effort was made, of course, to maintain qualification standards.

In the academic departments, college graduation was a requirement for the teachers.

As principal of the school, it was my task to interview candidates for teaching positions and submit recommendations to the Doctor. I do not recall that he ever actually disregarded these recommendations, but he reserved the privilege, logically so, to interview the recommended candidate himself. And the learned Doctor had his own way of determining the depth of scholarship of the prospect, sometimes to their embarrassment, and, I must confess, to my difficult-to-conceal amusement, for I was invariably present at such interviews. Woe unto a candidate who acknowledged that in his college days he had taken courses in one of the modern languages or Latin. The Doctor would start off on him with specific questions in conjugations, very much as an inflexible teacher might challenge a helpless student. "What is the pluperfect, indicative active, third person singular of——?" and he would mention a Latin verb. He would go on in this way and then would swing into the specialty of the candidate and add additional discomfiture. I understood what was going on, but the embarrassed young man would look to me for some little comfort. Invariably the Doctor, having satisfied himself that the candidate was personable and actually had the conventional, basic qualifications, would let the young man down with a smile and wish him luck.

There was one candidate who was a match for even the Doctor, with all his knowledge of French and Latin. When I interviewed him originally, I was overwhelmed with his unusual scholarship. He was trained in a Jesuit School, and according to his statement had decided to teach in the open, nonparochial schools of the country and welcomed an opportunity such as this. The Doctor quickly sensed the substantial preparation and scholarship of the man, and was especially impressed with his experience in dramatics, particularly Shakespeare.

I go into such detail about this man because of the profound impression he made on his classes, and the admiration and appreciation we all had for the excellent coaching in dramatics; but, in addition, because of a development that caught me by surprise several years later when there was a change in the superintendency, and a principal of one of the great East Side junior high schools of New York City was brought in to succeed the Doctor.

This new director took occasion to ask me, with very evident curiosity in his eye, where this Latin teacher had received his college training. I mentioned very routinely that he was Jesuit-trained. He then inquired whether any of the older pupils spent any time in his room. The new director himself had visited there originally, in a simple, social way, and had noticed a bit of tapestry beautifully featuring the Madonna and Child conspicuously placed to catch the eye of any who entered. He called my attention to this and was visibly struck by my innocent acknowledgment that not only did older boys go there with frequency, but that a close relationship had seemingly developed out of deep respect for his unmistakable knowledge of his classroom subjects of French and Latin and his skill in coaching dramatics, and for his very genial democratic qualities on the personality side.

Then the new director told me this story. It seems that as principal of the big junior high school situated in the heart of the heavily Jewish East Side, he received official word one day of the appointment to his school of a young man, obviously non-Jewish. This was, of course, routine, and of itself was not especially novel. Several months later, the new director of Pleasantville advised me, quite a number of pupils were sporting on their coat lapels the celluloid buttons popular at the time, but a number of these buttons, instead of carrying such legends as "Don't lose me, Charlie" or "Twenty-three skidoo," had pictures of the Madonna or similar church images. There was no mistaking the conclusion in the mind of the new director. And I suppose that when the school plan was later changed to make the institution school a branch of the New York City school system, with only teachers specially licensed by the examiners of the new Board of Education to be assigned, our new director must have breathed a sigh of relief.

However, to conclude this detour of incident, I believe it only fair to say that our campus teacher of French and Latin later was licensed by the examiners of the New York Board of Education and received an appointment to one of the city high schools. I must also hasten to add that he was unmistakably a powerful influence and even an inspiration in a scholarship way to the older boys and girls. Were it not for the cloud of doubt created by the new superintendent, I should be inclined to say that this teacher of French and Latin did much, very much, to promote the concept of standards and academic tone of the Doctor's school.

As principal of the academic departments of the school, with a corps of elementary- and high-school teachers, I had some unhappy moments and some of real chagrin. Salaries were low, teachers beginning at forty dollars per month in addition to room and board. And changes were frequent, young men apparently accepting the call until either career plans developed or an opportunity arose to teach elsewhere with greater income. This did not add to the dignity and respect of the school. Changes were especially frequent among teachers of the lower high-school courses of French and German.

But a real low was reached when the Doctor, in the pride of his novel experiment in education, decided that maybe the time had arrived to have the senior high-school class attempt the college entrance examinations. The results were devastatingly humiliating and the whole campus felt the failure. I am grateful to the Doctor for the gentle, understanding manner with which he interpreted the results to me, who felt personally responsible. One of the conclusions, among others, that the Doctor and I reached in conference was that the technique of meeting examinations was of itself a specialized art. Accordingly, arrangements were made to have heads of departments of New York City high schools look in on the actual class instruction and make reports.

Fortunately, for the pride of all of us, it was decided to allow a year or two to go by before attempting the standard New York State Regents' examinations, the compulsory finals for all state high-school students, especially those planning to enter state colleges. The results were dramatically gratifying; failure was uncommon. It must be added that in these Regents' examinations, the examination papers of the students were marked by the local school faculty. And as there might be the suspicion of collusion, after all papers were marked they were forwarded to the Board of Regents for critical reappraisal and authentication, and then returned with any changes in ratings resulting therefrom. And the marks of the Pleasantville teachers were almost universally sustained, with only a few changes occasionally. A few of the students actually received the full maximum of 100 per cent in certain tests, with these high ratings reauthorized by the State Examiners.

I had the unusual privilege and opportunity to interpret not only the value and spirit of the school in the total life of the campus, but to enjoy a rather intimate fellowship with the older children who were the juvenile leaders in the life. I had a daily classroom assignment myself. I taught senior English, meeting the fourth-year class once a day. Needless to say, much went on in my daily contact with these young folks that was not directly related to composition or Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. A happy relationship developed, which I believe has continued to this day. I rarely visit New York City without contacting some of the graduates; and I am deeply grateful for the technically non-pedagogic opportunity exploited in my classroom relationships. The fact is, this intimacy tended to enlighten me with the joy that comes from fellowship in a common undertaking and to dispel the emptiness and futility of the so-called "dignity" of the job.

Mention was made of the problem of getting properly qualified teachers in French and German for the lower high-school classes. The difficulty lay not so much in the lack of knowledge of the language as in personality quirks. I suppose that foreign-born French or German or Italian teachers often find their way into private schools in American life, teachers who might have difficulty in passing the critical personality half of an examination for license to teach in a big city because of accent or mannerism. We had our share of disciplinary headaches when such teachers were engaged. A class would go quickly into an uproar and the helpless teacher would be tempted to revert to corporal punishment, which would make the situation all the more provocative.

I was called into such a situation one day, and the resulting incident taught me a lesson which remained with me throughout my work with children. It seems that in retaliation for a blow received from one of these teachers, a youngster, big for his age, struck back, and a real fight got underway, with pandemonium in the classroom. I heard the noise in my office and looked in to see what the trouble was. The teacher was almost in tears, and threatened to leave at once if the lad was not summarily handled.

Well, I "handled" him, and to my later humiliation and sorrow. I took the lad up into the school attic and dramatically advised him "to put up his hands," stating that he was going to be in a real fight. There was evident hesitation and disinclination on his part, for our relationship was not unpleasant. When the lad wouldn't move, I struck him, then stopped in my tracks for I had left a bold swollen mark on his face. He then explained all that had happened and said he was willing to apologize. When this breakdown on his part occurred, I became ashamed and hurt, and continued to be affected by the incident for more than a week. The discoloration on the lad's eye as he moved about the campus was transplanted to mine psychologically. I felt literally that I had lost face professionally and that my pedagogic leadership must have been cynically questioned by all who saw the lad or heard of the incident. And such incidents have a way of getting around with remarkable speed. At the time, as it is to this day, the question of corporal punishment was a hot subject. The unpleasant incident left its mark and did as much as all the theory on both sides of the question to put me on guard against the practice. And I am grateful for the lesson learned, though I had some bad days at the time.

It would be unappreciative and certainly evasive of total values of the unique school curriculum if I did not describe the technical departments at the Pleasantville school. Directing the domestic arts and sciences department was a seasoned instructor with considerable experience. Her task on the kitchen side had to be correlated obviously with the cooking demands in the cottages. I must confess that I feel unequal to further interpretation of her work. As a matter of fact, I have never throughout my career seemed to give equal thought and even feeling to the distaff side of my work, and in both institutions which I had the privilege of directing, the girls seemed to sense this and repeatedly called me to task for it. It happens that my family household included two sons, no daughters. I frequently have a marginal feeling that maybe the family picture had something to do with my evasiveness in this regard.

The boys' technical school at Pleasantville was a busy spot. Some of the more adept youngsters would hang around the shops, seeking an opportunity for special projects. It is good to record again that manual training in various forms was compulsory for all. To this day I can hardly hammer a nail straight. In my own public school boyhood, manual training was unheard of. I recall that some ten years later, when it was proposed to introduce it generally, it became something of a political issue in a New York City mayoralty campaign; the report got around that some of the union leaders objected because of the fear that it might add a disproportionate number to their ranks.

The principal of the technical school was unusually young for his assignment. He was not college-trained at the time but exceptionally skilled in the manual arts. Fortunately for the general stability of the whole school and the effective integration of technical and academic departments, we became from the outset fast friends. We were continually in pleasant conference and our respective families shared in this happy intimacy, a friendship that continued through life.

I always respected the earnestness and modesty of this man and watched with special admiration his determination to improve his training for the work. He came to the school, as I stated earlier, without a college degree, having completed a technical education at a special school for the purpose. Nights and Saturdays, although he had an unusually busy and long week, he patiently took courses in the undergraduate department of Teachers College, Columbia, and ultimately did attain his degree, though well beyond the age of the average college graduate.

The professional companionship between us became something more with the passing of the months and years. We were partners of a kind in career-dreaming. I had begun to look forward to the day when I might be an institution executive. He quietly had a similar inspiration, though he didn't seem so positive about it at the time. I remember that I thought I might get my name into notice if I attempted some professional writing. My first attempt was an article on the unusual plan of the institution, written for the local Pleasantville *Journal.* Later I was to write a similar effort for a Midwestern Jewish-English periodical. The latter is of special interest in my story because it attracted, through a subsequent article in the same periodical, a reply from the institution I was destined to lead later. Frankly, I was flattered by the experience.

Life was kind to us both, the technical school principal and myself, in our later careers, and I was exceedingly happy when a public tribute dinner was tendered my friend recently on the completion of twenty-five years of service at one of the major settlements in New York City. One of his sons, undoubtedly drinking deep from his dad's deep devotion to his field, is a brilliant young leader in social service on his own.

The novelty of the cottage home arrangement, with its original and bold school curriculum, attracted a great deal of attention. Visitors, professional and otherwise, were constantly around. Children had to be instructed in the best manner of guiding all who came. At times large groups would make it an organization project to see the place. Every now and then journalists and writers of note would look in. I particularly recall the visit by the author of *Daddy Long-Legs,* a popular novel of the time, featuring, if I remember it correctly, a romance that developed between an orphan child in an institution with antiquated methods, and a tall, thin member of the Board, whom she affectionately called "Daddy Long-Legs." Of course, this Board member became responsible in the book for the modernization of his institution. It was Miss Jean Webster who wrote the book and I had the happy privilege of showing her about. She seemed amazed at the democracy of the campus. Naturally enough, I didn't hesitate to discuss with her, from my own life, the progress that had been made.

Leading social workers, representatives from well-known social service schools, looked in. At such times the Doctor was particularly pleased to take over himself. And he could be pardoned for the dramatic manner and enthusiasm he displayed. Such moments the Doctor loved, and he made the most of them.

Occasionally a national figure would visit. It isn't too hard, of course, to recapture the visit of the President of the United States, William Howard Taft. The latter had been at the home of the president of the institution at Dobbs Ferry, some twenty miles away. The president of the Pleasantville organization was a distinguished metal and mining tycoon, well known in the commercial life of the nation. By way of entertaining guests at his country home, he would occasionally drive them out to Pleasantville. I stated that it should not be difficult for me to recapture the visit of President Taft, and this in part for a very personal reason.

The Doctor, on special occasions such as this, would feature prominently the self-government activities of his Boys' and Girls' Republics. Anticipating the visit of the President of the United States, it was decided to present the President with the gold button, seal of the children's councils. Notice of the great visit was received just the night before, and time was short. Appropriate patriotic ceremonies were arranged, but no gold button seal was available. It seems the supply was always limited, only privileged presidents of the children's Republics receiving them on retiring from office. However, it just happened that I had been honored with a special presentation of the pin not so far back. Timidly enough, the suggestion was made that I turn over my pin for the occasion. I very gladly did so. I never received another in return, but the memory of it all, as can be surmised, is more than adequate repayment.

Referring to the children's Republics, I should prefer to observe that they were pure and transparently what the name suggests. But with the critical appraisal of years, I much confess that while the overall psychological contribution to the lives of dependent children must have been prime and basic, there were, it seems to me now, weaknesses that go with too much promotion, too conspicuous adulation of juvenile leaders, too much window dressing of a kind to suggest to the children themselves the controlling hand of the adult. Somehow or other, the self-government idea occasionally seemed forced; and, as hinted, the Republic presidents readily assumed an inflated position and prominence in the life of the campus and a disproportionate perspective of self must have resulted. One is reminded of the "all-American" this or that. Such distinguished choices occasionally find life later unappreciative and indifferent. An abrupt change in public recognition can hurt and affect the confidence and even the competence of a highly publicized individual, especially where false and shallow values enter.

I must reiterate that I am not destructively cynical of the idea of self-government of children's groups, but modestly venture to call attetion to some of the weaknesses and hazards. In the years of its practice at the old institution and at Pleasantville, the plan definitely fixed responsibility for the older children, an inestimably valuable training for serious living later, with its preparation for the community focus in the American way of life. And here I am inclined to believe that it indirectly, or directly, inspired career ambitions for graduates of the Doctor's regime, so many of whom have given such a creditable account of themselves. The unusual school curriculum, in conjunction with the day-by-day functioning of the self-government experience, must have done something to raise the level of courage and confidence of this dependent group.

A secondary development of the campus self-government plan was its extension to include protection of the youngest children against exploitation by the older boys and girls. Of course, there was some serious hope that the finer sentimental opportunities of brotherly and sisterly concern would take root in the plan, and there was evidence that such occasionally was manifested. Sometimes the protective obligation assumed by an older child perversely demonstrated itself. There was the occasion when the Doctor, on one of his campus walks, came across a little fellow who was crying. "What's the matter, my little man, don't you have a big brother to help you with your troubles?" Came the reply, which the Doctor loved to repeat: "What do I want with a big brother; don't enough fellows hit me?"

Naturally enough there were weaknesses in the Doctor's ambitious campus outline, some of which time alone illuminates. Perhaps because he was continentally trained, or super-intellectually geared, recreation in its physical outdoor forms never did seem to excite him. The fact is, in the elaborate architectural and landscape plans originally put into execution, there was little recognition of sport, so conspicuously a feature of the better boarding-school campuses, even at that early date. The boys themselves had to develop a baseball field, which after a heavy rain was water-logged for days. For at least a third of the playing season the field could not be used. I was to remember this later.

In his manner, the Doctor suggested a constantly preoccupied presence. Detail was hardly of special appeal, and only too frequently this apparent insulation from the immediate created an impression that he was wanting in the intimate touch, a serious challenge in the daily contact with hundreds of humans, young and old. I have often felt since that his cane and handsome attire, and the suggestion of the pompous, was a carry-over from his continental notion of the supervising professor. It must be borne in mind that he came to America in his early manhood and may have missed much of the deflation of ego characteristic of open American public school life, which tests the whole man rather than the mind only.

Every now and then the Doctor would unwittingly show a weakness that must be common to executives who want to justify a plan without having a substantial or appealing reason for it, except that it is a realistic immediate need. You remember the story of the wolf and the lamb in Aesop's *Fables,* where the wolf finally and impatiently explained that his excuse for carrying off the lamb was that he simply wanted to. Every now and then older boys and girls, approaching the age limit of stay, had manifestly gone as far at school and the shops as they temperamentally and scholastically could or would. It became a real problem to keep such youngsters advantageously occupied. This occurs to me in my total picture of the Doctor because of one humorous incident.

A lad approaching sixteen, who was not happy either in the academic departments or in the shops, puzzled the Doctor as to how to occupy the lad's time. It was deep summer with the conspicuous need of having the campus grass cut. Looking over his glasses, and with his mind doubtlessly on the unsightly lawn that needed attention, he advised the lad that he was going to give him a brief course in "lawn culture." And as was characteristic of the Doctor, even in such a casual detail, he must have rolled his words in a dramatic manner, for in describing the incident to others, the lad was overheard humorously attempting to imitate the voice and the presumption of the Doctor, referring to the job assigned him as "law-awn-n cul-l-choor," making the most of a rolling and dramatic spread of both words.

I may be suspected of undue partisanship in developing the portrait and pioneering adventure of the Doctor in the field of institution care for dependent children. I make no apologies for such; the fact is that since I was destined to a career of many years in the work, I find myself indebted to him professionally, psychologically, and spiritually for the lessons learned at his side. The institution at Pleasantville today is the last word in an interpretation of institution usefulness. It is the base for the care and study of atypical children, referred to it after careful scrutiny by reputable, professional agencies. Emphasis in treatment is on the individual. The physical plant has been expanded to include an excellent indoor gymnasium and an almost luxurious outdoor swimming pool.

But the cottages are still the center of active living. The campus is still the base around which activities and the motivation of same are programmed and stimulated. Beginnings had to be made in an explosive separation from barracks, and in a more generous interpretation of child care, with all-day opportunities for education and training. It is my professional opinion that the Doctor did the pioneer blasting, and thereby paved the way for all of the formulas of clinical psychology and psychiatry which the passing years have gradually added to the functional concept of such a place. His cottage home was definitely a beachhead on unexplored territory. The trees flanking the campus, now flourishing in size and offering gracious shadow on a hot summer's day, were planted at the time of the birth of the campus, and have so grown in keeping with the progress of the place. The breezes fanning these gentle symbols of time and growth must whisper of the prenatal and postnatal pains associated with the beginning days of this cottage approach.

The Doctor was to be replaced after nearly twenty years of inspired pioneer effort. Something of the circumstance leading to the break will be referred to shortly. At this time I want to review the test of the many years following his unique and daring experiment.

My index of accomplishment naturally turns around the graduates. What have they done with their lives? To my knowledge, which may easily be incomplete, I recall but one of the graduates of the early primitive days who, despite the blight of colorless regimentation at the Broadway institution, attracted the kind of professional attention that marks his career as brilliant. To this day he is regarded as the most distinguished of the alumni. His accomplishments read like successive chapters in an ambitious career quest. He was a member of the New York City Board of Education for five years, chairman of the Teachers' Retirement Board, chairman of the Municipal Committee for the Relief of Home Owners, and member of the New York State Mortgage Commission, an appointment made by the governor of the state.

A brilliant attorney, he served as representative of the United States Department of Justice in the prosecution of labor frauds at the Court of New York and was called in by the Mayor of New York City to arbitrate a strike in the painting industry. On the more personal side, he was a delegate to the World Zionist Convention in London in 1920. Oddly enough, with his beginnings as an orphan, he was one of the founders of Zeta Beta Tau, now the largest of Jewish college fraternities. His name has been in the much-vaunted book *Who's Who* for nearly a quarter of a century.

A fine commentary on the man on the human and sentimental side is that barely out of his teens, in his earliest career years, he returned to the institution of his childhood as an interested alumnus, beginning an annual essay award for the children and eventually becoming a member of the Board of Directors, a position which he still holds and has held for some thirty-five years. I like to feel that the coefficient of his personality, his deep devotion to his surviving mother, had much to do with all he accomplished.

Outside of this single meteoric success story, really little can be said for the results of the primitive days of the institution. His was the brilliant exception to the general rule. But of the Doctor's boys and girls, it is the spread, the number who established themselves, that commands respect and admiration of his accomplishments. Law, medicine, teaching, business—there are highly creditable success stories in these fields among the Doctor's graduates. In a number of instances, the accomplishments are imposing. This spread reveals, at least to me, an optimistic touch that converted the frustrated into the objectively determined and ambitious orphan. I have seen much of this at close range because of my fellowship with the group, and because of this, as a life student of the subject, give the Doctor his illuminated place in the story of the foster care of children.

And to substantiate such results on the sentimental and even spiritual side, it is the Doctor's group that developed an alumni association, calling itself by the odd name of "Crows and Ravens." In the old days at the Broadway institution, the boys referred to the girls as "crows" and the girls, in turn, called the boys "ravens." This organization now provides scholarships for deserving graduates of Pleasantville, assists in finding jobs for the young people when they leave, comes to the financial assistance of those in distress. At this writing, this organization has a nest egg of close to fifty thousand dollars for its various purposes. And among its many serious enterprises, the Crows and Ravens group has arranged for a special burial section for those of the alumni who wish to be consecrated, when they pass on, in its restricted area. I have an idea that this unique undertaking is the only one of its kind in the country.

I have often wondered whether the Doctor could foresee the great return there would be in his investment of labor and defensive protection of the orphan. I know that the Doctor would have been delighted had he seen an article that appeared some years back in the weekend magazine *This Week*. It was entitled

"Who is Charlie?" and opened with the answer, "He's a nobody who doesn't expect to get his name in the paper for loving people instead of money." The writer went on to say that Charlie owns a little candy store and lives in a small, dark, walk-up flat near his store. "Charlie is a Jew, a nobody in a small town."

Charlie, it seemed, supplied candy and pop and gifts at the monthly birthday parties at the nearby St. Joseph's Home for Boys. And when the orphanage burned down, it was Charlie himself who helped the Sisters salvage everything possible. And Charlie saw to it that no G.I. went into the service without a gift.

Next door to Charlie's store was Mr. Eng's Chinese laundry. Eng made enough money to send for Mrs. Eng and his two sons. But there were no rooms available for the enlarged family, and Charlie invited them to share his little flat. Later, when a little girl without friends or family was recorded dying of leukemia in Holy Name Hospital, it was Charlie who visited and supplied her with enough dolls to create the presence of a little family.

Who was Charlie? Nobody? Only a Pleasantville graduate who had spent six years of his childhood at this Westchester institution. Some of us would acknowledge that time had not been lost in those six years and that the investment of a community was well spent and had produced ample dividends.

I know only too well what the inspiration of the Doctor's philosophy and teachings were to me. There were many revisions I was destined to make in my later work at two institutions, some of which attracted attention and appreciation. I doubt whether there was a single one of such breaks with the past which did not stem from the formula—the psychologically fighting spirit, the educational concept of the whole day, the whole life—which did not have its roots in direct or indirect influence from my fellowship with the Doctor.

I was to take a speaking part at the memorial services for the Doctor conducted by the graduates. Naturally the privilege was precious to me, and for the first time in years, I decided that I would read my prepared remarks to make certain I would register my deep, personal feelings. Yet even so, I found it not easy to read because of recollections that kept crowding in. I labored slowly over a poetic tribute I'd ventured that was written specially for the sad occasion.

The mortal Doctor is at rest,
  And dust his mortal frame;
The Doctor's earthly light is out,
  And quenched his earthly flame.
But glorifying candle
  Lit by Doctor's master light
Is radiantly shining
  As in mission here tonight.
In all we do, though unaware,
  In every dearest plan,
The deed must fit the poet's creed
  Humanity to man.
And stronger we, and stronger still,
  Our children's lives shall be:
This is the Doctor's tribute
  And his immortality.

The First World War came. With it, rising costs on all sides must have been felt, particularly by public institutions, with routinely limited budgets. This was particularly true at Pleasantville, where obviously the budget was much greater than in kindred institutions. The cottage plan presupposed increased staff, as did the ambitious private school enterprise, though salaries were at a very low level. It must be remembered that all of the members of the Board of Directors at Pleasantville were residents or had major interests which kept them informed of costs in other institutions for dependents. Without being too certain of the fact, I believe there was a minority in the Board from the beginning that was not too happy with the leaping budget. And this group must have been a constant source of anxiety to the Doctor. He had his administrative problems from day to day, all the complex human challenges of an enterprise involving some six hundred children and some one hundred staff people. Campus administrative problems, though at times vexing, would not provoke the same kind and degree of irritation that differences with his Board on budget would. The latter is part of the legend of institutional promotion, no matter the form of the institution. It is the old conflict of theory and practice, idealism and realism. And the history of social work is particularly replete with instances where theory, idealism, and a superintendent lost out against the practical, the realistic, and a Board of Directors.

It isn't too difficult to imagine a long-time opponent of the ambitious school plan declaring: "We managed to support this private academic experiment of yours through the years despite the evident availability of the New York City schools that would cost us nothing. Now such a program is out of the question. I have been advised that with little difficulty, the New York Board of Education will establish our institution school as a branch of its system and thereby cover all costs. It is foolhardy to carry your stratospheric budget." Something like this must have been said. And the Doctor, sensing the despoiling of his cherished formula for the future of the children and the total life of the campus must have become bitter. Tension and increased controversy must have developed between himself and the directors, and, as would be expected under the circumstances, the Doctor resigned—a result not uncommon in the history of institution life in America, educational, religious, or cultural, when a Board and an executive, albeit the latter is professionally trained and inspired, are diametrically opposed because of budget.

There is something to be said for each side in a controversy. I wonder if the solution does not lie in a millennium when members of a directorate are trained philosophically to appreciate the idealism of service as a long-time test of institutional values, and when an executive will be prepared in such a way that he can balance a budget without losing basic values in his work, counting on time and steady progress in his plans to prepare his Board and eventually entrench his essential formulas of service. Reasonable patience is a wonderful asset in such circumstances, though sensitive Board members and executives are tempted to regard such as a mark of weakness.

When it was definitely established that the Doctor was to leave, with a date for his departure from the institution fixed, the question as to who would succeed him was the big campus curiosity. Logically, his assistant would be the first person considered for the post. But earlier I suggested that the school might be the center of difference between the Doctor and the Board. Accordingly, it is not surprising that the man finally chosen was the principal of one of New York City's junior high schools, a pedagogue who stood high in professional teaching circles in the city. It was obvious that he was chosen as much to simplify the transition in the sponsorship of the school as for his fine professional background. Almost immediately the change of school control was made, and has continued as such to this day.

The days immediately following the announcement of the Doctor's resignation were not especially happy ones for the staff, including the teaching force that had learned to respect the serious purposes underlying the general campus plans. And the children themselves, especially the older boys and girls, were disturbed. Those of us in supervisory posts were frankly anxious about our status under the change. I must admit that I had at least a slight hope that I might receive the call to take over. This was, of course, before decision was announced.

When one afternoon I received a telephone call to meet with the chairman of the committee appointed to make the selection, my hopes did not drop, but they most assuredly did after the interview. I wonder if this chairman, who since then, and for the past thirty-five years, has been a powerful influence for good in the child-care picture of New York City, remembers what transpired in the brief interview we had.

"Tell me," he opened up with, "what do you think of the Doctor?"

My reply must have settled forever any consideration that might have been shown. "What do I think of the Doctor? I am not too aware of what you expect me to say, but, earnestly, I think it is sad that the Doctor has to go. I feel personally tremendously in his debt. He has taught me so much."

Of course I wasn't chosen. I was asked to stay on, and advised that an important post at the institution would be created for me.

The new executive came on; and from the first of our meetings, I did not feel at ease. To this day I cannot explain my unease except as an impatience about my actual status in the new organizational structure. The new director apparently did not have confidence in me because I was a Doctor holdover, and apparently expressed his caution by designating me as "administrator" instead of "assistant to the superintendent." This was a cautious difference in titles that did not fix my permanency in the new plans, though it presupposed my functioning as the assistant. Later I did function in this way, and was expected to by the new director, though right through the months of our relationship his attitude to me was unmistakably studied.

I wasn't especially happy. And when one day a call came that a committee for the selection of a superintendent of an orphan home in Baltimore wished to see me in New York City, I must have been considerably relieved by the prospect of a change. It seems the Baltimore group had conferred with the Doctor, who was regarded as an authority in the field, and acting on his recommendation, arranged to see me. When a definite offer was made, I quickly and very happily accepted, though saddened in a way to leave a spot that meant so much to me sentimentally and inspirationally. Yet I was glad indeed to break away from a relationship that was, to say the least, confusing, especially glad to be going to an executive spot where I would have an opportunity to demonstrate what competency in the field I might have. I began to sense career in a new way.

Oddly enough, one of those things—I cannot describe it otherwise—took place about two weeks after I had completed arrangements to report at Baltimore. My chief, the new director, was away on his summer vacation. It was my duty, among other responsibilities, to receive visitors. It happened that a special committee of five from the well-known Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home had come to New York in quest of a new superintendent. They were planning a change. And incidental to this quest, they planned to visit the cottage plan of Pleasantville for guidance in their hopes for a new cottage plan for their own Cleveland institution.

I enjoyed the opportunity to go into professional, as well as administrative, detail as I showed the committee around. To my surprise, at the conclusion of the trip the chairman of the committee went into a huddle with his group. In a few minutes he approached me with a knowing and confident smile and bluntly asked me, "How would you like to come to Cleveland?"

I must have spontaneously told him to stop spoofing, that they really couldn't be in earnest; they had never intimated a word of the primary purpose of their trip east on the tour around the campus.

"No," came the reply. "We are very much in earnest."

Naturally I advised the group that their call was a few weeks late, that I had given my word to Baltimore.

"We can get you released from your pledge."

"No," I replied. "I am going to Baltimore as I promised."

Then the rejoinder: "What is Baltimore offering you in salary?" I must have evaded in answering specifically, for the reply, almost in chorus, was, "We'll give you twice as much."

"Gentlemen," I said, "I've given my word to Baltimore and I shall follow through on it."

From a selfish angle, it was not too easy to turn down this Cleveland opportunity, for the Midwestern institution was five times the size of the Baltimore place and enjoyed a wonderful reputation. As it developed, my holding fast to my pledged word must have been remembered by the Cleveland group, for when there was a vacancy again some two years later, they approached me again with the offer. This time I was pleased and proud to accept.

4

Baltimore

IT WAS a winter's day when my wife and I reported to Baltimore. We had spent a few weeks of vacation at a nearby resort and naturally talked over, with anticipation, the big change ahead. We had not seen the place where we were to begin our work, and perhaps it was just as well, for when we finally did arrive, there was so much that could easily make for depression. My wife was particularly disturbed by the very limited little quarters for our little family of three.

Here was a barracks institution all over again, and it was not too difficult to go back some twenty years and recall the barracks background of my own childhood. The great difference was in size. Here there were some eighty children under care, whereas in the old Broadway home of my boyhood some six hundred were housed. Playrooms, dining room, and bedrooms were accordingly much smaller. It was a drab place physically, musty in atmosphere, and, I learned very quickly, very musty in spirit.

To begin with, there was an evasive look on the part of the children and a peculiar silence as the retiring superintendent showed me about. I sensed an atmosphere of stealth and caution and unmistakable curiosity as to the incoming man who was to preside over their destinies. As a seasoned pedagogue, I wondered at the forbidding atmosphere, for the man I succeeded was a student of education, having attained the highest degree at one of the most reputable universities in the country. Pleasant and seemingly sociable to adults, he apparently borrowed heavily from the continental concept of training children, which, I suppose, tended to keep them at a distance and to surround them with taboos.

It is difficult to comment in this way, for I am only too aware of the trap of critically appraising a predecessor, a phenomenon common in organizational history; conscious of this, I have on numerous occasions, earlier and later, prevented subordinates from cynical and disparaging criticism of an outgoing or departed executive.

And my compunction against negative evaluation of what I found on stepping into these new surroundings comes also from the fact that the wife of my predecessor was a sister of one of Baltimore's leading citizens—a man really distinguished for his qualities of mind, heart, and manner. He was a liberal and one of the most neighborly men of means it has been my fortune to meet even to this day. And his own children were blessed by this nonpaternalistic touch. In the years ahead, he was to become the president of the national Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds. Early in my work at the institution in his home town, I was to call on him for the kind of assistance which he was so temperamentally suited to give, and he responded as though it were an opportunity in partnership.

As intimated earlier, there were taboos all over the place. Children were seen in the office mainly for reprimand and punishment. Discipline seemed to be wholly negative. There was some effort to avoid corporal punishment, for the penalty too often, I learned, consisted in writing, after the fashion of early school days, "I shall not do —— again," even thousands of times. As I write this, it seems so difficult to believe.

The grounds in the rear, grass-covered, were denied to the children for play, although there was no outdoor play yard. The gymnasium building, the gift of a benefactor, was closed except for Sundays and holidays, which to me was a great mystery, especially since the older boys had the makings of an excellent basketball team, a fact later established in the competition with other teams in town.

The spirit downstairs reflected depression as well as repression. Runaways were not uncommon. Truancy from school was exorbitant and a community scandal. With a total of less than ninety children, the schools reported a record of 125 days of unexplained absence in a single year. How well do I remember the chairman of the Board presenting that unusual, and in terms of the history of institution life generally, unnatural phenomenon to me as my number one challenge and responsibility. I recall telling him simply that I could guarantee effort in that direction. I just couldn't understand it!

An odd incident took place at one of the earliest meetings with the Board. I reported that a letter from a large distillery had been received, offering as many cases of whisky gratis as we might need in the work of the institution. This was in January, 1920, and national prohibition had set in. Curiously eying me, I believe, the chairman asked me how much I thought we would need. Anything but an authority on the subject, I naturally contemplated that the only use of whisky would be for emergency and medicinal purposes, and accordingly replied that one case would be more than ample for any possible needs over the years. There was an unmistakable smile on the Board members' faces when I said this, but under the circumstances there was agreement that we should gladly accept a single case.

When the whisky came, I cannily thought a good cache for it would be in the rear of the linen closet upstairs. When I visited a few years later, after having accepted the call to Cleveland, I learned that most of the whisky had disappeared. The new superintendent advised me that some of the relatives of the children, undoubtedly informed by youngsters who assisted in the linen room, had helped themselves to bottle after bottle. Apparently there is a modification of the law of gravity that applies to liquor.

The older boys were overlords in the downstairs life, which calls to mind an observation I made fortunately very early in my work at this home. The baker's wagon, delivering the daily quota of bread, drove into the rear at about the same time each late afternoon. Invariably the older boys made their way to the delivery wagon, and I wondered why they showed this concern. It soon developed that the driver left with his load of bread a quantity of day or two old cakes and pastry not salable at the store as a good will offering to the Home. The older boys corralled these "bakes," as they called them, and thereupon went into hiding to gorge themselves with the treat. When I smilingly yet firmly advised that this daily chore was over, and that in the future the cook would distribute this largesse to all as an afternoon snack, these playroom oldsters, with twinkling smiles, acknowledged the justice of the decision, for even in the brief time since my arrival, they began to suspect that something of the democracy of family was slowly creeping into the place.

There were certain other characteristics of the downstairs life which intrigued me. Almost every boy had a nickname. I remember "Simp," "Whisky," "Boozy," "X," "Snotty," among others. And it was not uncommon for older boys to have youngsters do their daily chores for them. Hitting and fear were common. There must have been something of a feudal state with overlords in the downstairs kingdom of the playrooms.

The Baltimore Hebrew Orphan Asylum was run under a conventionally limited budget. The Board of Directors still reflected the tendency of patronizing wealth to control philanthropic enterprise. Not too much had happened as yet in the American Jewish community in a democratization way to change the complexion of Boards. This was to come later. This is not to say that Board members of the period would manifest only administrative interest in the institution. There were individual members who took delight in personal contact with the children, but this was not too common. I have often wondered if the majority in such groups did not simply take it for granted that personal contact was not only unnecessary but that it was not correct procedure. I cannot otherwise account for the insulation from the downstairs life of numerous men and women of fine character, very evidently genial and generous souls. This observation occurs to me now because of the change in the outlook and inlook of Board members I was to meet later.

The staff at the Baltimore home was not particularly different in the various levels of function from such in other institutions, though I did have the feeling at the time that those employed in the menial departments were generally much older than elsewhere, and that monthly salaries were very low. Several had been at the place for quite a number of years.

There was one old laundress, an Irishwoman, who patiently and quietly worked at her ironing board, who must have been close to eighty. I was really self-conscious when I gave her the monthly check, it was so small in amount. She seemed ageless and resented any inquiry about her age. A government census taker visited the institution in his official capacity and dropped into my office to complain that the old laundress would not reveal her age. I went down to the laundry and gently suggested that it was required by law to tell our ages, that we all had to register how old we were when the census taker inquired. The gentle old lady, not to be impertinent, ejaculated, "Well, if I must, you put down in your book that I'm close to thirty-five."

Some of the workers of the staff were in collusion with older children when it came to personal mail, arranging to receive the children's letters in envelopes addressed to themselves. This I learned at an early meeting with my council of older children.

I had expressed curiosity about the paucity of mail coming in, and without too much thought, announced simply that mail was a sacred privilege for the children as well as the staff, and that under no circumstances would mail be opened. This council of older children looked at me in amazement. I realize now that they must have regarded the censoring of mail as a natural prerogative of the office, never to be questioned. They did not discuss this too much at the time, apparently waiting to establish the reality of the changed practice in this regard. When, after a few months, all seemed to sense the honesty of the new mail procedure, they smilingly advised me that not only had the staff been used to "cover" mail, but that most children had arranged with neighborhood candy stores to receive letters for them, which they would clandestinely pick up on their way to or from school.

Much of this may sound fantastic and unbelievable, but it was so, as I revive the memory of my first weeks at the institution. I'm not prepared to say even now that I had anything but confidence that the picture could readily be changed. As the commonplace saying goes, there was no place to go but up, and my early life and immediately previous training and study supplied the approach. It is fair to confess, I have rarely experienced a feeling of defeat or frustration in plans where an elementary sense of justice and democracy and fellowship was challenged in a situation. I am so grateful for this constitutional or temperamental career blessing. It has found favor and support in most of my work through the years.

In this connection it is timely to mention a most pleasant and indeed happy and comforting circumstance that transpired almost immediately after my arrival in Baltimore. The morning's mail brought me a letter from the office of the secretary of the Pleasantville Board of Directors in appreciation of my services at that institution. It was an extended letter of tribute, written in the most detailed words of acknowledgment and remembrance, and enclosed in it, by way of authentication of its spirit, was a check for five hundred dollars. I had never received a check for this amount before, and the combination of letter and substantial token gave a tremendous lift to my confidence in old-fashioned slogans of work and human relationships, and of course a lift to my pride, and encouraged me. It was one of the sweetest moments of my career.

It recalled to my mind, an occasion some few years back when I had sought an interview with the chairman of the Pleasantville Board to ask for an increase in salary. The chairman at that time was a brilliantly successful businessman who had come to this country in his young manhood. His father had been for years the headmaster of a reputable school in mid-Europe. I was welcomed very pleasantly. When I finally, with some timidity I imagine, mentioned the purpose of my visit, the chairman of the Board rose from his seat, patted me in neighborly fashion, and said in substance: "My good young man, we think you are doing a creditable job, but really, is it wise for you to expect returns from your work in money commensurate with your effort? My father was a schoolmaster like you, and when my sainted mother would remind him that he was not earning enough, we children always remembered the stern and serious words spoken with a positive finality that the true teacher does not look for income as a test of his work; that he is a pedagogue in idealism as well as school curriculum." It could be that budgets at Pleasantville may have refreshed his memory of his father's words. I did not receive the increase I requested. I have though, over the years, thought of the admonition regarding the teacher. And the fine letter, with sizable check, received so shortly after I left Pleasantville, may have had something to do with my faith in ultimate recognition.

I do not recall specifically my first step as the arbiter of the welfare and life of the children in this Baltimore institution, but I must have called the older boys and girls into confidence, knowing full well that I should have to restrict comments and bitterness of the past. I am fairly certain that I made it routine to meet weekly with these ostensible leaders and elders in the life. And there was appreciative agreement that the gymnasium should be opened daily after school and on weekends, with adequate facilities supplied; that the grassy lawns in the rear could be readily used for play, with no worry on the part of the children about the lawn. There was a guarantee that the older children would supply assisting supervision in both regards. This referred particularly to the gymnasium, for staff was necessarily limited. This understanding was never violated in my brief period at the home.

I inquired of course about the basketball team and learned that the team had a coach who visited once a week. In the light of other deprivations, I was agreeably surprised to learn this, and my surprise was all the more happy when, on meeting the coach on his earliest visit, I realized that he represented the finest type of athletic inspiration that might be found, for he had personal qualities in character and purpose that endeared him to the boys. I remember him to this day, as I am sure the boys do. They must talk of him sentimentally when they meet in reunion.

It must have helped immediately when I decided to attend the weekly basketball games of the home team in town. Born in this country, educated in its public schools, and a constant reader of the daily newspaper with its full-page emphasis on sports, I had a very plausible interest in athletics. I not only went to the basketball games with the team but arranged for a group of rooters, girls as well as boys, to go along. I wrote some cheers and songs for the team, rooting and singing like the youngsters, during the game and on the way to and from the scene of conquest, which probably simplified relationships and created confidence more rapidly than anything else might have done in those early apprenticeship days at the institution.

This was proven beyond much doubt when one Sunday morning, in a deep January winter, one of the two oldest boys scheduled to feed the boiler with coal came into my office to advise me that the fireman was excitedly carrying on because the boiler grates had broken. When I entered the boiler room, this temperamental gentleman was approaching me with the unmistakable intention of striking me with the poker in his outstretched hand, at which both boys leaped into the situation and threatened to finish him with their shovels if he made a further move. The fireman cooled off and, in his temperamental way, apologized, pleading for new boiler grates.

Frequently one hears a father say, "I'm going to make sure that my children get the opportunities and advantages that I missed when I was a boy." Something similar must have been in my subconscious as I moved into my first experience *in loco parentis* of dependent children. In some instances, I must have enjoyed the adventure of actually inverting institution practices of my early childhood. There was room for so much change.

And very early in my new responsibility—it may have been in February, 1920—I advised that we would have a monthly birthday party to celebrate the birthday of every child whose anniversary fell in that month. It was not an attempt to purchase good will through gifts and a social function. Only too well I remembered the unnatural phenomenon back in my playroom days at the old Broadway institution that many of us did not actually know the date we were born. The parental pride and recognition of such an annual event did not exist in the lives of these love-hungry children. As a result, with one year following another in unsentimental succession, many lost track of such a thing as a birthday or, having entered the institution at too early an age, never knew their anniversary date. It was not uncommon for children, as they became aware of the moving calendar, to arbitrarily pick on big days of the year as birthdays. Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, the Fourth of July were common choices. It spontaneously occurred to me that this was a void that should be filled. For this, and a few strategic reasons, not all of secondary importance, I decided on the monthly birthday affair. It was important, of course, that the children, as in normal family life, be the recipients of a party and gifts. It was also important that periodically the total family life of the institution as a unit be featured. In addition, I had a general notion that such an event would bring into the place kinfolk and friends, and possibly the general public, to crush the entrenched notion of shut-in atmosphere. A final development came with the planning of the first party, namely, the purging of timidity, self-consciousness, ineptness, and similar personality limitations through the promotion of talent by way of the presentation of a monthly birthday-night show by the children themselves.

Response on all sides was tremendously encouraging. The children looked forward to a party dinner, with the birthday children at the guest table and gifts of their own cautious choosing at their table places. Relatives and school friends came in for the event. Board members were only too happy to share in the fun and significance of the occasion. As month after month went by, I was gratified to see a new perspective of the place in the eyes of the children and the mind of the public. The monthly show may have been crude in those very early days, but more and more, serious planning was attempted, and there was no end of amusement at the amateurish presentations.

This was in 1920, nearly thirty-nine years back as I write. Since then, the monthly birthday party has become quite a feature in social service planning in veterans' hospitals, in foster care organizations of all kinds. I like to feel that we discovered or rediscovered something at the Baltimore institution. The heart of the public quickly responds whenever such an appeal is made, and I was to learn later that it was excellent public relations strategy, though this was not the inspiration of the basic idea.

Instinctively—was it such, or an active memory of a drab playroom life of another earlier day?—I relished any opportunity to feature the family totality of the life. And possibly as a result of a new interest on the part of the Jewish community, we received two gifts from merchants of town which enabled me handily to express such aspect of the life. The first gift was a master box of brand new marbles, which came in midspring. Immediately I conceived a contest involving every person in the place, adults as well as children, all who touched intimately the lives of the children, including myself. Only the so-called "second-line help" were excluded.

A marble tournament was arranged, each individual receiving a given number of marbles. A schedule was prepared for eliminations, with quarter finals, semifinals, and finals, the winner in each set taking over the marbles of the loser, until the winner of the finals had every single marble that was distributed. As I recall it, the tournament lasted a few weeks, but the spirit it engendered remained for a long time. I enjoyed it and recall it so pleasurably today for the additional reason that the big winner was a so-called "problem boy," who prior to my coming was a habitual AWOL youngster.

The second contribution was a very generous assortment of cowboy and Indian suits. Fortunately, they arrived just as the summer vacation broke. The supply was enough to equip every boy and girl in the place, the donor not overlooking in his desire to express his good will that girls can enjoy such costuming as well as boys. From the moment the costumes were distributed, the children enjoyed them so much that except for serious moments of visiting with friends and relatives in town, or at religious services, they insisted on wearing the garish and colorful and exciting costumes right through the day—at work, in the dining room, as well as at play. We were quite obviously an exciting group on picnics and outings. Many camera pictures were taken of groups and of individuals, and the graduates must recall ecstatic summer moments when they get together and see the snapshots again. It was an experience made to order for solidifying the family aspect of the life.

I mentioned earlier that I made it a practice to meet periodically with the older children in the form of a council. We considered those things that blocked in the ease as well as opportunities of the daily life. Promotional changes were also considered. In connection with the former, I keep in mind the difficulty I had in persuading older children, with assignments involving work or supervisory relationships with younger children, to refrain from striking. Hitting a youngster was considered a *sine qua non,* without which "you can't make a youngster do anything." I put in quotes the insistent comment of members of this council. What interested me about this evaluation was that those who expressed it were high-school students, all exceedingly acceptable and, in some instances, very personable individuals.

They had simply grown up that way, and felt there was not too much out of place to pass on to others the treatment accorded them in their tender years. The majority in the council had been in the institution for a number of years.

A year later it was gratifying to observe a modification in the rigidity of point of view on this subject, though there was still some feeling that physical punishment had its advantages. The promiscuous use of the strong arm had disappeared at least in degree, and partly, I suppose, because all knew I frowned on the practice. I did not hesitate to open up to them my observations as a tender orphan under care. Occasionally, of course, they would see me in action when there had been flagrant display of temper in insubordination, and they must have observed how I systematically avoided the use of force. I have talked with some of the graduates since, now fathers in their own right, and invariably have gotten a smile when our heated discussions on the subject were recalled. Psychological and sociological factors in punishment are difficult to pass on to youngsters, since I suppose such are not readily appreciated by adults themselves. Perhaps, in my own personal case, the invariable utterance of a college history professor of mine, that coming events cast their shadows before, played a very important part.

There was an additional purpose in arranging for a council of older children. From the moment I arrived on the scene, I was made aware of the plan to build a cottage home for the future care of dependent children of the Baltimore Jewish community. Anticipating the change to a different kind of living, with the obvious necessity of all sharing in the daily chores, I divided the children into groups, giving each group a special area of work, some tasks to be done daily, some weekly. It was a vertical classification with young and old in each group. There had been some work done by the children before my coming, but the arrangement and supervision had been such that an older boy could easily palm off labor and unpleasant chores on younger children. The reorganization of the children on a work area basis was such that daily inspection could readily discover neglect and fix responsibility. The most menial and heavy and unpleasant chores were assigned to the group leaders; latrines could not be touched by a younger child. It transpired, fortunately, that the oldsters fell in very co-operatively with the new plan, for by the time of this reorganization they must have sensed the spirit of democracy and fair play that moved in every conceivable direction. It was a real comfort to see the comraderie of these older children develop.

Incidentally, group leaders sat with their children at group tables in their dining room. Competitive play between groups in tournament fashion was programmed as often as feasible. Some earnest effort was made to have group leaders take over to a reasonable degree the well-being of youngsters in their care, and there was some evidence that this was not without success. I was to recall this later when the number of children in another institution was considerably larger. Now and then there would be conflict between hard-core younger children and an arbitrary leader.

There was a lad of twelve who had been assigned to our care by the local Children's Bureau. Previously he had been in several foster homes and in another institution conducted in accordance with orthodox ritual, but he would not "stay put." He was a habitual runaway.

Incidentally, this orthodox children's center was under the direction of a superintendent who believed in the reclamation of difficult youngsters, and had had some success in his efforts. He had attracted the recognition and partisanship of the local Children's Bureau at the expense of the institution where I had assumed executive leadership. The fact is, the Board of Directors of our place was nettled at public comparison of the two places. Of course, this was a challenge to me in the ordinary sense, but more than that, I was challenged by the basic opportunity offered to humanize, democratize, and socialize the day-by-day living in our institution, to feature not only the rights of the individual, but to recognize individual weaknesses and to work with them for the long-time good of the child.

I must confess that I was on my guard in instances of insubordination against playing for easy fellowship and popularity with offenders. Instinctively, or perhaps by long association with youngsters, I felt not only the futility of such an approach but the solid responsibility that goes with long-time tests of treatment. If I was to help a child, it was my task to help him carry on not only for a given today but for the many, many tomorrows that were to follow. And there were times when I would decide to be seemingly arbitrary in treatment, but when actually I was motivated by a desire to "blast" where there was undue presumption and challenge to authority with the not uncommon concomitant of ordinary bluffing.

And so back to this lad of twelve. He was at breakfast one morning when he excitedly declared he would not take the bread at his place because there were holes in one of the pieces. I heard the commotion that developed and hurried over to his table. I ordered the leader to give the lad an extra portion of bread, but our recalcitrant youngster was "in his mood" and decided on a follow-through. He refused to eat his breakfast. I instructed the leader to carry on as though nothing had happened, to ignore the lad's sulkiness.

It came time to get ready for school, and our little man refused to change his clothes. He knew only too well how anxious we were that the improved school attendance record be maintained. Parenthetically I must add that there was a phenomenal change in this regard, not a single instance of truancy being registered against the institution over the entire year. I requested that the lad come to my office. Hardly had he approached my desk when he dramatically fell to the floor on the flat of his back. For a moment I was dismayed, possibly frightened, especially since in his record there were "peculiar" suggestions of epilepsy. The word "peculiar" is in quotes because I recalled in the seconds that followed that the medical record included a statement that the youngster occasionally practiced his epileptic symptoms to scare authority into conciliatory treatment and that there was no medical evidence of epilepsy that could be found on repeated examination. Thinking quickly, which is common to authority in emergencies, I sent for a pitcher of water. I took my watch out. Then I addressed the lad as follows: "If you do not get up in sixty seconds, I'm going to give you this whole pitcher of water." The sixty seconds went by, and without delay I gave my youngster "the works." If the matter hadn't been serious, I could easily have laughed. His reflexes worked perfectly and he was on his feet pronto. Needless to say, he arrived at school in good time. Current psychiatry probably would not endorse such treatment. But for the remainder of his stay, there was a canny good will between the lad and myself and no further irregularity on his part, though I understand that it took him a few years in life to finally settle down to respectable citizenship.

Reference was made to the Jewish Children's Bureau of Baltimore. When it was evident that our program encouraged the assimilation of so-called "problem children," we began to receive requests from time to time to admit children for whom other placements had been unhappy or unsatisfactory. We were advised one day that the Bureau had in mind our acceptance of a certain fourteen-year-old girl. It seems, though, that the likelihood of institution placement had frightened her, and to relieve her fears, the Bureau suggested that I meet her "casually" at the office of the physician who was to make the usual routine preadmission examination. She showed no suspicion of me when she was introduced to me. When the fact of my position came out, she blurted, "Do you hit children?" Big as she was for her age, I soon sensed that she was quite primitive, even to the point of uncouthness, for her years. I was agreeably surprised to realize in very short time that we could talk about things of somewhat common interest, though very elementary in content. On the spot she decided that she would try the institution and advised me that "the lady" (the Bureau representative) would bring her to us the next day.

Anticipating her arrival, I called some dozen of the older girls together, and taking them into my confidence, outlined from many sides the challenge to all that would come from the admission of this girl. I remember that I laid special stress on the accidents of destiny and chance and how unequally circumstance distributes its favors. I pledged the girls, without revealing sensitive details of the expected admission's personal story, to be patient and helpful and kind. They were to be family partners in an experience that touched the total institution family.

Looking backward from results, I must say these older girls did a beautiful job. Without talking too much about it, they managed to pass the word around their playroom that the girl had never had a chance. I was amazed to see after a few studied weeks how anxious the newcomer was to break into the routine and the life generally. My wife very personally helped in the solution of the girl's problem.

We were at supper when the Bureau worker brought the newly admitted girl to the institution. Gently, my wife invited her to have supper with us. She sat at the table but ate little. Supper over, she insisted on washing the dishes, which we permitted her to do. We became fast friends, something almost psychological binding us. It is amazing in review to recall that her conduct, though occasionally odd to some of the children, was without untoward incident throughout my stay at the home. She must have missed my wife and myself when we left; I cannot help but recapture from odd moment to odd moment, even over the many years, the peace my wife and I, with the help of the girls, had brought to her troubled soul.

This story leads me to another experience at this institution illustrative of the great good the simple formula of fair play brings in relationship with growing children, especially with challenging children—even more so with challenging children in foster care. One of the boys under care at the time of my assumption of the superintendency was a lad of ten who had been a constant source of anxiety and trouble to my predecessor. When he wasn't AWOL, he was in bitter scraps with his buddies. His stubbornness and temper would lead him to stop at nothing in a fistic encounter. Scratching and even biting an opponent was not to be unexpected in his vicious encounters. The record by word of mouth from my predecessor and the legend in the playrooms indicated that as an adult he would make trouble for himself if not for society, for he suspected, if he did not actually resent, authority.

His family history revealed that he was an orphan before he was five; and at the time of my entering his life, he had spent five years at the institution, which had done little to change his mood as an orphan. There was something almost constitutional in his belligerent personality. Fortunately for both of us—the youngster and myself—he was better than normal in intelligence, had an enthusiastic interest in sports, and was surprisingly sensitive to kindness, especially when it took the form of justice in settling his altercations.

Primarily because I enjoyed a long walk as an exercise, I arranged to have a group go along with me on such jaunts. As a personal detail I might mention that during my New York teaching days, I frequently made long-distance hikes of twenty to thirty miles a day, on two spring vacations hiking with a companion from New York City to Philadelphia. These walks, with a group of children, were part of my program of cementing relationships right through my professional career with youngsters. On the walks we talked of everything and indulged in word games, games that turned around automobile plate numbers, occasionally exchanging riddles and stories. My impression was that we all felt better for such informal exchanges. I do not hesitate to recommend this idea to parents with growing children.

Realizing that my difficult lad enjoyed getting away from base, I usually arranged to include him. He could be good company, for his was quite an animated personality, and it was not too unpleasant for him to share in our rooting squad for the basketball team in its town tournaments. I can almost visualize him now in the memorable all-house marble tournament, his enthusiasm and excitement and practiced skill carrying him to the finals in this very happy event. It is my recollection that he was the ultimate victor.

Without too conscious, or too deliberate, an attempt to win over the lad to what the pedagogue or the psychiatrist might call "positive thinking," he and I became fast friends, and our weekend program for him assisted substantially in breaking down the block of his belligerency to adults. I mentioned earlier the brother of my predecessor's wife, and he lent a valuable assist in this process of reclamation. Frankly, I do not particularly like the word "reclamation," for it suggests formal and serious treatment after the manner of conspiratorial planning, and all was done with an informality and even a spontaneity based on immediate need.

This brother-in-law of my predecessor was quite unusual in his simple and natural love of people and his ability to meet and get along with all, no matter what their station. He had a family of growing children of his own, and when I suggested that he have our youngster as his house guest over the weekend, he readily agreed. He knew and I knew that it was what might be called a potluck arrangement throughout: whatever was planned for his own children—picnic or just a drive—would include our boy. Our friend moved and lived in a simple and unostentatious way and the experience was a mighty happy one for our youngster. When the other children would visit with relatives in town, he had a place to go where the atmosphere was one of kindness and fellowship. The orphan had a chance to touch life and people in a pleasant and optimistic way.

There never was an attempt to measure progress with him. No reports had to be submitted. It was all an incident in our way of life, and as would be expected in the normal day-by-day of intimate living, there were some difficult moments. One morning the lad had a fighting encounter with his most intimate buddy. It was a bitter affair, as fights between long-time youthful buddies sometimes become. Brought into the matter, I must have made the decision that our young friend was the aggressor, for he turned on me with an angry tongue.

The stubbornness that I had hoped was disappearing showed itself when my lad refused to go to school one day. Our youngster had been one of the worst offenders in previous years; the report was that he would be found sleeping in peddlers' wagons on his jaunts away from the institution. I had a real challenge on my hands. The incident gave me my first unhappy moment in my new work, and this after almost a year at the institution. When the lad made his plan only too evident, the clock showing the time well past the opening school bell, I attempted to frighten him by telling him to come along with me. I had little regard then, and less so with the passing years, for so-called reformatories, but there was a local institution known as the "detention home" that had, in previous years, figured in the playroom tales when a recalcitrant boy would disappear from the institution and not be heard from for a year at a time.

We boarded a streetcar. Presumably we were going to this detention home. Actually there was no such plan in my mind. I was frankly sparring and hoping for a break in the rigid temper of the boy. I learned later that we had not even boarded the right car. I watched my lad cannily, and after sitting solemnly for twenty minutes, I noticed a tear trickling slowly from the corner of his eye, and I felt good. Bluntly enough, I said, "Let's go back." This time I took the car that I knew would pass the schoolhouse. That afternoon, immediately on his return from school, he came to my office and smilingly said, "I knew you wouldn't take me to the detention home; I knew all the time we were on the wrong car." I must have hugged him.

I go into such detail about this youngster because my relationship with him has been a deep source of pride over the years. He was married at an early age, and he got into financial difficulty when his young wife was pregnant. Frightened at the prospect, he made the trip to Cleveland, where I was continuing my work, to talk things out with me. He had, of course, previously been writing. I succeeded in calming him and gave him his fare back to Baltimore. The story later is inspiringly dramatic in a sense. On the economic side, our difficult boy developed a very successful career in his work. On the more human side, his family supplied a home life that beautifully illustrates the rise of an orphan out of drab institutional beginnings into proud and happy fatherhood of a family. The young wife must have been the ideal helpmate in his quest for family happiness and competency.

As of today, as I write, our orphan and problem boy is a highly successful businessman. The record of the family shows a daughter, now also happily married, who had been for several years the tennis champion of her state and a seeded player one season in the distinguished Forest Hills National Tennis Tournament. Recently my wife and I visited our friend of those early hectic days. We had dinner together at a popular downtown restaurant, after which we visited at his home. Conspicuous in the living room was a huge, old-fashioned china closet loaded from top to bottom with tennis trophies earned by the eldest daughter. It was a sight that thrilled us. I can be pardoned, I am sure, if I had the ecstatic feeling at the moment that the trophy chest was really the reward of a society that cared.

It would be inaccurate to hint that the bulk of the work in this Baltimore institution turned around the problem child, though as the months went by, we were increasingly called on to admit children who were restless and went AWOL while under care in other agencies. One of the these was a lad of about fourteen when he came to us after a repeating saga of runaway experiences. I can remember how our institutional household was chagrined when he ran off to Wilmington, Delaware, on his only attempt at his habitual weakness. It was the first affair of its kind since I assumed duty, and by that time there was wholehearted teamwork on the part of all to keep at a minimum this kind of incident. The lad never repeated his error. On my recent visit to Baltimore I felt a happy, reminiscent feeling when I saw him and learned that he was one of the highly successful print-shop owners of Baltimore. I recalled that he had had an interest in the printed word as a youngster, being one of the avid readers of the group. I could see that our meeting on this visit was a source of gratification to both of us.

One of the older boys at the time of my taking over responsibility, a high-school student, has continued to be a part of my affairs in a rather intimate social way to this day. How well I can remember that I sat down with him, as I did with others scheduled for discharge, to discuss career interests and plans. Thin, almost to the point of anemia, he nevertheless was a member of the successful basketball team of the home, always acquitting himself competently in a contest. When he told me he hoped to enter the field of advertising, pedagogue and academician that I was, I ventured to observe, "Why, you will need a course in college and graduate English. You know that this is out of the question. And what is more important perhaps, the advertising man is most often a promoter personality, aggressive in contacts. You seem to be too self-effacing and modest to the point of extreme shyness." I smile as I think of it now, for he has managed in his own way to rise into an executive position at one of the largest advertising agencies of the country. More significant, perhaps, is an article that appeared in the advertising trade journal of metropolitan New York, under something like the title "The Most Modest Advertising Man in the District." Apparently, he built his modesty into a valuable personal asset, which might be a hint to many of us. I feel deeply delighted when I hear from him annually on my birthday.

It must be quite obvious that I was professionally and personally very happy in my work at Baltimore. The closest kind of intimacy between myself and the boys developed progressively with the passing of the months. I remained for two short years.

But the two years were heady with gratification and at least subconscious pride. When the time came for my little family to leave, it was very, very difficult to close what the children referred to as "the front door" behind us. And that the feeling was reciprocal was indicated not only by correspondence which continues somewhat to this day—now thirty-eight years later—but by a unique set of tributes and framed resolutions of thankfulness received twenty years later, on my birthday, signed by all graduates still residents in Baltimore. And the lessons in human relations learned in this, my baptismal executive experience, were most valuable in the work that was to continue for twenty years.

Leaving Baltimore carried an additional feeling of regret because of a personal relationship and experience with a member of the Board, who was, I believe, chairman at the time. It may be remembered that in my last weeks at Pleasantville a committee from Cleveland invited me to take over the work there, but that I rejected repeated requests with the statement that I had given my word to accept the post in Baltimore. When two years later there was again a vacancy in Cleveland, a representative of the Midwestern organization came to see me and asked whether I was now available for that institution.

In spite of the unusual happiness and joy in my work in Baltimore, I promptly advised him that I was prepared to accept. In connection with my decision it must be borne in mind that the Cleveland spot was one of the best known among the larger Jewish institutions for dependent children in the country. In addition, here was an opportunity to take over as executive the responsibility and direction of an institution that represented in dimension and opportunity the kind of place I knew so intimately as a child.

I advised my Board-member friend of my decision within the hour. He came to see me and pleaded. And he made an offer that was so unusual and unorthodox in terms of the traditional Board-member attitude that I repeat it here: "What is Cleveland offering you? I shall guarantee to cover any difference in salary between the Cleveland prospect and our own for the rest of your days." It was he, I believe, who prevailed on the Board to increase my salary by 50 per cent after my first year's work in Baltimore. He was a man of great means, a great figure in the American insurance field, and evidently a generous soul. He loved his community and his philanthropic work, and in this briefest of periods, we had become fast friends. In the course of the two years he had repeatedly expressed appreciation that the home had re-established itself in the confidence of the community and the school authorities.

But tempting as his offer was, and difficult as it was to cut off my relationships with the children, with the impetus of childhood memories behind me, I decided to go. I reported to the Jewish Orphan Home of Cleveland, Ohio, on December 30, 1921.

PART II

The Jewish Orphan Home of Cleveland

1

TWENTY years of my life were to be spent at this institution, a period that obviously represents the body of my career. I arrive at this point in my story with a feeling of refreshed appreciation that circumstance gave me this chance. When my little family arrived at the old group of buildings sitting back a considerable distance from the avenue, it was dusk on a late December afternoon. The whole atmosphere seemed gray. Cleveland, I had been advised, was one of the most sunless cities in the winter, and this December day was no exception.

There was a sobriety to the buildings, within as well as without, that added to the flatness of the total picture. Entering, I was reminded of a somewhat similar group of buildings a quarter of a century back. The only superficial difference was time and location. There was a natural impulse to speculate on the challenge that would meet me here.

If there was an atmosphere of smog and grayness enveloping the total physical outlook that December afternoon, it was speedily dissipated by the reading of an avalanche of old reports, contacts with leading graduates of the Alumni Association, and early meetings of the local Board. Children were admitted from eight states in the middle belt of the United States. And while a full Board of Trustees and Directors met quarterly during the year, a local Board of Cleveland Jewry—men and women—met weekly to review, consider, and plan in the best administrative fashion.

This trinity of old reports, contacts with graduates, and sessions of the local Board was almost a surprise education that in one sense gave a lie to the age that seemed to be creeping everywhere over the buildings. I quickly realized that here was an institution with an honored history, with personality and heart and mind; and then I understood why the organization enjoyed such respect and standing among the institutions of the country.

From the reports I learned that the institution was founded in 1868, the creation of the rapidly developing Jewish fraternal organization—the B'nai B'rith—by districts, Numbers 2, 6, and 7. And in its inspiration lies the significant fact that while other institutions of the kind in those days were established to care for the dependents of immigrant parents who came to America to flee from political pressure and persecution, seeking liberty of person and conscience, this Jewish Orphan Home was founded to care for the dependent children whose fathers were casualties on the battlefields of the Civil War—men who gave their lives for the liberty and freedom symbolized by America.

The reports further revealed another interesting phase of the high-mindedness of the founders. It seems that about the time there was a desire on the part of these Midwestern leaders of Jewry to promote philanthropic service, Isaac M. Wise, the pioneer leader of reformed Jewry in this country, learning of such intention, suggested that District Numbers 2, 6, and 7 B'nai B'rith, sponsor the creation of a Hebrew Union College for the training of reform rabbis. What catches my fancy is that while a goodly number, if not most, of the early Jewish leaders must have been partisan to the new reform movement, the decision made was that such a gesture would favor only one segment of Jewish life and that orthodox and conservative groups would thereby be discriminated against by an organization pledged in its preamble to unite all Israelites. Incidentally, I believe this was the first of a series of distinguished efforts by the Order, through the hundred and more years of its life, to promote and consolidate the interests of all Jewry, resisting attempts from time to time to break with this formula and program.

That the institution had heart was reflected in the personal relationships between Board members and children. This was three or four decades before the formation of The Jewish Community Federation of Cleveland and in the earliest primitive days of social agencies. Admission to the institution was almost entirely through local B'nai B'rith lodge activity, the lodge leader frequently representing his community on the Board of Trustees. Such a Board member arranging for an admission from his community knew in a personal way not only the needs prompting admission but knew as well the intimate details of the family from which the child came. He thus developed a personal interest and relationship with "his" admission, and made it a practice to visit with "his" boy or girl when he came to Cleveland to attend meetings. And in a way it simplified the promotion of local campaigns for funds, for the whole local community knew and cared about what was going on.

And the great spacious lawn that looked so bare when we arrived, I learned, was the gay scene annually of a community bazaar, the purpose of which was to raise funds for the institution. All of Cleveland Jewry attended. The older generation of Clevelanders today can recall the pleasure and excitement that went into this big event of the season. The whole town touched the Home in this way and kept it in its affections through the years. This lawn fete was a legend on the tongues of children as well as grownups, and helped entrench a proprietary concern as well as affection for the place. It was the philanthropic focus for the year in which all of the community met with all of the children, in a way the forerunner of a community fund.

And the open, almost chauvinistic loyalty of graduates was a tingling, heart-warming, novel experience. The manner in which visiting alumni spoke of the institution and its superintendent was a revelation for which I was not altogether prepared. My recollection of the sentiment of graduates from my boyhood home, "former inmates" we called them, was that it was not exactly complimentary to the home and that the grads were not too often grateful. So many tried their best to forget. Here was a spot that throbbed with sentiment and devotion, particularly to the superintendent, who was, of course, the key to the remarkable pride so many of its graduates had in the home of their childhood.

From 1878 to 1913, for thirty-five years, the Jewish Orphan Home of Cleveland was the alter ego of its superintendent, and vice versa. The two were inseparably together in the understanding and in the admiration of all Jewry in the Middle West. In some respects this superintendent of the Home was reminiscent of the Doctor in Pleasantville, particularly in his thorough intellectual and cultural background. He was trained as a rabbi in the first rabbinical school of Breslau. Not content with his rabbinical studies as preparation for a career, he pursued intense academic studies, obtaining his doctorate at the early age of twenty-three. It is not uninteresting that he studied in pedagogy as well. The story of his early life also includes work in establishing an orphan home in East Prussia. It will be recalled that the Pleasantville Doctor, also continentally trained, obtained his doctorate at an early age, too.

With such an unusual background, it is not surprising that this European-trained rabbi and Doctor of Philosophy should make personal interpretations of his responsibility when he assumed duty. It may be that the public schools of Cleveland at that time did not inspire this man with as high a philosophy of education as that reflected in the efforts he had made for himself, or that possibly the founders simply took it for granted that the local schools would not accept out-of-town children. I like to think that much as our Doctor at Pleasantville projected his own original plan for schooling of children under care there, the Cleveland doctor, sensitized by the special needs, the all-around needs of dependent children, projected the private school at his Home.

That the teachers were in the main carefully chosen is indicated by the pleasant recollections of so many of the graduates, who pridefully maintained that standards were high and that the curriculum was more difficult than that in the public schools, about which they learned later as interested parents. As a student of education myself, I am amazed that in those days the course of study at the Home included manual training and shop for the boys, anticipating by at least a generation the introduction of these courses in the public schools of the country.

Having given thirty-five years of his life to the work, it is natural that the doctor became a man of inspiration and legend. To me, with my institutional antecedents, it was especially comforting to realize that a superintendent could feel a personal as well as administrative responsibility for the well-being of his charges. Teacher, headmaster, rabbi, he converted his institution into a boarding school, with high standards in elementary education and conduct. There were rough moments undoubtedly, some of them reflecting the conventional concepts of the time in the care of dependents, some reflecting thin budgets, some the limitations of large numbers with downstairs anonymity.

The doctor continued to be a heroic figure throughout his service and for years after. Many graduates recall with pride how the doctor made a special trip to marry them, and story upon story is told of his endless correspondence with "his boys and girls." And this correspondence must have been all in longhand. It isn't so surprising that, that early for such a development, very early, possibly the first of its kind in the country and in the world, an alumni organization was established that became a highly interesting chapter and influence in the life of the institution.

Quite naturally, from my earliest days at Cleveland, graduates kept me primed with stories of the doctor and their days at the Home. As is to be expected of a highly personalized and revered individual, some of the tales touched mannerisms occasionally humorous to youngsters. I expect that exaggeration crept into some of the incidents related. But behind all, was pride and an appreciative memory.

How well do I remember the visit at table of one of the very successful alumni. It was over cigars after supper that he began to talk; and there was no mistaking the self-satisfaction that accompanied his narrative. It happens that at the time of his visit he was the ultimate executive of one of the largest business enterprises of its kind in the country. Associated with him as vice-chairman of the organization was a man with a dramatically different kind of background, and my visitor touched this off with a recent experience of his that apparently made him feel snugly proud.

"We had just concluded a busy and successful day on our visit to one of our plants. After dinner at the hotel, and over coffee, we began to relax with personal and intimate conversation. My business buddy went on to tell me that in a way he was a disappointment to his family, for from generations back his forebears on the male side had been lawyers of repute, some of them holding high public office. And it was taken for granted that he would continue the honored family tradition. Accordingly, he was sent, as became an old, successful New England family, to the prep school at Groton and then to Harvard. Sons of the family, as far back as he could trace it, repeated the Groton and Harvard stops in educational preparation. When, upon completion of undergraduate studies at Cambridge, he advised his parents that he had no interest in the law, preferring business as a career, the family made him feel he had profaned a cherished family tradition. And despite Groton and Harvard, he entered the world of commerce. 'And here I am,' he concluded, not a bit unhappy about it all.

"When my New England friend completed his revelation, I took over. I assume that previously he knew nothing of my background. I began by stating that my ancestry was European, with the only educational tradition in the family that of local religious instruction, that I myself could not boast of a Groton or a Harvard, but that I had my schooling and training at the Jewish Orphan Home of Cleveland. 'Groton and the Jewish Orphan Home,' my alumni visitor went on to say, 'each in its way, led to the same kind of spot and career.'"

The aristocracy of money and so-called family, I finally observed, was not the decisive accelerating factor, and this was to be demonstrated time and time again in the stories of other graduates. The American way puts a premium on the combination of opportunity, competency, decisive ambition, and character. Where early training is sound, though not specially certificated, other elements seem to recede in importance over a long period of time.

This same visitor kept me intrigued with stories of his childhood at the Home, and I mention them because of the deep-rooted pride he showed in his reminiscences. With a twinkle in his eye, he related how he repeatedly tried to "corner the market" in things that were in general demand. This applied to playroom possessions, such as marbles, and to other items that loomed large in the interests of his group. He went on to say that it is hard to believe, and that the fact could be corroborated by others, but he would shrewdly give away his weekly portion of sausage or cake, both very much coveted, with the understanding that the recipient would owe him his portion for the next two weeks. And he continued his formula until he had many of the group owing him these precious menu bits for weeks on end. What he would do with his "market" is anybody's guess. Suffice it to say, he began early on his quest for acquisitive power. I must add that in his middle years he became president of a bank in a metropolitan city. There was a run on the bank during an acute depression. He became a community legend when he made himself responsible for a loss by the bank in six figures, replenishing the bank's losses from his own private means.

Graduates in so many instances moved high and materially contributed to the fine reputation of the Home. Homecoming, a serious annual event, always brought new and interesting reflections of this. One of the alumni had "gone places" in Uncle Sam's Army, having become a major general. He told me with glee how at a gathering of military officers, he was approached by an English officer with the same name as his, a typical Anglo-Saxon name, which he had arranged to legally adopt through court order. "I thought I knew every general in the United States Army by this name," commented the English visitor. "I have always found the English family background from which they stemmed. What branch of the family name do you come from?" he asked curiously. When he replied, "The Kishineff branch," I suspect he was stymied.

There was something almost distinguished in this tenacious loyalty of the graduates. Some small part of it was doubtless due to the comraderie of intimate living, with similar family backgrounds preceding admission. But much of it sprang from the heroic figure of the doctor and from the school week conducted on the premises. The success of at least a reasonable number of the graduates tended to entrench all the more a spirit of appreciative loyalty, which continued well beyond the doctor's time. This was revealed to me in a disarmingly happy manner some years after we had left the barracks quarters and were established in the cottage campus at the new Home.

My wife and I were sitting with some friends on the beach in Miami. I thought I recognized one of the "boys" several steps away. He in turn saw us and jauntily approached. I was surprised to see him in the Miami area, and exchanges between us quickly followed. I had heard that he had become a professional prize fighter, having attained some real distinction in the National Golden Gloves finals some years back.

He invited me to attend a bout in which he was to be one of the principals. I had never previously witnessed a prize fight. The understanding was that we would meet after the fight and have supper together, which we did. I then casually remarked that I tried to make out what was on his fighting trunks in addition to the Jewish star so many Jewish fighters displayed. He really laughed. "Why, of all people, you should have recognized those letters. They were the gold J.O.H. letters, taken off the blue arm band we kids used to wear at the annual Auto Club picnics." The children were all supplied with identifying arm bands because of the confusing number of them from all of the institutions and agencies of the city, guests of the Cleveland Auto Club for the day. The idea was that the arm band would prevent a child from getting lost. And the club made it a practice to give an award to the institution with the best means of identification. These arm bands were collected when we returned at the end of the day, but a number were usually found missing. "I kept one of them as a souvenir. That's what you saw," he continued. "Those letters have been on my fighting trunks through all my amateur and professional bouts." This graduate, who had never been too much concerned about academic honors, interestingly enough has become the number one referee in major bouts in Cleveland.

It may seem that I am pressing a little too hard on this wonderful remembrance of so many of the graduates for the doctor and the Home, but the magic of personality reaching in such an influential way into the sentiments of orphan children registers with me for obvious reasons.

I was going west from Cincinnati one morning. At the suburban station an elderly lady boarded the train and took the vacant seat at my side. When I had completed reading my Cleveland paper, the woman asked me whether I would mind if she looked at the paper too. She continued with the remark that since her marriage she had had an interest in Cleveland. I listened quietly until she went on to say that her husband grew up in a Cleveland orphan home.

She was unmistakably non-Jewish. Having been very familiar with the total child-care story of Cleveland, I inquired casually which one of the institutions she referred to, never expecting the reply she was to make. When she answered, "The Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home," I looked at her in amazement. She continued with a rapturous expression of gratitude for the institution, adding that her mother, who lived with her up to the time of her passing, never failed to bless the Home and its superintendent for sending such a fine young man into her household; and that she, in her own religious devotions, always included a reference to her husband, who had passed on, and to the fine Home where he spent his childhood.

Quite taken aback, I remained silent until a few moments before I was scheduled to reach my station. Then I informed her, as simply as I could, that I had been, after an interlude of years, the successor to the doctor, whose name apparently must have been constantly on the lips of her departed husband. She gripped my hand, her body all a-tremble, and when I left the station, she had almost a mystic look in her eye as she said good-by. The heart of the past sometimes catches up with dramatic coincidence.

This was my first experience with an organized alumni group that took itself seriously and was so regarded by the Board of Trustees. Two of the out-of-town graduates had become members of the highly respected Board, and an additional alumnus was an active member of the local group that met weekly. It was not too difficult for me, therefore, to arrive at the conclusion that since so much of the sentiment of the Home was constantly refreshed by the alumni, and since so many of the graduates had been giving a good account of themselves in life, the organization should be represented in the deliberations of the Board. Accordingly, in one of the early meetings, I suggested that the president of the

Alumni Association be ex officio a member of the Board of Trustees. There was speedy acceptance of the idea and this arrangement has been continued to this day.

The Board was regional and local, as I explained earlier. My previous ideas of a supervising directorate had to go, and I was disarmingly gratified about it. Rightly or wrongly, I had taken it for granted previously that a Board ordinarily would perpetuate itself through entrenched families very much as in business, with the basic difference, of course, that while in business the members were concerned with productions and sales, in a philanthropic organization such as an institution they were concerned with the well-being of humans. The tradition of family dynasties controlling the destinies of philanthropic service grew up naturally through total dependence in the pre-community-fund days on the generosity of the wealthy of the community.

Before coming to Cleveland I hadn't thought too much about it, but from the very earliest meeting with the Board in my new work I found myself going through a complete change of preconceived notions regarding a Board and Board members. Here I saw representation of different communities, without wealth as a qualification for service, representation of the alumni body, representation from the fraternal order of B'nai B'rith, an organization dedicated to philanthropy. And I liked it instinctively for the manifestation of democratization of the work. I can state here that it helped to reduce the gap between the Board and myself, eliminating somewhat any subconscious timidity I might have carried over as an orphan myself.

And fortunately there were several members who in their own right as individuals, representing and expressing so constantly at meetings a generosity and understanding of the basic needs of the work, very directly inspired me with the courage to make the recommendations I felt necessary. From them I was to gather that the business of the place was children; that the finances turned around the needs of children; that policies and programs should less and less be invested in the past; that paternalism should not have a hand in deliberations; that the children were to be counted as separate individuals and not lumped into a regimented mass. From these fine men and women I readily acquired the feeling that I was taken into partnership in a human enterprise and was expected to be much more than an administrative clerk.

I say all this because I can hardly account otherwise for the simple manner in which so much change was accomplished over the years of my relationship with the directors. On the physical and technically domestic running of the Home, my wife has much the same to say. Both of us had come from what the world calls humble beginnings, yet at no time in those early days did we feel anything less than fine co-partnership. The women on the Board easily lifted my helpmate to the dignity of the phase of work she assumed and continued this openhanded confidence and relationship with her through the years. The fact that for reasons of my own, partly selfish pride, I had arranged on my assumption of duty that my wife be kept off the payroll, although her predecessor had received a monthly check, had little if anything to do with this unmixed generous understanding. The ladies had, of course, possessive interest in the Home, which was natural under the circumstances of its history and reputation, but they rarely demonstrated the overplaying of their part so discouraging to professional workers when it exists.

My relationship with the Board continued to be a pleasant and encouraging experience up to the final days of my twenty years of service, with no overreaching of authority or special self-promotional activity on the part of either Board or superintendent, I am constrained to say. Rather there was a respectful appreciation of mutual contributions to the work at hand, with a perspective on both sides of the common interests of the children. Professional colleagues of mine frequently chided me on the ease of my relationship with the Board, suspecting that I must have been a master of the backslapping art.

I am tempted here to comment on the qualities of a Board that in my humble opinion make for the best interests of all concerned. A democratic choice of personnel instead of a family dynasty is likely to emphasize the future rather than the past, keeping current challenges in the forefront. Democracy in membership on a Board is promoted with direct representation of the group whose well-being is at stake. It seems to me that the tendency to bring in new faces, now quite common, should be regularly encouraged by periodic elections for place. In the same mood, I am inclined to feel that the chairmanship or presidency should be changed at least after several years in order to maintain the confidence of everyone in a democratic setup and to reassure against one-hand control. Every element or factor that can make for fluid humanization instead of arbitrary control will tend, I believe, to keep the Board closer to the folks whose needs led to the establishment of the organization. This has been effectively illustrated in some community centers for young folks, where the beneficiaries of service later moved into Board membership. No question arises with such an arrangement as to the why of a Board.

Earlier in this story I have reflected on reasons for conflict between a Board and the executive, particularly regarding budget. Since I was fortunate in my contacts with trustees, I'd like to pass on a few of the practices that guided me throughout. Perhaps I should say that whatever principles I followed were incidental to my sense of fair play rather than formal rules for executive conduct.

From the side of the Board it seems to me that no meetings should be held without the presence of the executive director, a recommendation applying as well in my judgment to key committee meetings. The administrative head should have the mental security of feeling a part of all promotional or analytical deliberations. Otherwise, a lack of confidence that may be suggested by his exclusion from such meetings which may hurt the spirit of partnership and confuse relationships. The superintendent, on his part, should not hesitate to present to the Board any and all things that touch the stability and the reputation of the organization, as well as the emotional and individual circumstances in the daily life. Extremes in sickness apply in this connection, as do unusual breaks with conventional behavior on the part of the children. It was a habit for me to prepare for each meeting and I invariably presented a consideration of the broad front of the work, with incidents and details, sometimes petty but humorous, sometimes serious, about individual children. I believe, as far as I can recollect, that such meetings ended with a renewed feeling of partnership.

There is one temptation an executive has, which can easily become a trap, and that is to play politics with influential men or groups within the Board. I cannot say how I arrived at this decision so early in my professional career, but I know I tried my best to avoid partisan and factional affiliations, sometimes, to my temporary embarrassment. One afternoon, for instance, I received a message that the chairman of the local Board was anxious to see me. I hastened to his office, wondering what prompted the sudden call.

This gentleman was a highly respected member of the general community, who presided at meetings with a gentleness that belied his keen understanding and executive leadership. My wife and I were much indebted to him for the confidence he radiated and the simple courage he gave us from the very beginning of our work. The fact is, he was to a large degree responsible for the appointment decision which had brought us to Cleveland.

At the time there was quite a controversy between the local Jewish Community Federation and our institution. We had been serving Cleveland children from the very beginning and had held a legendary place in the Cleveland community. The local Jewish Federation had begun to raise the question of who should control the child-care situation in Cleveland. Foster home care for children had been developing popularity nationally; and Cleveland, it seems, was in a mood to control its own problem this way. In the early days of the controversy much of the discussion turned around the annual Federation contributions to the Home.

Our chairman, obviously disturbed by the new factional division in town, was of the opinion that the Jewish Orphan Home should break with the Federation and independently sell its program to the Cleveland Jewish community. In this mood he asked me my opinion. Quite obviously I was not detached from the problem as it developed, and also obviously, I shared in a determined partisanship for the interests of the institution. But I could not visualize an abrupt organizational break with the Federation. I expressed my opinion at this sensitive moment, stating that breaking would be akin to operating on the Siamese twins of the community and the Home born some fifty years back, and that both might suffer irretrievably in such community surgery. My feeling was that the Home needed the Federation, and the Federation the Home, and that the community itself would be hurt by a break.

Apparently, the fine, understanding chairman, a gentleman always, raised no further question. Perhaps I should add that there is the closest kind of co-operation between the two groups to this day, some twenty-five years later. Indeed, the present structural arrangement for the care of Cleveland's underprivileged children actually is now under one head, with the executive director of the Home the number one person in charge of all child-care work in the community. I thought all the more of the chairman of our local Board as the result of this experience, and I am certain he did not think any the less of me for differing with him on such a very basic matter.

While I am on the subject of the relationship of the executive director to a Board of Trustees, I cannot resist the temptation to include an incident that in my humble judgment fixes firmly my mood and opinion regarding this question. The Board of the Home seemed to be very appreciative of the efforts of my wife and myself to serve. A raise in salary was arranged after two years. A second increase was offered the following year, to my recollection, which I declined, feeling that the remuneration received was adequate for the work done. There were increases later which I accepted and later, once again, when an increase was suggested, I declined it.

When I refused the second increase offered, the decision was made to purchase an automobile for me. The astute and definitely high-minded leader of the trustees, who made the offer in their behalf, was not prepared, I believe, when I advised him that I could not accept it. This leader, who is one of the super business executives of the country, approached my wife on the subject, telling her of my reaction to it. My lady smiled and said, "purchase the car for the institution for the use of the superintendent." Whereupon the trustee approached me once again with my wife's suggestion, and there must have been an understanding twinkle in his eye when I told him this time that I would be glad to accept the offer on this basis.

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I BECAME more and more respectful of the personality of this Home as I learned to evaluate it as an influence over so many young folks through so many years that it seems awkward to plunge into even slightly critical observations and the corollary recommendations I suggested to the Board almost from the beginning. Not only had the great figure of the doctor and his gentle successor passed out of the picture for some years, but the professional thinking on the subject of child care had already developed concepts of work and policies of institution living which began to date a congregate institution.

Significantly enough, the buildings themselves were beginning to show age. There was a great hall running through the main wing familiarly known as "Marble Hall." The lower part of the wall in this corridor was made up of a series of memorial tablets in tribute to those who remembered the institution in their final testaments, and the legend running with these memorial tablets was, "It is better to give than to receive." From the moment I entered upon my work I was bothered by this legend, respectfully and appreciatively inspired though it must have been. I began to ask myself whether the children who passed through the hall every day felt a psychological differentiation, since all of them were necessarily receivers. I was to learn that they did. To me it was an expression of a paternalism in philanthropy that could hurt. I was gratified to learn from leaders of the Board that when the new cottage home that was even then talked about became a reality, no memorial markers would be permitted anywhere. The new place was to symbolize positive opportunity and outlook for the children.

The main buildings were so old that what almost frightened me was the absence of fire escapes from the dormitories, all of which were on second and third floors. Five hundred children sleeping in barracks fashion, in single beds, in an old building with no emergency exits and the possibility of panic in a moment of trouble—these things greatly disturbed me. I wanted to present discreetly the patent need to the Board, and new as I was to the job, I decided that the best strategy would be to have the city fire department make the recommendation. Accordingly, barely a week or so after my arrival, I looked in at the neighborhood firehouse and frankly suggested that its men make an inspection and report on their findings. This was speedily done.

When I advised the local Board at its earliest meeting of what I had done and of the recommendation submitted by the neighborhood fire department, I was delighted with the enthusiastic appreciation shown. It was a lesson in superintendent and Board relationships which easily accelerated confidence on both sides, I believe. Needless to say, ample fire escapes were erected in fast time, to the relief and comfort of us all.

As I recall it now, my thinking at the time moved in two main directions. First, there was open planning for a new cottage institution. Some twenty-five miles away, a large farm acreage with manor house had already been purchased. It was put to use for vacation visits through the summer, groups of children spending two weeks there at a time, which of course was quite a break from the drab neighborhood surroundings. And second, out of my own experience as a dependent child, I began to conceive changes in institution policies and program to compensate for regimented mass living, to exploit the advantage of numbers in a positive direction, to make the focus of institution life the personalized interests of the individual child, to break down the monastic barrier that kept the children so much of the time from contact with the outside world.

In both matters, approach had to be made bluntly at the front and center. Here was the Home seriously contemplating removal to the country, away from easy contact with the high-grade public school system of a wide-awake city. It should be mentioned that a few years prior to my arrival, the Home had abandoned its own private school except for the children of tenderest age. And on the health side, while the Home had a hospital of its own, reasonably well equipped, with a registered nurse on duty at all times and a physician visiting daily, I foresaw that detachment to the country would eliminate the advantages of big-city hospital help in the emergency of surgery or for prolonged critical observation needs. Then, of course, there was the question of all of the facilities, cultural, recreational, and spiritual, developed over the years in a growing city, which would not be readily accessible to the children if the Home were twenty-five miles outside of the city.

Perhaps most important from the standpoint of future needs, it was considered axiomatic that since the Home now had under care five hundred children, and from time to time had had to deny admissions because of the lack of expansion facilities, the new Home should also be equipped to care for a minimum of five hundred. I realized from the outset that the Board was unaware of marked changes in the thinking of social workers and Federation leaders. It was not too difficult to anticipate that, because of new concepts of salvaging the family unit by financial assistance from the local family agency, requests for admission would gradually be reduced. Also, that federated communities of any size would be increasingly developing child-care programs of their own. Building for five hundred, therefore, seemed to me like flying blind, without special instruments for blind flying.

Accordingly, I studied all the current reports of the agencies and communities serviced by the Home in the past, as well as those from child-care agencies of the metropolitan cities of the country, giving special thought to figures demonstrating the new tendencies in child care. And at one of the meetings of the Board of Trustees and Directors, with its regional representatives from the eight states covered by the institution, I presented the facts as I saw them. This was three months after I had come to the institution.

There was a profound silence, for everyone was unprepared for such a serious revelation. A prominent leader in the group, a distinguished business executive, caught the significance of my report at once, and on his suggestion, the decision was made that I should present my findings at the forthcoming annual meeting when attendance was at its maximum, and that I should conclude my remarks with recommendations of steps to be taken to courageously meet the problem.

Three months later, at the big annual meeting, I recommended that a group of unquestioned leaders in the field be invited to a several days' conference, and that this conference should go into the entire subject of the up-to-the-minute developments in child care, with specific recommendations regarding the maximum number of children to be planned for in the new cottage home project, together with the matter of location. The meeting came to a unanimous decision to plan for the conference of leaders, making the motion to proceed as rapidly as possible.

The all-important conference was held, with the resulting agreement that the country plan be abandoned, that a suburban area be chosen for the new site, and that building plans on the cottage home should not provide for more than two hundred and fifty children. This was quite a change in outlook from that of six months back, and of course a tremendous change in terms of new building costs. It is now some twenty-nine years since the establishment of the new buildings. The program of care has substantially changed, as is the story in other parts of the country. Significant enough at this time is the fact that rarely does the number of children now under strictly residence care approach one hundred at any given time.

The outlook of all of us, certainly those of us in any supervisory capacity, was geared from then on to the new cottage campus prospect, though we all realized that it would be some time before even the earliest details of campus planning would get underway. I was interested, though, in preparing the minds of the children for what was ahead of them and, where possible, to inject into the daily life the kind of family or group responsibility for daily chores that would be so characteristic of life under the cottage plan.

To this end, in both the girls' and boys' departments, the children were divided into groups, very much as arranged in the Baltimore experience. And anticipating the family plan of vertical grouping of young and old, careful separate designations of work areas were provided for each of the four groups, which were called for convenience by the letters *A, B, C, D*. And once again, as was the case in Baltimore, the burden of the heaviest and meanest chores was assigned to the oldest children in each group.

In this instance, there were larger areas to be covered and the groups were correspondingly larger. There was a supervisor for each group who carried the responsibility for the satisfactory dispatch of the daily assignment of his group, in addition, of course, to being its leader and guardian of their well-being. The playrooms began to take on a new motivation, and I like to feel that the little fellow began to get a slightly better deal because of the kind of leadership expected from the worker and the oldest children.

Group rivalries developed on several sides, which must have added some zest to playroom activities. In a desire to establish some kind of work standards, a credit and demerit system was established, demerits for work not done or for misbehavior itself, credits for work done beyond routine requirement. I borrowed the plan from my college days when the class standing was announced at the end of the year: So many marks were given for every point achieved in daily recitation and examination, and demerits were given for any misconduct reported by a member of the faculty, the result being a balance between the two, and the final standing in class accomplishment being fixed thereby. The system was established by the president of the college, who borrowed it, I am told, from his cadet days at West Point.

There was an abundance of criticism of the system by workers as well as children. Very ambitious youngsters would accumulate hundreds of credits toward the attainment of an honor certificate for the month, the ten highest in standing on each side of the institution receiving such an award. But standards varied with each worker, and conflict of opinion on the subject was constantly evident at staff meetings. I do believe, though, that it speeded the accomplishment of the daily chores, and tended to fix the kind of standards which were to be essential.

Competition in sports was the quick result of the rivalry in groups, and a more direct stimulus in general play. All athletic events took on the color of group competition. Senior and junior teams within the groups got into the picture. And the spirit was such that a blue jersey with the big gold letter of the group was a much cherished award at the annual prize-day exercises. It was a simple matter to make the transition from this competitive group arrangement to the very happy inter-cottage competition in sports that became one of the bright details of the life later in the new cottage home.

There was another need that would be actively represented in the cottage life ahead which I tried to anticipate without too much success, certainly in the beginning. It will doubtless seem strange to an outsider accustomed to the family table, with brother and sister around in the most intimate fashion, when I state that I ran into terrific opposition on the part of the older children upon the announcement that brothers and sisters would sit together at table. The rigid separation of the sexes up to this time had been a continuation of the old concepts.

Older children came to me and pleaded against any change. One bright, personable girl actually insisted she didn't feel close to her brother and under no circumstances would sit next to him. In the beginning of the arrangement there was ample evidence of food untouched; but human nature finally asserted itself and the arrangement became a fixture. Once again I had the satisfaction of eliminating a block that must have left its unnatural mark in my own helpless days of dependency.

I tried, and succeeded, in another area to serve and promote the personal rights and privileges of the children. And I have a real feeling of gratification that I seized the opportunity almost as early, if not earlier, than the episode of the fire escapes. Maybe the two go together. I have hinted very early in this story of the hapless and humiliating visiting rules as I knew them as a child.

Most institutions of the time had the strictest regulations regarding visiting. It is only too easy to surmise that visitors were regarded as invading the controls of the institution; it was thought that frequent visits would undermine institution life and the influence of those in charge. In my work with a special committee of the Ohio State Welfare Department some years later, I conducted several seminars with Ohio county-home superintendents and matrons, and was amazed to find the rigid restrictions on visiting still practiced. My Cleveland institution was following the general pattern of the time when I arrived and allowed visitors once in two months, and only at infrequent intervals were children permitted to leave the premises.

With personal memories powerfully inciting me, I inquired of the Board whether the visiting rules touched the constitution and bylaws of the Home. To my happy surprise, I was advised that visiting arrangements were purely a part of the day-by-day administration of the Home. When I wanted to know whether there would be any objection on the part of the Board if we dropped entirely all visiting restrictions, except with regard to the basic needs of the daily routine and the health of the children, the reply I received settled forever any anxiety I may have had on the subject. And the smile that came with the rejoinder "If you can take it, we certainly can" was a delightful reminder that maybe we could forego other solemn details of routine so embedded in institution traditionalism. I must have visualized something of the future of the Home in the ingenuous and spontaneous reaction of that meeting to my very serious inquiry.

When the "parents," as the children referred to relatives generally, finally caught the meaning of the new understanding, they were only too quick to act. It took some months for the news to reach all corners of the city, but by summertime there was no mistaking the general appreciation and response. The institution was located in a section of the city that approximated a kind of ghetto, one of the accelerating reasons for change to less crowded and more inspiring and quieter surroundings. There then developed a result not altogether expected. Neighboring friends and relatives began to drop in almost every day. Summer evenings and weekends seemed to bring in a good part of the neighborhood, with some interesting developments.

I remember a widower, father of seven children under care, who came as often as his work would permit. He spent the visiting hours not only with his children, but with an attractive widow, a mother of three children under care. None of us was surprised when they were eventually married. It is many years now since the marriage; and there is not the slightest doubt of the place the Home holds in their hearts, especially since all of the ten children have grown up to be substantial citizens. As a matter of fact, one of the sons of the widower married a daughter of the widow.

This story is only an incident in the very evident joy of so many who came. It was good to realize the relaxed feeling of all who entered. We never questioned or attempted to regulate in volume or kind what food or delicacies were brought in. And to the last moment of my executive direction of the institution, and of the cottage home as well, there was never any doubt as to the wholesomeness of the arrangement. I suppose there are still institutional organizations that maintain restricted visiting rules. To such I might venture the suggestion of a trial of the open plan, with the requisite, of course, of a sympathetic, not an academic and administrative, concern for the well-being of the people served.

It is entirely possible that an outsider with a strong feeling for others might have regarded the traditional effort to intensify the separation of family and child under care as curious, but also he might have been inclined to accept it because there is so much formidability associated with all forms of ministering institutional service. The form, rather than its purpose, is emphasized, not only in rules but by public lethargy or lack of understanding. I keep touching this string not only because of my strong boyhood memories, but because of the amazing ease with which such a deep-rooted practice was discontinued.

And I was able to carry the formula further in a related matter but in a direction unknown and unheard of previously, I believe. The Jewish Orphan Home was regional in its service, I have repeatedly stated. This meant that children came from distances. Of the five hundred under care when I entered upon my duty, close to two thirds were from cities other than Cleveland. Except for correspondence, which can easily reach a low point of practice, contact with relatives and friends out of town was meager.

A dependent child is once removed from family when admitted. He can be twice removed when visitation is difficult and infrequent. With the consent of the local Board, I recommended in my first annual meeting report that where the local agency, or the nearest equivalent, could supervise, and where the family in the distant community would cover the transportation costs, out-of-town children would be permitted to spend a vacation with their families as long as the situation permitted during the long summer recess from school. The recommendation received unanimous and delighted approval, and that first summer possibly close to fifty children enjoyed visits for periods of two weeks to six, one little girl going as far off as Montana to visit an aunt who was so anxious to see her. In this instance the child never returned, since the aunt made up her mind that she could manage to care for her—an ideal development. The plan was later extended to include the Christmas vacation as well, and has continued unchanged, except for the modification of costs which in some instances the institution felt it should carry. Once again, the quick decision of the Board indicated its endowment of deep humanitarian purpose, as well as an elastic understanding and an impatience with traditionalism for the sake of tradition.

The response of such a liberal Board to just the say-so of the superintendent made so many departures from past practice like a pleasant walk. Illustrative of this was an order I issued possibly in the very first week of duty. Once again I found all mail opened as a routine. It was a simple matter for me to do as I did, having seen such satisfactory results of uncensored, unopened correspondence in Baltimore. It was the practice here, though, to supply two stamps a week, with stationery, for those who wanted to write to family or friends. With a realization that mail, coming or going, would not be opened, it was soon evident that correspondence increased. To me the personal privilege of unopened mail was an elementary right of the individual, not to be tampered with, somewhat in the spirit of the Bill of Rights which guarantees a citizen the sacred privacy of his home. I have often been puzzled why this principle was not recognized very early in the work. As I write, I am sure there are still many institutions to this day where incoming mail is opened and outgoing mail censored.

I recall at this time the heated discussion on the subject at a State Welfare Conference. As I remember it, I was the speaker and my subject was "The Personality of the Institution Child." Readily enough, among the measures of institution policy making for individual entity, I included the idea of unopened mail either way. This was in the early thirties. I was not able to complete my paper, so much controversy turned around the subject. Characteristic of the questions put to me, and I make bold to say I am not exaggerating, was, "How can you be assured with such an arrangement that weapons will not be sent through the mail?" And, "How can you prevent plots against the administration if the mail is unopened or collusion between children and family to bring about such an end?" I left the meeting with the feeling that at least some of those in attendance regarded me as the proverbial academic crackpot.

3

THERE was one form of traditionalism I found at the Home which, far from any desire to eliminate or modify it, I respected and was glad to find. I mentioned it here not only to add to the personality portrait of the Home as I found it, but because I was an almost nondescript orphan in my own playroom days. There was little to look forward to or anticipate as the bright culmination of my institution life. But here there was the ceremony of confirmation, a serious religious experience, and the mark-off time for discharge as well.

Those who remained for confirmation, and most did, could hardly wait for the great day. All of the children old enough to understand had the year of confirmation and graduation, which were synonymous, fixed in mind. The confirmation year was full of "lasts": "This is the last time we will do this," etc., etc. Of course there was a class book, a class picture, a final class dinner. On the big day of the ceremony, friends and relatives were all over the place, and cameras popped everywhere.

Oddly enough, there was an anticlimax after the ceremony, which took place in the morning. The legend of the day had it that once the ritual of confirmation was over, the rest of the day belonged, without hindrance or limitation of any kind, to the confirmand. I am of the opinion that this was not always so, especially in the days of the religiously sensitive doctor and his worthy successor. As I found it, though, the afternoon and the evening following the ceremony, the confirmands plunged wildly into recreation, going all over town, spending their savings, hoarded for a long time, with cool indifference and carelessness. The confirmands who had family in town, or family visiting from out of town, were obviously bound to more serious and regular diversion. To me, such plunging was an overcompensation for days and months and years of denial. And for this I was satisfied that the dropping of the visiting-out barriers would eventually be an antidote. Making a Roman holiday of getting to town would no longer have the excitement of a big adventure.

There was a great deal of stealing out, a logical reaction to strict shut-in rules. A puzzling phenomenon at Saturday-morning service prompted me to suspect that something of the kind, and in volume, was going on.

It is not uncommon for a platform speaker to study intently an audience, moving his eyes from face to face. As a trained pedagogue, I began to miss quite a number of older boys in the faces before me. When I noticed this on the succeeding Saturday mornings, I made inquiry of my assistant, who, with apparent reluctance, acknowledged that such absences were common at service. A number of boys were stealing out, some to friends, and some to a downtown motion-picture establishment, where they worked in a miscellaneous capacity, getting very little for their efforts except the excitement and an opportunity to see a picture, the latter rarely of the better kind. The picture house was in a skid-row area and was known in the boys' playroom as "The Peanuts."

With this information behind me, I decided to face the older boys squarely with the challenge. I began by reminding them that they knew only too well that visiting out on weekends and holidays was the order of the day, that not without recognition of their needs were the visiting rules changed, something which they could see almost daily, and that, finally, they were not playing fair with a program obviously designed to protect their rights. I must have concluded, I'm sure it was expected of me, with the reminder that I would be vigilantly on guard in the future.

Of course the approach "worked." I am inclined to believe that my facing the group like an old coach in the locker room, plus the fact that it was known that I was an orphan myself, turned the situation. To make doubly sure I visited the motion-picture house, explained the problem to the owner, hinted gently that he was violating some kind of law. He quickly assured me that he would never again permit our boys on his premises. Thus the adventures at "The Peanuts" were abruptly ended.

The confirmation reminds me, as I develop my tale, of the situation as I found it in religious instruction. In the days of the doctor, religious instruction must have been taken very seriously by all concerned, for the record shows a number of the alumni who became graduates of the Hebrew Union College for the training of rabbis, several of whom became quite prominent. One eventually became president of the Union of the American Hebrew Congregations and another the pioneer founder of the National Jewish Hospital for Consumptives in Denver. It seemed to me, though, that little enthusiasm or interest was evident in classroom, or out of classroom, for consideration of the subject. Unfortunately I was not well trained for the full appreciation of its needs. But I did not forget the dramatic gap between my father's orthodoxy and his profound respect for Hebrew culture and my own meager preparation in that direction. It was a gap that seemed insurmountable.

I realized my significant limitation in this regard, and when the committee interviewed me, I apprized them of the fact that I could not be the rabbi of the institution. I had had enough training and experience to conduct a reform service, but I was under the impression at the time that the superintendent would be expected to function as rabbi. The history of the institution suggested this to me. However, the committee assured me that there was a young man on the staff who had spent some time at Hebrew Union College who could assist in that direction, leaving to me a somewhat supplementary responsibility only. Throughout my stay at the Home, I was very sensitive about my limitations in this important area, particularly since I knew full well that inspiration in religious instruction depends heavily on personal example and leadership rather than on content of the text.

I made it routine to take over the concluding part of the weekly religious service. My assistant and I alternated in the weekly talks. Our service concluded regularly with a special prayer for the dead, and it was customary to read off the names of benefactors, the anniversary of whose demise occurred during the week preceding the service. Today I wonder how we systematically overlooked recognition of the anniversary of the passing of parents of the children. I suppose this was the result of the same attitude that prompted the beacon legend in marble hall that "it is better to give than it is to receive."

In connection with the regular Saturday-morning service, I made a vain effort to promote the attendance of adults of the community, with the thought that this would assist in establishing the idea of a normal universal interest in a religious service, rather than have the children regard the service as just another evidence of adult pressure and possessiveness in their lives. I addressed a letter to several of the rabbis of Cleveland, inquiring whether there would be any community opposition to the plan. For some reason I never received a reply to my inquiry.

So often in this recital it is evident that inspiration for change comes from personal experience. In the matter of Hebrew education, I felt that I had something of a mission because of my experience with my father that winter's morning when his train pulled into Hoboken from the West. As I have stated before, a child is once removed from family when admitted, and the gap is increased with infrequent visiting. But as I have seen it, dependent children under care can be completely estranged where an unsympathetic interest in family mores and hopes of language is wittingly or unwittingly encouraged by neglect or half-hearted consideration of a subject and a heritage almost psychically a part of family personality.

With this in mind, I advised a review of the course in Hebrew, recommending an increase in the number of periods of instruction. More significant because it was a most sensitive break with practice of the past, I suggested that the kosher element be recognized in the purchase and preparation of meats and in the general household equipment. I advised at the same time that boys attaining the age of thirteen experience the ceremony of *bar mitzvah* (the traditional orthodox ritual marking the coming of age for boys), which had never to my knowledge been the practice in the past. Whatever the explanation, there was a quick acceptance of these suggestions. I say whatever the explanation because the membership of the Board was in the main associated with the reform wing in Jewry. It was a tribute once again to the liberal thinking of the Board.

The *bar mitzvah* ceremony was appreciated, I believe, by the boys, especially since we tried to add, within the limits of institution living, some of the legendary social trimmings. There was some difficulty, as I remember it, with the complete follow-through in the observance of the dietary laws, especially with the dishes, but the ceremonial and appreciation of the *bar mitzvah* continued indefinitely, and gradually became seriously regarded, in keeping with its purpose.

Perhaps at this time, I might mention a special visit by the representative of the Ohio State Welfare Department. There had been considerable talk in town about the existence of a second institution for the care of Jewish children. Criticism was made that though the new institution would be thoroughly orthodox in its interpretations, this would still be unnecessary duplication. Part of the criticism turned around the question of standards of care. My official visitor asked me how I felt about the existence of a second home for Jewish foster children. I reminded her that in the non-Jewish field there were a number of institutions, each reflecting a special sect of religious belief, and that my understanding was that the only test to be applied by the state inspector was the question of decent standards of living and care. The orthodox group was entitled to its place and special program.

The *bar mitzvah* became fixed, as I say, in its traditional acceptance. Boys approaching the preparation period did not hesitate to advise the office of the fact. One youngster precipitated an experience quite as novel as it was dramatic, at least to me. He was one of three brothers who had been admitted something less than a year back. The three were children of a Catholic father and a Jewish mother. Upon the decease of the mother, the father placed his three boys in a Catholic institution in his home town in a western city.

The surviving Jewish relatives were disturbed by the presence of the children in non-Jewish surroundings. One uncle, particularly, who lived in Cleveland, prevailed on the Board to admit the three to our institution, especially since the father had moved to the Coast and could not readily visit the children. When the three boys, aged eight, twelve, and fourteen, arrived, this Cleveland uncle sat with the three and myself in my office.

It was an unusual situation for me, though I recall that in my boyhood we had two Irish-Jewish lads as playmates. But mindful of the special plea of the mother's side of the family that the boys be given a Jewish training, even though there was ample room for doubt that the two older boys, at least, could, if they would, respond to a new religious outlook, I suggested that before doing anything, it might be best for all concerned if the name of the boys, though entered into the official records as it legally was, be changed to facilitate their absorption into playroom life. I am not giving the actual name, but for the purpose of this story let us say that it was McKeller. My suggestion was that the boys be known as Keller, which the family group, uncle and boys, accepted.

I then made it as plain as I could that the boys would have to attend all classes of religious instruction. The two older boys were disturbed by this, but the uncle realized that if the family were in earnest about the reasons for admission to a Jewish institution, there could be no alternative, and with unmistakable uneasiness, the boys agreed.

The three boys were likable and personable and easily integrated themselves into the life. I suspected right along that a number of the children knew their real names. But the middle of the three, Bill, was going to be thirteen, and I wondered how he would feel about *bar mitzvah.* To my surprise he entered my office one day to remind me that his thirteenth birthday was not too far ahead, and he asked to be prepared for the usual ceremony. Much as I appreciated his apparent readiness to be so completely identified with his new group, I had some misgivings in the matter.

I told Bill that whereas there was agreement regarding religious education when the three brothers came, I was not too certain I could morally exercise the pressure on them of the tradition of *bar mitzvah*; that he could feel free to reject the opportunity if he was so inclined; that *bar mitzvah* was the serious taking of vows; that going through the ceremony without one's heart in it would profane it and the heritage it connoted. I suggested that he come to see me two months before his birthday, thinking about it in the meanwhile, and let me know if he still wished to be prepared. This he did; in fact he kept insisting that he be given the opportunity. Eventually I told him we would be happy to prepare him, but I exacted the pledge from him that when he recited his blessings and prayers in the ceremony, there would be no doubt in the minds of the congregation of children that he was very much in earnest.

The day of the ceremony arrived. When Bill spoke, it was with a vigor and voice that stunned the children, so many of whom knew what was going on, into a deep and dramatic silence. I should have preferred to conclude this recital with the additional observation that Bill continued his Jewish interests when he left the Home. He was a very sociable lad, pleasant company at all times, even for us elders. But a few years after leaving he joined his father, who had become a police officer on the Coast, and I am informed, there married a nice non-Jewish girl. But Bill meant well, I am sure, as we did.

Most of the children at the time of my call to the Home must have come from orthodox families. It was common for the community orthodox group to resent any other interpretation and practice of the Jewish heritage, and it is in a sense curious that this was overlooked for so many years in the total pattern of living at the Home. Children, of course, would accept the program without too much questioning, though there must have been times when such questioning was in the heart. We had two instances when newcomers expressed themselves firmly in the matter.

One was a lad of twelve who came to us from a small town in the West. He pleaded that he be given the privilege of attending a neighborhood religious school, declaring that he had gone well beyond the instruction in our Hebrew classes and that he was not happy with the obvious reform atmosphere. He was patently so much in earnest that I was happy to arrange this privilege for him, with the understanding that he should at no time abuse the confidence of the Home in his going and coming. He very faithfully followed through on this. An intelligent and wide-awake youngster, with this difficult barrier overcome, he readily integrated himself with the life, taking a more and more active part in a leadership way as he approached the day of his discharge. He graduated from the Home as one of the brightest of his class. Later, we were able to award him a scholarship to complete his college education. He has his own place of business now and finds a way occasionally to express appreciation for the consideration shown him as a boy.

There were three other children, a boy of ten and two younger sisters, who came from a far-off community. The boy inquired almost as he entered our premises whether we observed the dietary laws and what kind of instruction in Hebrew was offered the children. Not satisfied with our separate dishes for meat and milk foods, he insisted on having his own; we were glad to comply with the simple request. Like the aforementioned lad, he asked for the privilege of outside religious instruction, which we granted on the usual condition of dependability in his leaving and returning. Two or three years later he seemed to tire of the special dishes arrangement and I suspect the tide of the general practice by all the other children had finally caught up with him.

This lad was a precocious youngster, even suggesting brilliance. I understand that today he is active in the little-theater movement in a metropolitan city. The younger of the sisters, who came to us at the tender age of six, and who seemingly was not so precocious, was nevertheless a bright and personable child and later amply demonstrated high scholarship capacity. She contributed heavily to campus activities in the new Home, especially in dramatics, where she was featured regularly. We gave her the opportunity of a college scholarship. Upon obtaining her degree, she entered social work. Today she is happily married to a physician and has a little family of her own. It is hard to believe she will or can even forget us.

4

THE reference to the three Irish boys brings to mind a fine, whole-souled Irishwoman who got her first employment at the Home as a grown girl, and continued with it to the day of her retirement at a ripe old age, older than she would admit to, pensioned, I am happy to add, by the Home. Naturally enough, she did her share to make the three McKeller boys feel at home. This Irish woman, in charge of the boys' clothing department known as "the wardrobe," played a real part in the sentiment and legends of the place. The wardrobe was a special department, important enough to be taken seriously not only by the administration but by the children themselves. The thousands of issues of clothing and articles of wear of all kinds were routed to the wardrobe, where the most vigilant care was exercised in the distribution and checking of every article. The wardrobe mistress was a very important individual, as will be testified to by any graduate.

It was commonplace for visiting men graduates, upon entering, to pay respects and exchange greetings with the superintendent. This was almost a ceremony, though in some instances, where the relationship was more intimate, it was something more than this. Invariably though, visitors would then find their way to the wardrobe, which was the kingdom where our Irish friend held sway. She remembered over the many years the clothing number of every boy who ever entered the wardrobe to be outfitted with the periodic issues of clothing, underwear, and stockings. I wondered frequently whether she knew many of the children by name. As a graduate entered, she would immediately exercise her charm by calling him by his clothing number, which invariably delighted the graduate. To appreciate this, one must keep in mind that there were close to three hundred boys under care for most of the period of her service at the old Home, and a goodly number, though not as great as this, at the new cottage Home.

The woman was a real master in her wardrobe skill. No matter how many pieces of issue were returned from the laundry or tailor, they would find their way, never with an error, to the proper bin or shelf, and she trained the boys who assisted her to follow through just as meticulously. I understand that in the very folding of the garments to fit shelves or bin, she was exact as the ruler she always had ready to guide her, maintaining a perfect and attractive appearance of order at all times. Many a head wardrobe boy will testify to the unusual training received at her hands.

The lady of course had a fine sense of Irish humor, which she mixed indiscriminately with a sharp Irish tongue. One of the alumni who was a head wardrobe boy in his day, and who has since been remarkably successful in life, revealed to me that she kept a closed umbrella under her desk, and would swing it threateningly if any youngster made an attempt to purloin an article of clothing that didn't belong to him. He went on to add, however, that never to his knowledge, over the years, did she strike any boy.

The little tykes of five and six were her special pets. She would dress them up in the best she had and trot them out as her darlings. How she loved to see the boys in new suits and how she would plead with the office for new issues. One sight I myself remember with pride and even affection was the sight of her beside me as I watched the children in their new suits and dresses, off to school the first morning after the long summer vacation. Assuredly she added much to the cherished legends of the Home. She loved to say that she was the most Jewish Irishwoman in the country. She has since passed on. May her lovable soul rest in peace!

The clothing number of a child stuck to him so tenaciously that many of the non-wardrobe staff fell into the weakness of calling children by their numbers. Because of this, and for reasons that went deeper, I made it an inflexible practice to call the children by their first names; and as I recall it, never in the entire period of my service would I refer even to the family name. Numbers to me were a symbol of something I wanted to forget, the conventional anonymity of the orphan.

Commenting on one member of the staff brings to the forefront my assistant. When it was decided that I was to be the new chief, word was sent to me in my last weeks in Baltimore that I should hold off any choice of my assistant until I had come to Cleveland, though I frankly had no notion at the time of bringing any such person along with me. Having begun duty, and taking in the total picture of the staff as well as the physical surroundings as quickly as possible, I appreciated the hint that lay in the suggestion regarding an assistant and administrative associate.

The head supervisor of the boys—there were only two workers for the nearly three hundred (I doubled the supervision in a month)—was an unusual individual. He had spent a number of years as a boy at this Home and had gone on to Hebrew Union College to prepare for the rabbinate. He left the latter when he felt he was not "called" and could not conscientiously function as a rabbi. This, of course, meant that he was a man with a solemn sense of duty to others as well as himself, a characteristic which was an important part of his character for all of the years I knew him. It was this quality, which—at least I believe so—tended to make him too defensively subjective.

I very quickly noticed that there was a most unusual relationship between him and the boys. It was more than respect on the part of those under his supervision. He was in his young manhood at the time, with not too many years separating him from the oldest boys in his care. I found him evidently much devoted to his charges and they to him. I had not seen much of this in my limited professional career and speedily decided that whatever limitations there were in his personality, this all-out spirit and capacity for affection could be a fortunate motivating influence in the intimate life of the children. Accordingly I decided that he was my man.

I approached him with the suggestion. For some reason he at first declined to accept the responsibility. It may have been timidity, or undue modesty, or a sacrificial unwillingness to be in the direct administrative corner as against his sentimental brotherhood with his boys. He did finally accept and remained with me for about fifteen of my twenty years of service.

It is with frank deliberation that I bring him into this story. The qualities of mind and heart which I noticed in him early, continued with little change over the long period. As a factor in the development of our relationship as chief and assistant, it wasn't many months after our association that I found an occasional tendency on his part to represent the children possessively in a difference of opinion on decisions that I might make with the perspective of long-time evaluation in my mind.

He was invaluable in some of the important corners of the life. It was he who created and promoted the annual county fair, an enterprise that was an ingenious, and competently so, juvenile imitation of the real thing, with real pennies changing hands. It was he who promoted the monthly periodical *The Oracle*, which was printed in the Home print shop and which served so many excellent purposes. Most important, it was he who had the confidence and affection of children and staff, and to such an extent that there was a maximum of good will and a minimum of explosive experiences with the children, a result not easily attainable with a total institution family of five hundred.

I frequently experienced the feeling that his very tendency to represent the boys possessively tended to keep him something of a boy still himself. A number of the older boys attached themselves to him with something approaching idolatry. I wasn't too sure then, nor am I now with the philosophical review of years, that it was always best for them, or for him, for that matter, reaching as he was into maturer years, when a career somehow must take root. In the last years of his association with me, we talked about this. And either because of his gentility and characteristic disinclination to unpleasantness, or because he began to realize it himself, he seemed to agree that there was something to my point of view.

It is not unusual for the number one and number two men in an organization to be in conflict occasionally. Every kind of organization must have illustrations of this. What disturbed me now and then, as it naturally would, was some kind of fear, possibly selfish, that any policies of program I would decide on might be interpreted as arbitrary or self-seeking authority by the children, where there was any difference of opinion between myself and my assistant. I do not believe I, ever actually recovered from this feeling, particularly since in my Pleasantville and Baltimore days, with relationships direct, which of course was hardly possible with so large a number of children under care, I found the most comforting kind of fellowship and appreciation. Graduates who knew my assistant in their childhood will faithfully recall him in appreciation. I must also, with a bit of the aforementioned reservation, which, plausibly enough, has lingered.

Every time I recall the figure of my assistant, I seem to see at his heels a group of boys that were constantly in his shadow. One particularly stands out in my memory because intellectually he resembled the mentally oriented personality and temperament of the man to whom he seemed so much attached. This youngster came to the Home as a lad of twelve. He never seemed to grow in accordance with the passing months and years as did his companions, and to this day is conspicuously short in stature. I bring him into the story because there seems to be such a contrast between his simple background and the kind of work he is doing in a career way.

He was the son of a very modest tailor in a small mining town in northern Minnesota. Today he is a publicity agent and one of the conspicuous figures on Broadway. He makes his livelihood promoting theatrical and political figures. His name has appeared in the colorful stories of Broadway that are published from time to time. Invariably there is a hint of character and dignity to his work, despite some of the odd legends that go with such a career. I understand that his office is a rendezvous for people of all kinds who are seeking the spotlight. Incidentally, I know that his office is a rendezvous for buddies of his playroom days. I like to think of him because, despite the glamour in which he moves, he never has forgotten the old place on Woodland Avenue.

I enjoyed the literary efforts of the children in their monthly paper. It was good to find this periodic suggestion of the kindred character of the Home to a school. Like most school papers, *The Oracle* contained anecdotes about personalities and incidents, some of the latter humorous. I recall two which gave me a good smile, for both content and implication. A youngster kept his finger bound in an obviously dirty bandage. When taken to task for it and admonished that he should get fresh treatment at the hospital, he replied, "Aw, what's the use. They only put clinic on it." Then, there was the lad who was seen without the attractive cap that he usually borrowed from his buddy, which he so loved to wear. "Where is the cap?" he was asked. "My friend lost it," was the reply. "Your friend lost it?" came the rejoinder from the boys' worker. "Yeah, I was wearing it when he lost it."

In the earliest issue of *The Oracle* that I saw after my arrival was some poetry that quickly attracted my attention. I recognized it as one of the short classics of the language. Conspicuously printed under the lines was the name of one of the older boys as the author. I looked up some older issues and found a few other samples of plagiarism on his part. I sent for the lad—he was fifteen at the time—and began to tease him (frankly, I prefer the idiomatic word "kid") about the wonderful poetry he wrote.

With the most solemn look on his face, he said, "I'm glad you like my work."

"Like it?" I replied. "I've enjoyed those lines for years; only, brother, they were over another author's name."

Prepared for him, I had a volume of poems on my desk and opened up to the page where his contribution to *The Oracle* was included. Then my lad smiled, and after his typical fashion, abruptly left. Of course he never attempted to repeat his masterly poetic endeavors, not at least while at the institution.

But he did continue writing under less auspicious circumstances. He was one of the rare youngsters who failed to make the grade in his early years after leaving the Home and was eventually under state supervision in a penal institution. The latter ran a paper too, and my friend would occasionally send me copies of the paper with some of his literary efforts conspicuously in evidence. There was no mistaking the fact that he was a bright youngster, too sharp for his own good. He had been at the Home close to ten years, and somewhere along the line he must have acquired the unshakable confidence that he could "beat the game." Sentimental graduates were constantly trying to help him, and he knew enough to seek them when in difficulty. But he continued to repeat his misdemeanors, moving from one state institution to another, without changing his outlook. Throughout though, it was gratifying to realize there were friends who continued to be concerned about him.

Reference to the exploits of our literary friend brings to mind a request I made of the Board in the very significant annual meeting at which I recommended exhaustive review of building plans. I asked that a follow-up or "after-care department" be established at once, with a full-time worker in charge and with ample secretarial assistance. Prior to this request, the alumni, in a committee way, had attempted some phases of such sensitive work, but only casually and certainly without the necessary funds to do any systematic follow-through. Again there was prompt consummation of the plan, with a necessary budgetary allowance for it.

I chose a graduate of the Home, a woman beloved by the girls when she served as governess in her early years after leaving, as my worker in charge of the new department. It was a fortunate choice in one respect at least. She knew all of the graduates, had an abiding interest in and concern about the Home, and had had valuable secretarial experience. One of the salient reasons for choosing her was her ability, because of her background, to create confidence among the young graduates in the helpful purpose of the new work.

As a result of the new departure, we quickly learned in a direct way the problems our young people faced, problems that touched unemployment, home situations, personality difficulties, health, educational opportunities; and of course we learned where our graduates were. The organization of previously unassimilated information about our graduates began to take form. We also had to meet, of course, the challenges of not overhelping, of not delving too intimately into the privacies of their lives. It was a new experience for all of us and I suppose we may have been oversentimental about it.

One of the running observations that followed the development of the new work was the unusual fact that we did not have a so-called professionally trained worker in charge. Reviewing what was accomplished since the inception of the special department, I am not convinced that much more might have been done than the record shows; for the head worker, interested in her work for personal as well as job reasons, was devoted throughout.

When this head worker resigned, we assigned the job, with some misgiving, to her faithful secretary, whose only preparation was her intimate knowledge of all cases, past and current, a fine secretarial competency, a determination marked with devotion that was unusual. Talking with her recently, she frankly confessed that I was unduly critical, to a degree at times that made her quite unhappy. I realize now that not only did she apply exhaustive energy to her task, but that she, in spite of a quiet manner and uncertificated professional preparation, earned the confidence as well as appreciation of all the young folks whose affairs she touched, maintaining over the years an intimate friendship with them which has continued over the years, even since her retirement from the work.

We were always aware of the organizational relationship of the after-care work with the day-by-day personality of the Home. Sickness within, and heartache without, would keep me worried more than I would care to acknowledge. We kept so close to some of the difficulties encountered by young graduates that I am sure today we were every now and then too subjective, losing long-range perspective. There was a tendency, because of anxiety, to regard an incident as an emergency. But we wanted to do a job and represent the heart, as well as the mind, of a family. And over the long years, we were quite satisfied that those we helped over a hurdle understood. The work was intensely personal as well as administrative.

5

TO ME, with life almost completely behind me, with the thousands and thousands of words about the connection of the broken home and low economic living with delinquency, it is astounding that so few of our graduates got into difficulty with the law. In the twenty years of my connection with the institution, there must have been close to fifteen hundred children under care. Of this number, to our knowledge, not more than a dozen, and I am endeavoring to be cautious in my figures, became inmates of penal institutions of one kind or another. To appreciate this figure, which I consider a minimum as compared to the general average of society, it must be also understood that quite a number of youngsters were admitted to the institution because of difficulty in their previous record.

But we had one "case" that nearly broke our institution heart. Though the story is now about twenty-four years old, with *finis* consolingly supplied by time, I still feel a twinge at its recollection, in spite of being away from responsibility for over a dozen years.

There was a lad under care when I entered the life of the Home who was about fourteen at the time, possibly fifteen, and whose progress was retarded enough to delay his eventual discharge. He was like the shadow of a personality as he moved from day to day, rarely expressing himself much except for his ultra-positive interest in sports. Baseball and football, particularly the latter where he was tigerish in his attack and where of course he was an important member of the Home team, were his consuming interests. Sports undoubtedly gave him a psychologically compensating thrill.

At a conference after his confirmation it was decided to apply for his admission to a special industrial school, with the hope he might find himself in a mechanical way. The school accepted him with the reservation of a trial, commenting that his record was below the average of admission qualifications. A concession was made to the Home. But our lad could not make the grade and was dismissed from the school at the end of the first year.

One of our young graduates ran a print shop and employed our puzzled and puzzling young man, a gesture made as much from friendship as it was from need of staff. I have no recollection of where the young man lived for several years, but I am inclined to believe he moved from family to family, where he boarded. The after-care department helped him find such boarding places. He continued to be enuretic into his early manhood years, and this, I am sure, did not help.

Eventually, he rented a room in one of the worst sections of the slums of the city. And apparently as a precaution against marauders, for which the neighborhood was notorious, he kept a gun on his premises. One fateful evening, in a moment of weakness, he must have invited a teen-age girl of the neighborhood to his room. There is no authentic record of the detail-for-detail developments as the result of this meeting of the two, except the story told by the young man himself.

He stated to his attorney, and presented the same story to the court at the hearing, that there was some pleasant banter between himself and the girl. It seems that by way of braggadocio, he fished out the gun from its hiding place and flashed it. The girl reached for it without any purpose in mind except the excitement of physical encounter, and a struggle for its possession ensued. The gun, as so often happens in similar circumstances, went off and the unfortunate girl was killed. That was his story. From all we knew of the luckless young man, we were inclined to believe him.

Naturally enough, we at the Home were stunned when we received the news of his arrest, and particularly when we discovered the harrowing facts of its cause. The feeling went deep. Somehow we couldn't associate our lad with gunplay. We poured our full strength as a team into the case. After-care worker, assistant superintendent, myself, and an attorney Board member, all shared in some phase of the work that was done.

The court, I believe, appointed an attorney to represent our young man in the event of trial. But through lack of confidence in a jury accepting the story as given by the young man, in combination, perhaps, with the fear and bitter unpleasantness of trial developments, our Board member, an astute lawyer of many years' practice, settled with the prosecuting attorney for a second-degree verdict. The attorney appointed to represent the lad raised bitter objection to this compromise, asserting that it not only prejudged the case, but carried with it a penalty unwarranted by the facts as he knew them from investigation.

The lad was sent on to the state penitentiary. He remained there for about twelve years, after which he was paroled. I have met the court-appointed attorney in a casual way a number of times, and invariably he has expressed his bitterness that we did not permit the case to go to a jury. He was so confident of acquittal of the most serious charge.

At any rate, discharge from the state institution did eventually come. And at that point the only soothing detail in this sordid story took place, at least to us who carried a kind of scar over the years of his incarceration. One of the graduates, who had successfully developed a big business, took him into his employ and had some needed plastic surgery performed on the young man's nose. He remained in the employ of this sympathetic alumnus for a number of years.

It is now over ten years since the day of his parole, and I suppose he is as inarticulate as ever. I pass over the unhappy details of this story; I very frankly dislike to mention it. All of us at the Home rarely referred to it, but not, believe me, from indifference.

6

ONE of the happiest accomplishments, one that gave me satisfaction because I regarded it as a kind of return for the opportunity I received as a teen-ager, was the arrangement for high-school and college scholarships. I was able, and again without any real difficulty, to persuade the Board of Trustees that the children of the Home were entitled to the same unrestricted opportunity to climb the educational ladder as was offered to every child, even every child in the American family of low economic circumstance, the only test being an ability to make the grade.

Oddly enough, the determination of the Home to conduct its own private school did not include opportunity beyond the age of discharge, earlier fourteen and later sixteen. A scattering of boys, in the few years before my entering the scene, managed to complete high school. My recommendation included the subsidization of the family to which a graduate returned, with sufficient funds to enable him or her to spend the day at high school, earning additional income where such was necessary in off-school hours. The result made an appreciable difference immediately in the number who completed the secondary school as a preparation for life. In the course of the plan's development, it was the unusual youngster who did not continue schooling to the point of high-school graduation. The spread of this result left me with the gratification that we had at least kept pace with the average household in the American community.

I also enjoyed the additional comfort of prevailing on the very same Board member who was so instrumental in supplying the leverage and encouragement for so many of the changes to further any move that suggested the wholesome spirit of democracy and opportunity. He seemed to enjoy any rejection of a past program or policy that was in conflict with the broad practice for youngsters in the average community, and did not hesitate to give his support to any movement in that direction. In this instance, it was the cherished chance for college education.

A man of means, to match his sympathetic imagination, he established a substantial scholarship fund, in memoriam, I believe, to his own father, who had been associated with the Home from its earliest days. As a result, over the twenty years of my association, twenty-five boys and girls had the satisfaction of obtaining a college degree. In addition, four became graduate nurses after high school, training in most reputable hospital schools, and four enjoyed the privilege of continuing courses in art.

And pride should go with the review of what these college graduate alumni have accomplished as a result of their campus opportunity. Perhaps it should be mentioned that four received Phi Beta Kappa keys for superior scholarship. Four are reputable practicing physicians. Six entered professional social work, three of whom rose to top executive positions in the field. Two, after completing the preliminary graduate work for their doctorates in chemistry, followed their studies with professional activity in their field. One of the two is the director of the research department of one of the oldest and largest chemical concerns of the country—recently he attained something of national standing for his discovery of terramycin, one of the frequently used antibiotic drugs. The other of the two served his country during the Second World War in a select committee studying coal-tar products for the development of new explosive material. Later he was accorded a Guggenheim Scholarship, spending the time of his scholarship in Israel. As of today, he is an associate professor of chemistry in one of the leading colleges in the Midwest.

There was one very unpleasant experience in the early promotion of the college scholarship opportunity which could have interrupted the policy, and which of course worried me considerably. Originally, the basis for selection of those who were to be given the cherished opportunity was the simple record of scholarship together with the general record on the character and reputation side while under care. It became necessary, as the unhappy result of one choice, to add an additional measure of worthiness, and that was the ability to make adjustment when on one's own during the two years' interlude between discharge from the Home and completion of the last two years of high school.

The two first choices we made forced this change in approach. One became so thoroughly subjective that despite good grades in the classroom he had too much difficulty in adjusting himself to others. The other presented a much more provocative situation, one that embarrassed, and for a brief period threatened, at least to my anxious mind, the continuity of the scholarship program.

The second lad had a substantially good record at the institution and had gotten consistently good grades at high school. Almost immediately after he came to the city which was the site of the state college he planned to attend, he obtained part-time employment at the department store owned by the Board member whose good will sponsored the scholarships. It seemed like an arrangement made to order, for the assistance given by the scholarship naturally could not cover all costs, for scholarships seldom do. In those days, and this goes back thirty years, three hundred dollars per year could be quite a help at a state university.

As a result of his part-time employment, our young man should have felt very much at ease. He had the evenings to himself. Unfortunately though, he was not able to resist the temptation to join a fraternity, which, with his humble social background, must have seemed an ecstatic jump into acceptable social standing. Fraternity rushes precipitate heartaches for those overlooked, but in this instance, acceptance produced a headache to all concerned that overbalanced any depressed state of mind that might have arisen from rejection.

To keep up with the routine expenses of the fraternity house, and to match the needs of its social life, our lad began to keep part of the cash he received in sales while on the job in the department store. And soon enough, I am glad now that it was comparatively early in his employment, the store records caught up with him. Because of his special standing with the owner, the matter was presented directly to the latter, as the result of which I received an urgent telephone call requesting that I come down as speedily as possible. The telephone message gave only the barest details of what had happened. I felt miserable but hastened to the city on the first train out.

I sat with the department store owner and got all of the unpleasant details. As I recall it now, some subexecutive of the company, and it was a tremendously large organization, had arranged to have my lad in the lockup at the nearby police station. Apparently some such demonstration of the law was deemed necessary by him, and it was at a later juncture that the call was placed into Cleveland and I was brought down. I had to do some quick thinking, for I was very uncomfortable at the thought of the lad in a public lockup, though I appreciated the significance of the charge against him. I explained to our Board member what I hoped to do. He was plainly chagrined and hurt by the experience, but sympathetically hoped there would be a discreet, effective way out of the dilemma which would adequately face the situation.

I found the young man miserable in his dejection and shame. He found it difficult to face me. But when I told him that I was certain he would not have to remain in the police station for additional court experience if he pledged himself to return the money by weekly installments, he brightened up a little. I went on to say that representing the Home, I was not only disturbed that one of our trusted and honored graduates had gotten himself into such a mess, but that there could be the prospect of abandonment of the scholarship program, through loss of confidence in it, unless penny for penny the money would be returned, that how he followed up on this might affect the opportunity to go to college for any number of Jewish Orphan Home boys and girls in the future.

He pledged me his word that he would follow through with a week-by-week reimbursement plan. He lost his job, of course, and was dropped from the scholarship arrangement, but week after week the small installments reached me through the mail. He had gone to another city, which was not surprising, and obtained employment there. When I, in turn, mailed to our Board member the money refunded, it was with the satisfaction that not only was part of the stigma against the lad erased, but that he himself had made the kind of fight that strengthened him as it disillusioned him; and that our scholarship plan was not to be interrupted.

To my recollection every penny of the indebtedness was returned, and for a struggling lad, the total was quite formidable. It was an impressive experience in a way, especially since the young man went on to a respectable normal life, improving his employment status from year to year. I understand he is the manager today of a reputable store in the large city where he lives and is active in the alumni chapter of that city.

So we changed our conference tests for the selection of scholarship awards. The results seem to have amply justified the new arrangement, developed, as will be observed, through the painful process of trial and error. Recently I wrote to the sponsor of the scholarships that one of his protégés had discovered terramycin and another was now associate professor of chemistry in a well-known university, commenting on the gratification he must feel with such results from his investment of faith. His reply stressed the fact that selection had as much to do with accomplishment as investment of funds did. But I am sure the information I passed on to him must have done his heart good. Fair play and a desire to provide opportunity for others and trust are constitutional parts of his character.

Even before I arrived in Cleveland, while my wife and I were enjoying a vacation break after leaving Baltimore, I began to think and plan about the new assignment ahead. Some of the contemplated ideas have already been referred to as actual accomplishments. But I had visions that the monthly birthday party carried on in Baltimore could more effectively be carried through in Cleveland because of greater numbers and the abiding interest of the Jewish community, which I had learned about shortly after my arrival. As a matter of fact, I found in a few months that some of the community warmth for the place had been steadily cooling among the leaders who were energetically promoting the Federation concept of community philanthropy. I sensed the first signs of the gap between the institution and the community that later became more of a problem.

Without deliberately keeping the relationship of the Home and the community in mind, but with a recurrence of the imaginative formula of a periodical family party involving everybody, I announced to staff and children that on the last Friday evening in February (we began duty in January) there would be a party for all of the children whose birthdays occurred in February; and that the affair would be a monthly experience.

Everybody was curious as to the implications. It meant additional work and strain for all of the staff. The cook, fortunately a grandmother herself, caught the spirit of the undertaking and enthusiastically contributed her good will to make the occasion a happy one. The birthday table, around which sat the birthday children of the month, became the dramatic center of interest and excitement to the crowd in the dining room. Board members, it seemed to me, particularly enjoyed the atmosphere and significance of the event. And it did not hurt the mood of anyone to find that the special menu at the head table was the menu for all.

Aside from the gifts which the birthday children chose and which were placed before them, the head table was bountifully spread with huge cakes, the remembrance of temple women for the occasion, who delightedly sat with the guest birthday children at the head table. From the very first experience, the birthday children divided these cakes, the temple women happily slicing the portions for them. This later developed into one of the important features of the evening; what the birthday children could not eat they carried away for brother or sister or friend. I felt assured that by just so much, once a month, the menu of the place would be lifted out of the drab and routinely expected. Chicken dinners would now multiply in number.

But it was in the program after supper that the party reached its happy climax. Occasionally, talent from the community would come in, seizing the opportunity to bring pleasure into the Home. There was evidence that these visiting entertainers enjoyed the experience as much as the children did, for a number of them made a practice of inviting themselves from time to time. Most often, though, the program numbers were provided by the youngsters themselves. Later we hired a coach for the purpose. My pleasantest recollection of those early birthday nights goes to original skits prepared by the children themselves, now and then surprising us all with a natural talent that invariably registers, particularly when children perform in this way. Some of the boys and girls kept repeating their stage appearances, creating the effect of a little theater of our own. The work backstage was for several years handled by one lad who became quite adept at it. He never missed a birthday program. In a very short time after discharge, he continued to function this way in the well-known Little Theater of Cleveland. The fact is, he became a master of his art and is now the so-called "dream man" of one of the big television networks. He is one of the highest salaried men of the country in his field, he has written, and is a national authority on the subject. I wonder whether he gives any thought to his monthly experience at the old Jewish Orphan Home.

Another lad who kept repeating his numbers on front stage went into the theater seriously as a career. He has played prominent supporting parts in Broadway productions, one year winning an organization's award for the best supporting actor of the year. A delightful characteristic of this graduate is the simple and natural way he clings to his childhood memories and associations. How well do I remember seeing him perform in a successful Broadway production in an important role. After the performance, my wife and I dropped into his dressing room to chat with him. With only his dressing robe to cover him, he hustled us over to the dressing room of the star of the production, a very well-known figure on stage and TV, and this is the way he introduced us: "Mr. B., I want you to meet the superintendent and his wife of the J.O.H." To which the leading man, looking us over with a quizzical smile, said, "Mighty glad to meet you. I've heard so much about your place, as all of us in the cast have. It is a pleasure to meet folks who can mean so much to youngsters in a Home like yours." It was only too apparent that our man never hesitated to refer gratefully to the Home of his childhood.

To go back to the first "Birthday Night," as we called it, we were very happy to see the affair go off so pleasantly. You will recall that the occasion was at the end of our second month at the Home. We were especially pleased because in a casual way it was ushering in what might be termed "a change of life," certainly a change of outlook for the institution. And so when the evening was over and the children had retired for the night, my wife and I returned in our rooms, gratified and relaxed with justifiable satisfaction. We were ready to "turn in" ourselves when there was a knock on our door. On opening it, we received the strange word that one of the little girls, about eight years of age, was missing. Her bed was empty. It had already been my routine practice to make a tour of the Home twice a day, once during the day and once at night, the final gesture of supervision before retiring. This routine I rarely overlooked because of the fear of fire; there were so many rooms, dorms, and attic storage corners. And of course there was always the anxiety of overnight sickness. We had a watchman with the usual American District Telegraph clock who made periodic rounds and a practical nurse on duty for the girls nightly. It was the latter who informed me that one of her charges could not be found.

Naturally alerted to the odd and sudden disappearance of the little girl, who, it seems, was reported very much present at the supper and the show, a group of us went through the building with flashlights, beginning at the downstairs girls' playroom and thoroughly searching the dormitories, lavatories and long stairways. No sign of the little miss. I can write about this complacently now, but I was not too complacent when an hour had passed and no little girl had been located. Eventually, I thought of the schoolhouse, a structure detached from the main building but connected by a storm shed with the girls' playroom. The performance of the evening had been held in the synagogue or hall—three flights up, three fairly steep flights—in the schoolhouse. The synagogue was also used for all entertainment purposes. But the door from the girls' playroom to the storm shed was protected by metal push rods. It couldn't be, I reasoned, that any child would want to go back to the schoolhouse. Also, I asked myself whether a child of such tender age could reach and push the metal barrier on the door leading to the storm shed.

But a child was missing and it was well past midnight. So in a desperate final try, we decided to search the schoolhouse. We entered room after room until we came to the top floor and the hall itself. Turning on the lights, I found, yes, I found my little friend huddled in sleep, with a blanket around her. I hugged her in happiness and great relief. Next morning she insisted, and her little buddies and governess corroborated her statement, that she left the show with all of the children. How she got back, we never will be able to understand—unless she wanted so to be back in the hall where there had been so much excitement that evening. We had a dramatic initiation of the first birthday party. I believe we can honestly say we also had a real climax to an exciting evening.

Birthday Night was destined to be a monthly event, continuing through the years with never an exception, faithful as the calendar. We accumulated quite a fund from which to purchase the birthday gifts chosen by the children. Eventually I myself got into the program planning part of the evening. There is something of the minstrel in so many of us, and I suppose I am no exception. Amateur as I was, I felt the responsibility of a maestro when it came to the kind of songs I felt might contribute to the singing good will of the place. It was my feeling that reflections of existing sentiments and interests might provocatively add to the spirit of the day. With this idea in mind, I prepared a series of musical revues at intervals of two or three years. It was not altogether a new effort for me, for I recall in my late years in the New York institution of my boyhood, I indulged in the pastime of writing parodies on popular songs for an older club group which provided entertainment for the younger children; and through the years I have continued a hobby of writing light verse. Vanity of a sort must have entered now, for I attempted original music as well as original words. I kept in mind what I thought were interests that would make for good motivation, as the following may suggest:

BOY SCOUT SONG

Buddy mine, the season is falling
   For forest and high road and glen.
I hear a thousand voices a-calling,
   Out to the woods and the wide wide sky.
Let's take the trail again.

CHORUS:

Gee whiz, there's nothing half so jolly
Nothing better that I like,
Than a tramp, tramp, tramp, by golly,
On the open country pike.
For every scout and reg'lar fellow
You can forget a car or bike,
Oh boy, there's nothing half so mellow
As a tramp on an all-day hike.

(I might insert here that one of the active members of the scout troop became an Eagle Scout at the Home and later went on to his faraway home city where he continued his interests in scouting, becoming scoutmaster and later commissioner. As I write this today, I learned of his sudden passing, and with the gentle reader's permission, I dedicate the scout song in spirit to his devotion and memory.)

A LETTER HOME

Dear mother of mine, dear mother of mine,
A barrel of love in each line.
I'm feeling O.K., lots of fun every day,
Forget all your worries, I'm out here to stay.

From the time I get up in the morning,
Till I turn in with prayer and goodnight,
I think of you more than my letter can tell.
Don't worry, don't worry,
For all is going all right.

FOOTBALL SONG

CHORUS

For Gold and Blue and Glory
We'll hit that line today
And tell the good old story,
Of a great game play by play.
The boys will know we're near 'em,
We'll make that eagle scream,
Our rah, rah, rah, will cheer 'em,
It's for J.O.H. and team!

MARBLE SONG

CHORUS

Marble, marble time, marble, marble time;
  Oh gee, how I do love to play,
To win, to win and lose,
  To lose, to win and win
A bagful most every, every day.
  Some day I'll have a million,
When I clean the gang out clear,
  Until, until I do,
I'll play the game right through,
  When marble, marble time is here.

LITTLE SISTER

CHORUS

Little sister cuddle tight
  In your snuggest way.
Everything will be all right,
  Better day by day.
Put your arms around me so,
  Don't you mind the weather.
Love will find a way to grow
  You and I together.
Love will find a way to grow
  You and I together.

I may have calculated that the Birthday Night experience would accelerate the social happiness and good will of the institution. But I realized there was so much to do. It was a mission with me to lift the individual out of the mass, to recapture the sovereignty of individuality. Isn't it fair to say that anonymity is the result of a cardinal sin of society when it consciously, as part of day-by-day conventional philanthropy, tends to perpetuate a discrimination that overlooks deep personal needs? It is odd that generation after generation continued an indifference to psychological and spiritual hungers, tending to keep the beneficiaries of philanthropy in a rigid place, classification, and regimentation. None suffered so much from this, I believe, as did the institution orphan.

The attitude created an acceptance of difference and inferiority which many institution graduates bitterly charge foredoomed them to inadequacy through the whole of life. And it is for this reason that I illuminated the efforts of the Doctor in the Pleasantville chapter of this story, who made education the core of the daily regimen and thereby opened up vistas of ambition and career to the children under his care.

7

MUCH has happened in the past fifty years to awaken the world, particularly the American part of it, to new horizons. Educational, political, national, economic, and recreational developments and opportunities undoubtedly did much to change the social outlook. Fortunately, institutional living for dependents borrowed some of the blessings of the change, though some of it came hard. Witness what happened with the Pleasantville effort. The tide of change moved in the direction of enhanced stature of the individual. Perhaps one of the most significant developments in the fifty years, at least so far as the individual is concerned, was the spotlight on the emotional side of man as projected by psychiatry. Odd that it had to be dug out of the deep past to flash across the world like something of a meteor, though it was seemingly destined to the status of a revelation more permanent.

This is an introduction to the fact that in 1924 I recommended to the Board of the Cleveland institution the addition to the staff of a psychiatrist for half-day service through five days of the week. I had previously talked over the matter with the young man I had in mind. I realized that not only was there confusion in the minds of the public as to the function of a psychiatrist but that the young man had only recently completed his special training as a psychiatrist, after obtaining his medical degree. Frankly we talked over the best way of presenting the idea, for it wasn't too hard to anticipate at least some questioning as to the meaning of the word itself, its special function in the work of the Home, and the advisability of budgetary allocation for it. I repeat, this was in 1924.

The immediate reaction of the Board was just as we expected, one of confusion and curiosity. It was somewhat amusing, I'll confess, to see that the very pronunciation of the word itself gave difficulty, which certainly is not the case today, some thirty years later. And the memory of the questions about the specific work the psychiatrist would do brings a sophisticated smile to me today. It appears that the loose and uninformed intelligence on the subject suggested that the psychiatrist might be a cross between a mystic and a hypnotist. It was evident that a number of those present had distinct reservations as to the realistic usefulness of a psychiatrist on the staff. Yet, once again, indicating the liberal and sympathetic support given me, the decision was in the affirmative.

Looking back on the picture of the Board trying to resolve the question of adding a psychiatrist to the staff brings to mind an exchange I enjoyed a year or so ago with the superintendent of the Cleveland public schools. The Cleveland Board of Education had just appointed a psychiatrist as consultant to the Board for the Cleveland schools; and who should the consultant be but the very man whom we added to our staff so many years back, who doubtless was appreciative for the big opportunity for clinical experience so early in his career. I addressed a sly remark to the superintendent about the appointment he had just announced. "What's the idea," he replied, "don't you agree with the purpose, or is it the man you are critical about?"

I smiled. "Doctor," I went on to say, "no criticism at all. But I know you will be interested to learn that we at the Jewish Orphan Home appointed this same man as psychiatrist for the institution, on a half-time basis through the week—and we did this in 1924."

"What!" cried the superintendent of schools. "You must have been dreaming and had a vision."

Today this same psychiatrist is associated with the local Western Reserve University, with the juvenile court, and with Mt. Sinai Hospital, in addition to continuing his work with the institution.

I wonder if it is too presumptuous to say that not only was a new dimension and direction added to the work of the Home by reason of this appointment, but that a new mood crept into the thinking of all of us, increasingly so as the months went by. It was the new doctor's duty to work with the staff in periodic conferences, and I began to sense, though cynical doubts of the staff persisted for some time, that the regimentation concept was getting a battle. Workers and Board members, too, began to use the word "individuality" with new earnestness and possibly new understanding. It looked as though we were on the march against anonymity. In a very few years, I believe, we had inverted the fraction. Whereas prior to the interjection of this new approach, the children were conceived more or less as one regimented mass, from this point on it was a case of each child being one out of the total, and a big, separate, sovereign one. The new attitude did not work out perfectly at all times, but the understanding and the challenge and the responsibility to consider the separate entity of each child entered heavily into the faculty thinking.

The significance of this Jewish Orphan Home development in 1924 can not be overestimated in my opinion. As mentioned earlier, it was a new highway for the Home to travel. I daresay that the addition of new professional staff (caseworkers some years later), the change of basic rules governing admission (considerably liberalizing them to include older children where problems were presented), the extension of the service of the Home to include foster home care were of a pattern, and closely followed the appointment of the psychiatrist. The top of the pyramid, so to speak, is reached in the frank definition of the Home as it stands today, as a custodial and study center for disturbed and problem children, the word "problem" being used here in its critical designation by the public.

Whereas in the days prior to 1924 the Home was a center for biological orphans, approximately from that time on, it began to assume, though stealthily at first, the character and function of a Home for psychological orphans. The latter group, of course, includes the victims of a kind of negative or destructive influence of inadequate parents, both of whom may be alive.

I was especially pleased with this development in our work. Always there was in mind the vast ocean in my boyhood days between management and children. But there was an additional comfort in the appointment of a psychiatrist because of the sensitivity I felt, as the dean of the institution faculty, so to speak, regarding sex enlightenment and education. It will be understood, I am sure, if I say that trained pedagogue as I was, I had misgivings as to form and approach on the subject. My reaction to much that was done in the name of such education at the time was that it was without too much validity, and suggested most of the time pious pedantry. I wanted to be honest with myself in this challenging need, as I tried to be in other phases of the life.

Perhaps I should add here that the women of the Board, a devoted group unmistakably, arranged for volunteer service in the sex education of the girls. A creditable job must have been done, as attested to by the usual conventional measure of such success. I must admit though that the subject bothered me and I welcomed the psychiatrist for this additional reason. Not only did he appreciate my point of view, but gladly took over and organized his work accordingly.

I have said earlier that some Board members were not sure of the functions of a psychiatrist when the recommendation for one was placed before them. This being so, it is not surprising that the children, in the beginning, were at a complete loss as to the spot he covered on the staff. They knew we had a very competent physician who visited daily and examined the children twice annually. The why of this was no mystery to them. But this new kind of doctor really puzzled them. I wish I could recall now some of the queries put to me by them about him. How was I to pass over to them the learned terminology used to define the quest for emotional ease and happiness? One offhand comment from one of the older boys I can remember, made by a lad who had a session with the doctor in the early days of our psychiatric service: "Aw, he's a shadowboxer, isn't he?" I suspected at times that the children were of the opinion that this new member of the staff was a new kind of detective, and that maybe he could find things missing from their lockers.

But time, usually so helpful, gradually established a perspective about the work of the psychiatrist, not only for all adults concerned, but for the children as well, though as regards the latter, it certainly came slowly. I suggested to the psychiatrist that he begin his work with intimate talks with members of the Confirmation Class scheduled for discharge. I had already established a routine of my own in this regard and made it a practice to review with each confirmand, a few months before he was scheduled to leave, my analysis of his needs on the habit and personality side, the home he was going to, our appreciation of his contributions to the life, and such matters as would simplify adjustment to his new surroundings. I hoped the psychiatrist would go deeper into the moods and outlook of the prospective graduate and counsel him accordingly. This dual arrangement went on for years.

While I am on the subject of the psychiatrist, I may as well mention a bit of strategy I employed when I suspected that the Board of Directors would not be too quick to agree with me as to treatment in a given case or as to the advisability of admission of a so-called "problem child" under consideration. In such moot situations, I would have a previous conference with the psychiatrist. Almost invariably we would come to agreement, and then I would practically arrange to have him "carry the ball" at the meeting. I suspect that to this very day Board members are prone to be discreetly respectful of the formidable status of the psychiatrist and his opinions. I confess that I had my psychiatrist friend pull many a chestnut out of the fire in this way. I was certain his fingers would not be burned in the experience.

By this time the reader will more than suspect a tenacious determination to clear the obstacles obstructing a vision of the orphan as son of man created in the image of his Maker. It was not always easy to pass over this feeling to others. There were several experiences I might recount to illustrate this.

My telephone rang one morning and the voice at the other end asked me how I would like to see every child in the institution have a bank account opened with a beginning deposit of a dollar, the gift of some sympathetic contributor in the community. It was a novel suggestion, and I asked for details. The voice went on to say that one of the big banks was conducting a campaign for new depositors, and that it would be easy to sell the idea of a bank account for each orphan. The community would readily respond.

Then I caught the basic idea of exploiting the dependency of the orphan and winced. I replied that we could not encourage any campaign that traded on the status of a dependent child. The voice at the other end then went on to say that one of the trustees of the bank conducting the campaign was a member of the Board of the Home. I replied that I would lay the matter as it was presented to me before the Board at its earliest meeting, explaining my interpretation and recommendation. Which I did. Not a voice was raised in favor of the plan. I noticed a knowing smile, and I think it was a smile of appreciation on the face of the Board member referred to, who was one of the respected trustees of the bank.

Similarly, there was a national applegrowers convention in the city, and I was apprised by telephone that a committee was coming out to our Home with enough fine samples of apples to present one to each child. Then for some reason the person at the other end stopped, at which I replied, "We shall be glad to receive the apples." But then the convention representative continued with the statement, in matter-of-fact fashion, that a photographer was accompanying the truck and would take pictures of a selected group of children receiving the apples, with the convention committee included among them in the picture. Perhaps bluntly, but nevertheless vehemently, I insisted that we could not accept the apples under such a condition. So the apples came, and I'll admit they were choice, by truck, with no committee to feature the contribution. They were delivered to our storehouse without any fanfare.

From time to time other pressures were brought to bear which sought to make use of the eleemosynary circumstance of the orphan. One, which I cannot easily forget because of an implied threat that went with it, concerned tablets and the effort to sell them to the institution.

The breakfast and supper menu for the children included cocoa, which was prepared in large vats, with the necessary addition of gallons of whole milk. I must add here that as a child I had not been too familiar, for quite a number of years, with milk in any form. Our beverages then were a weak tea and coffee, weaker still. It may be that I was unduly and unnecessarily aroused by the notion of milk pills for the cocoa, and must have turned an administrative "glass eye" on the salesman and his proposition.

He went on to say that a milk tablet in each cup of cocoa would make a considerable saving over the year, with five hundred cups served every day at breakfast and supper. When I advised the salesman that I was opposed to any suggestion, no matter what the saving, that meant the children would not see the pouring of the milk (the older girls assisted in this preparation), he advised me that the department of health for the State of New York certified the sale of the milk tablets for the institutions of the Empire State. Seeing that I was adamant, he then left my office with the reminder that he would be back in a few weeks. Maybe by that time I would see things his way.

Good as his word, he was in my office two weeks later and made a dramatic showing of a statement or certificate, I forget which, authorizing the purchase by New York State institutions of the milk tablets. The statement went on to say that the milk tablets met all tests of the health department. "Now," he went on, "what's your decision in the face of such authentication?" He got my answer in simple enough language. Then came the threat I have referred to: "Well, if you can't see your way clear to the purchase of these tablets, one of your Board members will change your mind."

It was a new situation for me, but I recovered from my surprise and asked Mr. Salesman to leave the office. He never returned, nor was anything more ever heard about the saving that milk pills would bring. I since have pieced together information which gave me a lead on who it was he meant when he referred to a Board member. The salesman overshot his mark when he made his threat. The Board member, if I am correct in my information, would never have sanctioned the purchase of the milk pills, knowing all the conditions. I may have been pressing unduly in the matter, but I kept thinking all through the episode that I had never gulped a glass of milk until I was well past thirteen years of age. The milk tablet to me was another form of the synthetic concept of the dependent child.

The milk incident suggests the satisfaction I experienced when I realized that our children were actually showing increased stature beyond the levels of previous years. We had the routine practice, together with medical inspection twice a year, of keeping records of the height and weight of all the children, with a special study of the Confirmation Class. There was a card for each prospective discharge. The basis for the study we were making on the subject was the average for the class of June, 1922, the first Confirmation Class after my arrival, which had an average age of sixteen. The study was to be continuous. When I compared averages for each succeeding year with those for 1922, I was most agreeably surprised to find a steady rise in the figures. By way of illustration, in June, 1922, a class of twenty-four boys was confirmed whose average height was 5 feet 2½ inches. There were twenty girls in the same class with an average height of 5 feet. The average weight of the boys of the class of 1922 was 109 pounds, that of the girls of the same class, 111 pounds. Each year there was an increase in height. I noticed in my annual report of July, 1937, fifteen years later, that the height of the boys had gone up to 5 feet 7 inches, that of the girls to 5 feet 2½ inches, both groups at the same approximate age of confirmation and discharge. In weight the 1937 boys had gone up to 134½ pounds, the girls holding tight to 113 pounds.

I must frankly add that with the change of rules of admission, in 1924, children older than ten began to enter the Home. Prior to that year, admissions were from five to ten years of age, a period when growth may begin to evidence acceleration. But the years 1923 and 1924 already showed departure from the levels of 1922. The comment is made that young people generally are taller today than those of similar age of years ago. However, the difference of 4½ inches in height and 25½ pounds in weight for the boys, calls, I believe for some explanation.

I like to feel that the round-the-clock change in life is responsible for some of this improvement, a change which brought the stature of the sixteen-year-old boys up to normal for their age and racial group. We should keep in mind that all the children came from broken homes, that many must have suffered the limitations of diet not uncommon in a broken home. Modification in kind and volume of menu, the change from five o'clock rising to a later hour, ample encouragement of play, all must have helped effect the difference.

Most important, at least as I see it, was the release of the inner soul of the child. He was closer to his family through minimum limitations on visiting. If he was from out of town, he could spend weeks of the summer on a vacation sojourn with his folks. His mail was never opened. He had the opportunity to climb the educational ladder up to the limits of capacity and will. Isn't it likely therefore that a sense of security, with the ease of mind and emotions resulting, had something to do with this more normal growing? It assuredly was a comfort to me to witness the disappearance, in the main, of the institution graduate who was stunted in stature.

Up to this moment a reader might have the impression that every day brought additional optimism and confidence. But this is a recital of an adventure in human relationships, and there must have been moments of low feeling and anxiety. Every time news of a serious stealing episode or of an infrequent runaway or an unsavory report about a graduate reached my desk, I must have been emotionally upset, at least to a degree, realizing that by so much there was failure in our program. Always highly sensitized, I would find myself more than simply disturbed by the break in the even movement of the life.

This was especially true when there was acute sickness. I made it a practice to visit our hospital twice a day, no matter what the bed-patient picture was, to talk with patients and the nurse. She, in turn, sent to my desk a daily report on temperatures, and I acquired over the years an appreciation of the meaning of a difference in morning and afternoon temperatures. The daily visit of the physician generally was concluded with a stop at my desk; and if a child was seriously ill, the doctor knew my state of mind and we would visit together at the bedside of the sick child.

Occasionally it was necessary to send a child for special treatment or surgery to the community Mt. Sinai Hospital. The physicians and nurses got to know me because of my frequent visits there. I would call with a frequency that reflected my anxiety; and at the end of the year I never failed to write a letter of appreciation to those physicians who gave their help, which was of course given gratis to our children. One of our girls developed a bone infection, osteomyelitis, which necessitated repeated sojourns at the hospital. The girl and I became intimate friends in a different kind of personal relationship as a development of my regular visits at her bedside.

One late afternoon the physician, who was gentleness itself, with a most unusual disarming ease with his patients, though highly competent, came to my office to report that on the semiannual medical inspection just completed, he had found a lad of twelve who probably had a stomach cancer. The doctor and I had become close friends, easily understandable under the circumstances, and he broke the news to me in a manner characteristic of him.

The boy was rushed to the hospital, where our physician's diagnosis was confirmed. Naturally the doctor and I exchanged daily consultations. The shadow was there. The lad did not linger too long, and we had the first death since I had assumed duty some five years back. (There were several cases of pneumonia threatening the extreme possibility, but all came through.) This was my first experience with a death in our institution household, and I was quite depressed about it. Fortunately, several days later, I had to attend a National Conference of Social Work in a distant city, and I think the distraction helped.

There was a phase of the experience that kept me worried for a long time afterward. The doctor observed that the lad must have suffered for weeks at least before his condition was discovered, yet he had never complained particularly, and certainly had not reported to the hospital for treatment or comfort. It was a reminder that the workers should keep an eye on their charges to notice any marked change in activity or mood of the children, and where such was evident, should route such children to the institution hospital immediately, leaving judgment to the nurse and doctor. This was to help materially, particularly in the new Home.

We had another of those medical cases that scare. During the winter vacation, a boy of about eleven fell from a landing, at the top of the stairway leading to the attic gymnasium, to the landing below, and on his head. Our physician responded to the call at once and was of the opinion that the lad had fractured his skull. It was the busy winter season at our regular port of call for such emergencies, Mt. Sinai Hospital, and every bed was filled. Fortunately admission was immediately arranged for at the Cleveland City Hospital, some dozen miles away.

Of course we kept in daily touch with the City Hospital through our physician and by our own telephone calls. The boy's progress was not especially encouraging. One can imagine my feelings when a few days later our night watchman pounded at my bedroom door at about two o'clock in the morning, and finally arousing me, advised me that the City Hospital was on the phone to report that our boy was very low, suggesting that somebody come to the hospital at once.

I won't easily forget the drive on that very early morning hour, on a cold January night. Dropping in at the office of the doctor on duty, the latter escorted me to the bedside of my dangerously sick boy, saying, "Anything might happen at any time. That was the reason for the emergency call." Upon reaching the bedside of the boy, we found him, as the doctor put it, "in pretty bad shape," according to his pulse and irregular breathing.

I called to the lad in not much more than a whispering voice, addressing him by his first name. At first there was no sign of recognition or response. I kept repeating his name at intervals of seconds. Finally, to the surprise of the doctor and the relief of myself, the lad's hand moved stealthily, nevertheless with steadiness, from under his blanket, toward mine, which immediately reached out to his. Then his fingers closed around mine, at which the surprised physician, smiling, said, "I guess the kid is going to make it. If he has that kind of fight in him, he'll come through." And he did.

It would not surprise me if, while I remember every detail of that January night, the lad, a mature family man now, only recalls that he was at City Hospital with a skull fracture and that I visited him there. He is a bus driver today, has a hobby of writing light verse, which he found ample time to indulge in when in Uncle

Sam's Army during the last war. I have an idea though that he irrevocably associates me with the story of his life. I told him all when I went to the hospital finally to bring him back to the institution, completely recovered.

8

AT SCATTERED moments in this story I have touched on the controversy between the Home and the Federation. When I came to Cleveland the Federation leaders had begun to cast quizzical eyes on the uninterrupted admission of Cleveland children, and in reasonably large numbers, to an institution that was regional in its service and related to the Federation only in the details of support and casual reporting back. The boarding home idea for the care of dependent children apparently was slow in coming to Cleveland, but it did eventually arrive and took fixed root.

Then began an era of unmistakable challenge, provocative and unpleasant, between the institution and the Federation leaders. I have mentioned earlier the reaction to the series of exchanges between the two and its effect on the chairman of the local Board of the Home. It happens that while the Federation was gaining in its popular community support, the institution had continued some of its traditional custodial policies, particularly with reference to uniforms and limitation of visiting rules. The public did not feel free to look in. And the debate between boarding home and institution care for the dependent came to the front with vigor and acrimony. I quickly discovered all this when I assumed duty at the Home.

There should not be too much need in this story to go into a lengthy defense of the boarding home plan for dependent children. It offers obvious advantages that ordinary institution care did not, and possibly cannot, supply. I am tempted, though, at this time, with the detachment of many years and the late reinterpretation of the advantages of each, to state that something approaching extravagant claims were asserted on each side. The form, rather than the content, of service was unduly emphasized in argument.

Having been an institution product myself and satisfied with my own opportunities in life, though only too sensitive about an institution that crushed individuality, I was in a mood to raise questions about any form of foster care that functioned superficially. And in those early days of the boarding home story, I had seen and known of the exploitation of the family idea at the expense of the dependent child under care.

With the Pleasantville and Baltimore experiences behind me, and the encouraging days at Cleveland, I resented the loose and ignominious play around the word "institutionalism," with its cynical assumption of crushed childhood. Years later, with the beautiful campus and generally appreciated day-by-day existence living realities eliciting a ready pride from children, graduates, Board, and community, I was to say the following in my annual report of 1939, ten years after the new Home was established. I quote my observations because I believe its spirit applies to any form of institution or hospital, even boarding and military schools, where there is a form in some way of supervision *in loco parentis*:

> I can not resist the temptation to redefine the term "institutionalism." I do it with a certain degree of caution. Of course pride in our organization tempts a judgment on the basis of experience at Bellefaire, the new Home, only. But also, scientific data has never been attempted, to my knowledge, although there is much in the way of generalities used freely everywhere to describe the institution child. The fact is that just as one family may be different in its pattern and outlook from another, so one institution may differ from another. The history of private boarding and military schools amply illustrates this.
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> Nobody questions the essential stability of the family idea. For some reasons though, criticisms about institution life are still founded on observations and impressions, frequently only too accurate, of the manner of living in institutions of a generation or two ago. The term "institutionalism" grew up as a symbol of protest, which of course had its beneficent and salutary purpose.

The child lived a shut-in life; he was underdeveloped physically, socially, and to some extent, temperamentally. He was shy and timid with reference to others for a long period of his life, and showed attributes of personality in maturity that were reminders of custodial living in childhood.

At least that was the indictment; and that is probably how the word "institutionalism" became so prevalent, to improve the lot of the underprivileged child. I have seen hundreds of self-respecting and respected men and women who grew up even under the old conditions and am inclined to feel that criticism spent so much time on the negative that it overlooked certain positive contributions which might have been recognized and exploited. Years and years of challenge have compelled a further expansion of the positive qualities of the work and life. There should be a reinterpretation in word and thought of institution values in child care today.

Essentially, the bringing together of a large number of children, not related to each other, under one roof and under the leadership of somebody not related by kinship to the children, suggests unnatural condition. Society called such a setting a foster home arrangement in contradistinction to the natural home where children are related to the natural household. Much that is spiritually beautiful in the natural home can not under any conditions be duplicated in the foster-parental arrangement.

But in this, as in so many exigencies of life which emphasize casualty, adaptation is provided in compensation and adjustment. The boarding home lends itself to such. The institution has done something, though limited in the past and, either in its present form or in a form that is kindred, should steadily improve opportunity in that direction.

Today the institution, as I believe is illuminated by Bellefaire, the new Jewish Orphan Home, represents very distinctive compensation to the dependent. He has companionship which he thoroughly enjoys. He develops a kinship with those growing up with him on the same campus. He looks with respect, and frequently more, to the leadership of the Home in his affairs. He recognizes that he is given an opportunity, never less and frequently more than is offered to the average boy or girl in the way of career making.

In the main, he has happy childhood memories which flourish into fraternal loyalties of an alumni group, and which in some cases culminate in reidentification with his boyhood home as Board member.

With reference to our own Home at least, average adjustment has been made by graduates in the economic struggle. And whereas there have been casualties in connection with the law and courts and convention, the number and ratio is so small, particularly in the face of statistical expectation for a concentration of children coming from broken homes, that it is, in such statistical way, less than negligible. And the figure in later years of those seeking relief in public agencies is correspondingly small.

The earnestness and general competency of graduates in the face of difficulty compels the thought that the time has arrived when the ironic stigmatization of a Home like ours at Bellefaire should be uprooted. There is ample evidence of stability in intelligence, competency, personality, and training. The institution today takes its stand as an instrument and opportunity for training of children under care, and in accordance with liberal sociological, psychological, and pedagogical principles. Day after day we are reminded that the institution is responding to the challenge of society for constructive programming for dependent children. The term "institutional" should be recognized and respected for its positive accomplishment on campuses such as ours. It is time that the realities of experience be respected for a security that is real and an opportunity abundantly evidenced in the record.

Where any institution anywhere reflects negative characteristics, opportunities, old custodial treatment of children, shut-in life generally, the real therapy is operation by surgery. If such an institution does not survive surgical treatment, there is the time to refer to it with discriminating bitterness. Otherwise, qualities that make for opportunity and stature in the lives of children in an institution should reflect positive qualities in the institution itself. What I have to say here is an impatience with sweeping generalizations that go so often to the uninformed.

The controversy with the Federation precipitated a partisanship in all conferences on the subject of which children should go where, boarding home or institution. It hinted at a tendency on the part of professionals, including myself, to perpetuate an organization rather than the simple purpose to serve children to their advantage. A common observation on the part of nonprofessional parties to such conferences was that the paid workers seemed to be anxious to protect their jobs. Possibly, in their subconscious, this was partly true. It is a subtle distinction that, of course, could easily be hinted without overt expression.

This did not simplify arriving at a solution, especially since the professionals did most of the speaking at the meetings. I do not exclude myself from the possibility of putting forth protective arguments. But there could be no question of the basic integrity of opinion of the long leadership on both sides.

There was a third party to the controversy, the Orthodox Children's Home, whose representatives, though outnumbered and for much of the time without professional leadership, did not hesitate to protect the religious beliefs of their group. Outside of the conference room there was a tendency to look down on the work of the Orthodox Children's Home, which that organization took in its pride. It continued through the years to live with insulated confidence that it was performing a consecrated duty, and that, as such, it represented an important segment of the Jewish community.

Constant talk of the consolidation of the two institutions for the care of dependent children never made headway. The fact is that to this very day the orthodox group has its own building, separately built, on the broad campus of Bellefaire, with independent sovereignty and organization and a separate Board of Trustees.

The differences between the institution of which I was excutive director and the Federation were brought into focus when our organization announced plans for a building fund campaign for a new home. I believe we originally requested the Federation to endorse our goal of $350,000 for the Cleveland part of our campaign, against the total of $1,500,000 for the whole regional area served by the Home. The Federation leaders at first were in a mood to settle for $250,000 for the Cleveland campaign. But later, and I do not have before me the actual resolutions of the Federation on the subject, an out-and-out break with the institution's plan to rebuild in Cleveland, and a frank opposition to any campaign for funds for any such purposes in Cleveland, was decided upon by the Federation.

Professional and aggressive thinking among the leaders in the Federation group had come to the conclusion that there would be little future need for the institution care of Cleveland children, and where such might be indicated, the Orthodox Home, a completely Cleveland organization, would be available for the purpose; if necessary the Orthodox Home could be developed to meet whatever needs for an institution the future might indicate.

The boarding home was the formula which the Federation hoped to promote with vigor. It intended to brook no opposition to its plans. The leaders of the Federation plans quite naturally were determined to establish local sovereignty, home rule, self-determination. It borrowed fresh energy in the "warm" situation from surveys and professional opinion in the national field of child care.

Those were hectic days in the Cleveland community. I understand that families were divided in opinion. The Board of the Jewish Orphan Home finally decided to conduct a Cleveland campaign, in the face of Federation opposition, for $250,000. Astoundingly enough, I imagine to the surprise of all, the Cleveland community responded not with pledges totaling the $250,000 that the Home reached for, but with a total close to $400,000.

I have gone into all this community agitation not only because of the drama of a community fight but because the stake really was the dependent child. There may be several explanations for the unusual result, for unusual it was, federations rarely, even to this day, finding themselves outmaneuvered in community differences. It could be that some, a small segment I am sure, simply enjoyed taking the side of a community institution against an entrenched Federation group. This happens in so many partisan allegiances. Others may not have been convinced enough that the formula of boarding home care was all that its proponents said about it. To others the long-time legend of the Home as a community asset was attested to by respectable and successful graduates on all sides of the city. I like to feel that so many in the city had enjoyed a renewed contact with the Home in the several years immediately past, that they were unwilling to accept a notion that an institution was outdated; and that this particular institution was manifesing an awareness of its obligtion to the children in its liberal visiting rules, in the new ease with which the public could look in.

Birthday Night monthly brought from twenty-five to fifty visitors. Any number of families in the community had developed the pleasant practice of having children of the Home at their tables and as their guests at picnics. As a result it was not too hard to renew the original respect for the institution that the whole community had once shown in the earlier days. The open-door policy of the Home apparently made for good public relations. And it is this which in my opinion created a fellowship with the Home, making the unusual campaign results possible. A social formula by itself cannot create the personality of a meaningful social body if it is in the restricted area of hypothesis in the minds of the public. I was to see this amplified even more emphatically in the new campus Home.

The campaign for funds was an interesting period for me. I remember one phase of the campaign which seemed pleasant enough in a social way but which nevertheless bothered me in principle. That I said or did nothing about it at the time is a reflection of selfishness and vanity. It had to do with the touring of a special musical revue, which I prepared for the purpose, through a number of cities in Ohio. We were hospitably entertained wherever we went, and I suppose contributions to the building fund were increased as a result in the communities visited. I do know that the children, as members of the troupe, had the time of their lives being put up at hotels and dining in hotel restaurants. I also know that a number of the troupe keep reminiscing about the trip in a happy vein. But I recall to this day the criticism of a professional friend, who wanted to know sarcastically whether it would be necessary in the campaign for a new hospital to publicly feature and parade "a bucket of blood." I think he had something there.

One particular episode of the campaign brought a reminiscent chuckle to me. The campaign literature that was circulated in the eight states serviced by the Home included some reference to me as the superintendent. I received a letter one day from a city in Missouri advising me of the receipt of the campaign literature and inquiring whether I was the same individual who as a lad played piccolo in the institution band in the old Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society in New York. He went on to say that if I was I should remember him, for he blew a trumpet in the same band.

Letters were exchanged, of course, with the result that when I made the trip to his city for the campaign, I enjoyed a hospitality that was unmistakably a reunion of kindred spirits. My correspondent was a very successful businessman. Obviously he had developed from zero, so to speak. I had occasion through the years since to visit with him repeatedly, and invariably he would fish out of a cabinet an old picture of our childhood institution band and go over face by face the members of that outfit. Then, of course, we would have an old-times bee. It was good to realize that here was one man who hadn't forgotten. I recently learned that on every visit he would make to New York City, he made it a practice to look up his old cronies.

Perhaps I should mention that in the building fund campaign the alumni contributed what I believe would be accounted a substantial amount. I had arranged with the Cleveland leaders for a kickoff dinner in the big dining room. It was a fine affair, several hundred responding. In my address to the group I pleaded for a minimum pledge of $50 to be paid over the three years of the campaign. Response was unusually good. Official word circulated through the alumni organization all over the country. When final figures were in, the graduates had raised $120,000, in addition to an accumulated fund of $60,000 raised over the years. Thus so happily did the alumni respond. In keeping, I would like to add some lines of mine prepared for the occasion, which concluded as follows:

So, inspired, childhood brothers,
Comrade sisters, hear the call;
Wealth and age and rank no matter,
With a common childhood all.

They are marching to a building—
The fulfillment of a dream,
And their love will consecrate it,
Every precious brick and beam.

9

I WOULD like to anticipate here the period of waiting for the completion of the new Home. Graduates everywhere seemed to have learned of the prospective removal, with actual building on the new site going on. An unusual number made a final pilgrimage to the old place. One man in particular who called paid his tribute in a manner not easily forgotten. He stopped at my desk, and without too much introduction or greeting of any kind, requested that he be given permission to go through the place. An hour or so later, he dropped in to see me and I understood his blunt manner. It seems his doctor had advised him that he was doomed to pass away in a few months. "I wanted to see the old place, my old bed if possible, before I closed my eyes in the last sleep. I have just done so. I hope you did not mind my abruptness."

The new Home began to cast its shadow in several directions. Not necessarily related to my personal story but nevertheless an episodic detail of interest was the struggle to get an authorization from the municipal authorities for building in the suburban section which was to be the site of the new Home. Looking back on the effort now, it is not surprising that we encountered opposition, for a similar effort on the part of one of the big temples experienced the same "screening difficulty" very recently. In both instances, I believe, appeal from the negative decision of the local zoning commission was carried to the higher courts of the state, with affirmation of the right to build granted in both cases. I wonder if the matter of adding to the tax burden of this small, underdeveloped municipality in our instance or the anxiety about parking headaches in the instance of the temple were the true bases for the difficulty confronted. Aesop, in his tale of the wolf and the lamb, probably gave the actual reason.

Incidentally, the attorney for our Home in its battle for the right to build was the distinguished Secretary of War in President Wilson's cabinet. I understand he contributed half the fee for his work to the building fund. I bring in this reference because of an incident which brought me face to face with him in the pleasantest way.

My mother-in-law made it a practice each summer to visit with us, coming from New York City. She was not a much-traveled person and her sons would invariably put her on the train for Cleveland. She had learned to alight from the Pennsylvania train at the next to the last station in Cleveland, where we would meet her. But one summer the boys put her on the New York Central, and when the train did not make the expected stop in mid-town, she was dismayed and expressed her worry, at which a gentleman inquired as to the cause of her anxiety. He gave her confidence with his gentle word that somebody would surely be waiting for her at the terminal; and if not, she would be helped to her destination. I was waiting for her at the terminal. When the train eventually pulled in, I scanned the passengers as they came through the rickety corridor down to the old waiting room. (This was before the fine, new terminal was built.) I spied her, of course, but there was a gentleman with her, carrying her old suitcases. Like the great man he was, former Secretary of War Baker turned the elderly lady over to me, saying to her, "Well, I knew you would be met." It was a delightful incident which I understand the old lady never lost an opportunity to talk about. One could hardly blame her. I addressed a letter to the gentleman, telling him what an inspiration it was to see a really great American in action.

The problem of site for the new Home had been settled. Immediately the question arose as to a name for the place. All agreed there should not be a continuation of the original title because of its out-and-out flourish of its eleemosynary character. Throughout the country at this time, wherever there was rebuilding or the establishment of an institution, there was this desire to break away from a designation that might put on the marquee of the institution an illuminated acknowledgment of charity. And while I was a party to the change of name for the new Home, I am not so sure today that sparring for an attractive and euphonious front accomplishes all that is expected. It is too suggestive of the tendency of the foreign-born to change continental names into those that suggest an American background. It may be old age, with its philosophical re-evaluation of verities, or it may simply be an impatience with presumption. Note that the famous Charity School in England, now at least a few centuries old, has never lost standing and respect in that country. The content of its life and traditions have maintained its high esteem.

At any rate, there was the agitation for a new name. There was even talk of a contest with an award for the best name suggested. At one of the sessions considering the subject, the secretary of the Board proposed the name "Bel-fair," which was a combination of the first syllables of the boulevards that intersected where the new Home was to be built, a not uncommon real-estate promotional device. Almost immediately there came to me a flash inspiration to give the name suggestiveness, as a kind of French word, by simply adding the letters *le* to "Bel" and an *e* to "fair." And so the name "Bellefaire" was born, with its hybrid connotation to signify and do the beautiful. The name has remained and has gained favor and appreciation with the passing of the years. I'll confess that by all observations the children took kindly to the new designation and the public has graciously demonstrated its appreciation of it also.

Building plans had to be prepared. An architect had to be chosen. Obviously it would be necessary to have the most intimate professional relationship between the architect and myself in the conception of the new Home. It was to be a cottage home, we both understood. That was the skeleton around which must come the body and personality and spirit of the place. And I stop here with such descriptive implications because the architect and superintendent, as individuals, both understood to its depths the opportunity and challenge.

The reader knows, of course, my institutional background. But in addition here, the architect himself was an alumnus of the Jewish Orphan Home. He had come up the hard way, working his way through Harvard and later the graduate school of architecture. By the time the new Home was contemplated, he had established quite a reputation in his field. Later he was to serve Uncle

Sam as a major in his professional capacity in World War II, and still later to be the architect for a building project in a slum area. Today he enjoys an enviable reputation and is one of the busiest men in his specialty. He was selected for the task simply and basically for his professional skill. I doubt whether the Board stopped to realize how unusual this combination was that was to create the new look for the Home.

It was a veritable joy working with him. He had as much hope, ambition, optimism, courage, and philosophy for the new place as I could have, and I believe the beautiful campus must reveal this. An illustration of the understanding and sympathetic bond between us developed in connection with plans for play facilities. If the reader will recall it, I mentioned in the Pleasantville section something about wet grounds shortening to a very discouraging extent the baseball playing season. The architect had his answer to that, and expensive as it was, he included in his plans the tiling of the baseball field to make sure of drainage after a heavy rain. I really was surprised that the Board did not regard this as a luxury. But there it was, and as a result the Bellefaire teams could take the field within hours after a downpour. The wonderful play facilities of Bellefaire reflected the appreciation shared by the architect and myself of the part recreation plays in the lives of growing children, particularly of the psychological advantages of it for children under care. A separate gymnasium building, later to be known as "Alumni Hall," for basketball, campus gatherings of every nature, an indoor swimming pool, tennis, and outdoor basketball courts were the features of play facilities provided, together of course with the good-sized baseball field, without the usual restriction of playing space in the outfield. To get into the spirit with which the architect and myself approached this factor of play, in the earliest blueprints we had arranged an asphalt boundary to the ball field to allow for roller skating, but mechanical and technical and financial questions entered and we reluctantly had to abandon the idea.

When the children finally made their entry into the new place, they must have been captivated not only by the silken novelty of furnished living rooms and bedrooms for from three to six persons, with tiled bathrooms adjoining, but by as fine a spread of recreational facilities as would be the boast of the elegant boarding schools of the country. It was a gift not only of liberal philanthropy but from understanding and a good memory.

It was the architect, I believe, who conceived the idea of a chapel with classroom facilities to be placed in the center of the campus, with diagonal walks from all cottages leading to it. I heartily concurred with him in this arrangement, particularly regarding its central location. I liked the notion of a chapel deep in the heart of the campus body, with a spiritual reflection of its own.

However, the elaborate building plans increased building costs beyond the budget originally allocated, and serious revision seemed necessary. One of the changes recommended was a combination gymnasium hall and synagogue, the fine chapel to be abandoned. Decision seemed final about this and both architect and myself were very much disturbed. Fortunately, the suggestion was made that my wife and I study the two new cottage plan institutions on the West Coast, one in San Francisco and one in Los Angeles.

We made the trip and I returned all the more anxious that the separate chapel building be reinstated as a reflection of the spiritual pulse of the new surroundings. And the Board, in its wisdom, agreed, despite the additional cost, with the happy result that the specialized appeals of Alumni Hall and the chapel have continued now for over a quarter of a century. The chapel, in my opinion, lifts the entire campus, for it quietly radiates like the sun by day and the moon and stars by night the suggestion of something not brick and stone, something not always reflected in curriculums. That the children in their own way caught this is evidenced by the fact that a number, later in their lives, returned to be married in this same chapel.

Building plans were finally complete and acceptable to all concerned. It would be nearly two years before we would actually move. Successful efforts were made to sell our old property to the City of Cleveland, the intention of the city at the time of purchase including plans for a recretation park on the site. The reader will recall that the institution began as a suburban property. Later, it was in what might be referred to as "the golden ghetto." At the time of its sale to the city, it was in the heart of a slum section of town. An understanding in the sale was, pending the actual removal to the new site, that the playground of the Home with its facilities be opened to the public, which meant of course, to the children of the neighborhood, who were almost all Negroes.

I give this detail in my story because I had an unusual opportunity to practice what I felt so strongly about—the common fellowship of all, no matter what the race or creed. We arranged as many tournament games as possible between our group and the neighborhood children. We engaged a special supervisor whose duty it was to promote playground good will. Our playground was thus opened to the neighborhood for two successive seasons. I was much gratified then and am now that there were no "incidents" between the two so-called "underprivileged" groups.

Just another reference to our Negro neighbors. The city councilman who had facilitated the purchase of our property by the city made it an annual practice to issue holiday gifts to the men and women voters at holiday time in December. Our Home was in his district. To my surprise, one late December afternoon I found some men setting up tables on our spacious lawn which fronted the avenue, loaded with goodies of all kind. I tried to locate the man responsible for this and was advised that the district councilman had given the orders and arranged everything, that it was his annual party for the neighborhood. The councilman was not available at the time. The next morning I located him and demanded—I think the correct word is "demanded"—just what he meant by such an exhibition on our lawn. The city may have owned the property, but we still had underprivileged children under care and I did not like the handout exhibition before their eyes.

The councilman at first seemed puzzled by my manner and my point of view. He was silent for a minute or so, and then he smilingly acknowledged his mistake and promised that the lawn would be cleared as quickly as possible. Finally, like the sensible citizen he was, he declared that it was good to know that a fight could be made for such a cause. We later became very good friends.

The big day for departure was approaching. Fortunately, the maintenance staff took over the dismantling of the old buildings. As I review it now, it must have been a masterly job, for there was little regret about oversights once we were established at the new suburban location. We carried away whatever could be used that was in harmony and taste with the new surroundings. Contractors took over the remainder, and of course much was left to them. In a way, it is amazing that the removal was accomplished with little confusion. Sleeping and dining in one place one day, nearly four hundred children slept and dined at Bellefaire in the next twenty-four hours. Speaking of it in this speedy fashion does not express the ease and wonder of it all.

But, as can be imagined, there was an abundance of anticipatory planning, particularly in reference to staffing and preparation for the marked change in manner of living. The reader will recall that one of the early changes introduced after I assumed duty was the organization of the children on both sides of the house into vertically arranged groups, with each group having young and old together, after a family pattern; and that the oldest children took over the meanest and heaviest chores. It was not too difficult, therefore, to plan for a pre-removal period of several weeks to be a seminar in cottage management for all group leaders and the newly appointed housemothers.

The architect and I had agreed on a duplex cottage arrangement, one side for the girls and the other for the boys, with a common kitchen between. The idea behind this was to promote the propinquity of brothers and sisters, who were to be in all instances on the opposite wings of the same duplex. Occasional suppers, occurring weekly at least, and duplex parties would thus bring them together.

Accordingly, since the great departure was to be in August, 1929, we opened up one of the duplex units for training purposes early in July. The older group leaders of the boys were on one side, the older group leaders of the girls on the other. A group of housemothers established residence on each side. After breakfast, actual household management got underway, housemothers and group leaders learning the routine by doing. Then, two hours in the late morning were given over to actual seminar sessions for the housemothers.

Our psychiatrist, our physician, my wife, and I led in talks and discussions sensitively pertinent to the new life. For the most part, the four of us in this seminar faculty appreciated that we were facing a dramatic change of life for the institution, tremendously realistic, and that we could hardly anticipate the host of difficulties certain to develop with new and obviously novel horizons for the children. The separate entity of each child, the precautions for good health, the domestic mechanics for running a household, the overall administration of group living, all received consideration in the daily class attendance of the new cottage mothers.

Afternoons were taken up in a similar realistic way. The older children, under supervision of the housemothers, each of whom took over at once the equipment of the cottage which was to be her permanent home and responsibility, assisted the maintenance staff in setting up furniture, bedding, and general supplies, so that all would be in readiness when the mass of children would eventually arrive. It was a busy, fruitful, and happy month for all of us, I suppose as might be the case of a newly married couple setting up house, with the adventure of working out new arrangements for living together. I do not recall anything but the excitement of fervent anticipation that marked this trial by living. I believe we were as well prepared for the actual "opening" as could be anticipated theoretically.

That this statement is not too much of an exaggeration was attested to by the fact that less than three months after the new Bellefaire was underway, the old place was deep in the background of memory, sentimental and legendary of course, but irrevocably of the past. I remember a conversation I had with one of the Board members at the time, a woman devoted to the Home for many years, who commented that so much had been accomplished since the removal that it was difficult to believe we had only been in our fine new surroundings for less than three months.

Setting foot on the fine new campus, particularly into the fairy-tale spread of furnishings in such contrast to barracks playroom benches, might have been more of a fantasy to the children had it not been for the fact that up to the time of completion of the buildings we made it a practice to drive out groups of children to see the new place. Mentally at least, the older children were prepared. But there is a magic of its own in possessive occupation of surroundings that reflect the possibility of a brand-new kind of life, a magic that only actual occupation can suggest. And this only "D for Departure Day" could supply.

I am unable to resist at this juncture, before going into the Bellefaire section of my story, repeating the lines recited in one of the early musical revues at the Home, and I repeat it here because the great ambition of the patient children and the Board had been realized.

It was fifteen years or longer
  that our very worthy Board
Said us kids would grow up stronger
  if the country air we stored.
So they planned a cottage city
  where the air would be distilled.
Won't you listen to my ditty—
  We'll have whiskers when they build.

It was close to twenty years from the decision to establish a new home to its actual fulfillment. The fine panorama of cottage homes and campus was well worth the long waiting.

PART III

Bellefaire

1

I MUST have been tired but happy at the end of the first day after the great arrival. The reader may be impatient with the too, too evident emotionalism revealed occasionally in this tale. As I write now, retiring after the baptismal contact of the children with the new prospect must have left me with something like the thrill experienced by Cortez on first viewing the broad Pacific, as so beautifully, if inaccurately, told in Keats' famous sonnet. It may very well have been that I was too fatigued from watching all corners come to life in reality. Viewed in more complete perspective today, I realize that it was a great moment in my life.

The beautifully new campus not only offered so much to enhance daily regimen, making for gentler standards than those possible in gross barracks-like playrooms, dining room, and dormitories, but the field was wide open for a rich exploitation of the excellent facilities. And as an orphan myself, with a meaningful allergy to regimented living and limited horizons for dependent children, I must have had the feeling that there was a great adventure ahead, with nowhere to go, as the idiomatic saying is, but up and out and high.

The very word "campus" had some magic for me. Instinctively at first but most consciously and deliberately as the first days went by, the word was symbolic of the new formula for living around which everything must turn. I am sure that in our first assembly, called after the children had reported to the cottages to which they were assigned, I must have stressed, among conventional instructions expected at such an auspicious moment, the importance of referring to the spacious grounds as a "campus," constantly using the word in interchange for the beautiful name "Bellefaire." I wanted to bury the word "institution," to transpose into the word "campus" much that the projection of the word "institution" could hardly suggest because of its legendary association with regimented living. And as I recall it now, this injunction, solemnized by the moment, took deep root; visitors, and occasionally Board members in discussing the place, might have reverted to the old word once in a while, but the children rarely, if ever, did. To me dropping the word "institution" was getting started properly for the journey into the new life.

It would be unwise, to the point of stupidity, if I created by referring to the disarmingly soothing contrast between the old surroundings and the new the impression of spontaneous adjustment to all demands of the new outlook. The internal management of the cottage regime presented its own day-by-day problems, maladjustments, moments of tension. Who could expect otherwise with a family organization of such size under markedly new living conditions?

With all of the seasoning of past experience, even with the unique background of my boyhood, I was unable to anticipate a problem that was as embarrassing as it was odd. And once we were confronted with it, I recognized it for what it was—the consciousness of difference that conventional social patterns have ever emphasized to distinguish those who have from those without. It was fortunate in a way that the problem showed up within little more than a month after Bellefaire was established.

School opened in September. The school bell ushered in a responsibility to all of us adults and members of the campus faculty which we honored with understanding and the traditional anxiety of parents the world over, especially since we were in a new community, with our reputation and respect at stake. The daily school-day routine of inspection of the children before they left for school, which was an inflexible part of the regimen from the day the children began to go to the public schools, was honored this opening day with almost high ceremony. The wardrobe heads did their best to show the children off. I myself, who only occasionally at other times shared in the off-for-school procession, and who never failed to be present at all later school-opening-day departures, watched this sensitive first movement to the new schools with peculiar feelings. I was pedagogue and administrative head. But more than this, I felt at such moment a special psychological touch *in loco parentis.*

The children were routed to five schools, three elementary, one junior high, one senior high. The junior and senior high school children had to meet a situation that I suspected might disturb some of them. The transfer from junior and senior high schools in the slum area of the old Home to schools in a residential suburban area, particularly where there was a rather heavy concentration of Jewish families, might tend to provoke a self-consciousness of status not unheard of with teen-agers. And this is what happened.

The children were taken to their various schools by buses. Bus drivers of the junior and senior high school children, almost from the first week, reported that a number of lunches were left behind every day, and that now and then they actually saw older children throw their lunches out of the bus windows. It puzzled them. I said nothing to the children at the time, but felt I knew the reason.

There was the usual complaint about the monotony of the lunch from week to week. I decided to study the matter and accordingly visited the cafeterias of both junior and senior high schools at the lunch hour. I wanted to know, among other things, how many of the non-Bellefaire children carried lunches; what, if any, was the observation of the cafeteria heads as to the content of lunches carried by this group; what our children purchased at the cafeteria lunch counter; and approximately how many of our youngsters ventured to buy their lunch at the counters.

When I learned that nearly 35 per cent of the "outsiders" carried lunches to the cafeteria, and that the sandwich lunches of the outsiders were not too dissimilar from those carried by the Bellefairians, it was obvious that I had a simple challenge ahead of me. I made arrangements at once for all junior and senior high school children to report to the chapel immediately upon their return from school. Then I outlined to the group the embarrassment the lunch problem had created, including the curiosity expressed by the cafeteria heads of the schools as to the small number of Bellefairians who brought sandwich lunches to the cafeteria. I advised that I had made a special visit to both junior and senior high schools during lunch recess, which was not news, for many had seen me. I went on to say that I had learned as unobstrusively as I could just what the other students carried for sandwich lunches and that apparently the average householder had the same worry about monotony in this regard as we did.

I further told the children that the cafeteria directors at both schools estimated that at least one third of the students made it a practice to bring their lunches. Finally, coming directly to the point, I reminded the group before me that as an orphan myself, which most of them knew, I sympathized with their feelings in the matter but not with the manner with which they faced a new situation. I did not hesitate to stress the fact that, without regard to school situations, they were in an economic sense destined to begin life at zero, and that their career after leaving Bellefaire meant fight, not compromise, if they were ambitious enough to do what the American story encourages young people to do. As Jewish children, they might think the odds were not in their favor, but as weak sisters they could make no team where there was lack of self-confidence and an ability to throw off superficial and passing tests of strength and character.

The results of my direct tackling of the ghost of false pride were overwhelmingly in favor of a better understanding and much fewer lunches were discarded. Occasionally there would be some evidence that the sensitivity was still there. I was glad of the opportunity thus early in our new surroundings to have such a locker-room-coaching opportunity.

The sandwich episode suggests self-imposed prejudice within. A prejudice from others, especially from teachers, either because the Bellefairians were strangers, crowding the new junior high school facilities, or for reasons that went deeper in individual teacher instances, or both, was decidedly a more serious matter, much harder to combat. Complaints began to come to my desk that the manner of addressing our children differed from the approach made to others, that too often "unhappy" references would be made to the Bellefairians as a group.

At first I shrugged off the complaints, not too certain of their accuracy. I was a pedagogue myself for a number of years and not unaccustomed to children carrying tales. It is entirely possible that I rationalized on the matter to postpone what could be a serious official complaint to the school principal, and even possibly to the community school superintendent. The complaints continued. They came to an embarrassing focus in comments of the children who had enjoyed excellent scholarship records in the elementary schools prior to entering junior high, and whose monthly marks at the latter revealed a low to which they were unaccustomed. This was something I had naively not anticipated, and which was threatening in a serious direction.

In my graduate studies at Teachers College at Columbia I had taken a few courses in the measurement of educational progress and as a result knew something about the normal distribution of grades for an average grouping of pupils. The principal of the junior high school, as did the superintendant of the community schools, as a result of frequent conferences and visits knew of my pedagogical background and special studies. Incidentally, it was routine for me to visit officially each classroom in all schools where our children were in attendance, at least once during the semester, and where there were special pupil difficulties, more frequently. I was no stranger to the teachers and principals in the community schools.

I decided to study statistically all report cards from the junior high school. And when I did, it was apparent that the complaints of the children were anything but whimsical, at least according to the professionally established law of averages for classroom accomplishment. I decided to confer with the principal, discreetly if possible, but to be blunt and direct if easy exchanges brought no results.

The principal was pleased to see me. We had established a good professional relationship and an appreciation of mutual problems. When I laid my findings before him, he was surprised; he frankly could not believe the figures placed before his eyes. He did not hesitate to show me the average distribution of marks in the classrooms of his school, and then he realized without my saying too much about it that an unusual number of Bellefaire children contributed by their low ratings to the inferior half of school standings, and that it was rare to find a Bellefairian with a high rating. I called his attention to the fact that not only did apparently bright Bellefairians suddenly lose their scholarship efficiency in junior high, but that after leaving junior high, so-called "average" junior high school Bellefairians suddenly emerged at senior high among the superior group there. (I neglected to mention that it was nearly two years before I ventured to face the principal of the junior high school with the foregoing facts, my impatience growing steadily as complaints and my report card studies continued.)

We had little difficulty after that, although our children continued for some time to be prejudiced against the junior high school. Which was natural and which I frankly did not try too hard to eradicate, hoping that time would solve the problem. Perhaps I should add that as a result of this experience, the principal and I were on a new level of mutual understanding and respect.

The latter was evident in connection with problems presented by individual children. We would work together and occasionally exchange experiences to promote common attitudes and approaches to such youngsters. There was a lad of thirteen who came to us from a far-off city, the grandson of one of our Board members, the latter a highly respected citizen in his community. The grandson was deserted by his father, and the mother of the child was so overcome by the experience that she was unable to care for the lad adequately.

As only too often happens in such cases, the youngster was overindulged by other members of the family, and the time came when it was difficult to meet all of his requests. Eventually we received an application to admit him. Only too soon after admission we found him trying his wiles on all in supervisory relationship to him. He did not register too well with his cottage buddies, as can be imagined. They had him classified, as children ruthlessly do, as "show-off" and "strutter," and were disinclined to permit him to share in their activities. He seemed especially anxious to look in on me, certainly with a frequency not the practice of most of the children, who seemed to take it for granted that you had to have a mighty good reason to be in the office of the superintendent.

He paraded his airs and the sophistication that accompanies such. The school principal called me one day, asking whether I could give him some information on the lad. He asked whether he bothered me much, saying that he was forever in his office inquiring whether there was anything he could do to help. As the principal put it, the lad was the perfect illustration of the "apple polisher," a sycophant of the first water. It gave me my chance to have a plain talk with the youngster. I advised him that both the principal and I would frankly regard such visits to an official office as an effort to seek special favor, which no lad, or adult for such matter, should do; that we would find him quickly enough if he made the grade successfully with his mates; that he stood out like the proverbial sore thumb until he did.

I had my own problem with the boy, because he knew only too well that his grandfather and I were friends; he simply could not understand why I refused originally to permit him to go home for a vacation visit his first summer at Bellefaire. I did not see the sense of losing what ground we had gained by the more impersonal approach. We finally permitted him to go, with the understanding that he be returned at the earliest sign of apple-polishing elegance.

He returned at the end of the summer, seemingly more appreciative of the perspective in his affairs. Of course, we left instructions with the family as to guiding methods. His school principal and I periodically conferred on his progress. The problem was not too acute, outside of his presumptions of importance. The inescapable democracy of the campus contributed heavily to the lad's understanding of his relationship to the others.

Reference to the daily inspection of the children before leaving for school brings to mind an incident that was amusing, if only because it reflected the inability of the superintendent to control standards in his own household. It was not unusual for me to leave my desk as the buses rolled in from school, simply, I suppose, to share in an interesting phase of the day and catch the idle chatter, and occasionally to indulge exchanges with individual children.

One afternoon, alighting from the bus bringing in the first-graders was a woman who waited at the school to ride back to Bellefaire with her son. She was quite a disturbed personality. An older son, quite a campus athlete, had been with us for several years. The younger son had only recently been admitted, after a series of stops in foster homes. Removal to Bellefaire had finally been decided upon because of constant interference on the part of the mother. The youngster, according to the case record, was born out of wedlock, and a pursuing sense of guilt not unusual in such cases kept her on the heels of all who had supervision of her "baby." The foster home agency felt it had exhausted its direction, and, I suppose, realizing the futility of further effort to influence the destiny of the child, asked that he be permitted to join his brother.

Well, when our hyperanxious mother got off the bus, she went directly to my office, her little man held tightly to her. Whereupon she began the kind of complaint that must have been characteristic of her relations with the foster mothers who had previously cared for the "apple of her eye." "Is that the way you send children to school?" she almost hysterically exploded. "Look at his muddy shoes, the spots on his jacket and shirt, his open collar, and his uncombed hair. Is that the way he goes to school?" she repeated.

Frankly, I did not like the picture. The lad looked as bad as she had said. But just as she concluded, in walked a lad of the same age, who, if anything, was in even more disreputable condition. The woman saw him, and with a clinching vehemence exclaimed, "There you are! Another boy in the same terrible shape."

Then I could not resist a good laugh. "My dear lady," I said, "this second youngster is my own son." I didn't add that it was par for my youngster to return almost daily looking so neglected, although his doting mother made sure he looked the picture of angelic orderliness when he left in the morning.

And then the woman looked amazed. I hurried her to the other buses where she might see how trim and cared-for were the other hundreds who were just returning. It was the perfect experience, in a sense, for as I recall it now, she was much more cautious in registering complaints from that afternoon on.

Being the son of the superintendent could be a difficult burden for a lad to carry. Any individual child or group of children would naturally be on guard at the approach of a member of the executive director's family. Play under such sensitive relationship could easily be embarrassing on both sides. Instinctively I sensed this when I went to Baltimore to assume the superintendency there. My eldest, then an only child, was seven years of age. He must have been overwhelmed by the presence of children in large numbers, for prior to this, at Pleasantville, the medical doctor's order would not allow children of tender age on the campus to mix with the children. The physician had the fear of the small ones being ready carriers of contagion. And so, at least figuratively, my boy was in his mother's arms up to that time. The fact is, we had not been able to get him to accept private kindergarten plans and had given up the idea, arranging for private tutoring instead.

He was a very alert youngster, notwithstanding his sheltered background, and seemed to have caught the significance of the change and the new responsibility of the family when we took over in Baltimore. I have been grateful that the lesson he had to learn of establishing an uninsulated relationship with the children under care came very early. One day he came to me and innocently enough said, "Dad, Sidney C. broke a window in the playroom." That was it; and I knew I had the opportunity to indoctrinate with a formula for a more natural relationship to the other children which might be a *sine qua non* for the happiness of our little family for many years ahead.

I sent for Sidney C., who was a year or so older than my son. In the presence of both, I addressed myself to Sidney, saying, "Sidney, my son just told me that you broke a window in the playroom. What will you do about it?" My son looked amazed and frightened. Sidney, however, also surprised, smiled at the unexpected development, and stood silent. I suggested that they put on boxing gloves and have the matter out. We went through the motions of putting on the gloves. There was a suggestion of tears in the eyes of my son, and of course we put the gloves aside.

In the privacy of our rooms I explained to our son the family perspective and his own in relation to the other children. Never again over the impressionable years of my superintendency in Baltimore and in Cleveland was I ever to be conscious of a line drawn between the other children and my own. This elder son of mine was a major in this respect, for he took many a licking from some of the rougher and less sensitive youngsters in the old Jewish Orphan Home who did not take kindly to an apparent difference in the quality of his clothing. But he grew up and into a relationship which enabled him to share actively in the playground and athletic life of the old place, finally making the varsity teams in basketball and in football.

My youngest son, Joseph, was born while we were at the old Woodland Avenue Home in Cleveland. He became at once the darling of the place, the older girls particularly delighting in playing nursery maid, which of course my good wife did not mind. He was five when we came to Bellefaire and the affectionate nickname Jo-Jo given him at his birth by the children stuck right through his life with us on the new campus. He had no hurdle of insulation to jump, for he entered intimately into every active phase of the life. Attaching himself to the boys' cottage nearest our own home, he became a member of its athletic teams, never missing an opportunity to be identified with the standing of that cottage in campus competitions, of which there were so many. I learned only recently, in "bull sessions" with grads, that he would make it a practice to sit at supper with this cottage, especially on a hot-dog night, and then take his regular place at our family table; the difference in the dining hour made this possible.

I also learned from graduates of Bellefaire, contemporaries of his, that he was involved in a number of exploits which bothered the administration. I must confess to a certain gratification and pride, with the memory of my own boyhood to influence me, in the spontaneous ease and matter-of-factness with which he adopted the place with its legends and sentiments. To this day he can "spot" the names and Confirmation Classes of most of the boys and girls of his day, and despite family hurt at our eventual separation from Bellefaire, he manages to visit there on his occasional trips to Cleveland. I am very much indebted to Sidney C. and the broken playroom window in Baltimore.

I should not overlook the very pleasant experience of children of housemothers who lived with their mothers on the campus and who shared to the most minute detail all household chores. Almost uniformly, they were youngsters of quality, as subsequent years have established, and it was a joy to me to see the partnership with the mother, the way in which these children took to the campus and contributed to its meaning and usefulness. As I remember it, there wasn't a spoiled youngster among them; and as far as the cycles of childhood go, they were meticulously a part of the pattern that was curriculum for the others up to confirmation on the campus, which of course my own sons shared. The seeming ease with which such attachment to the campus was made by youngsters unrelated to the original purpose of the place is eloquent in my opinion of the good will engendered generally at Bellefaire.

2

THERE has been a hint of campus competitions. Such competitions turned around the cottage as a unit of life. The competitions may sometimes have been played up occasionally too synthetically, but they contributed a great deal toward the motivation of the day, supplying focus for opportunities in the campus life. Competition encouraged leadership, and in many instances exploited latent potentialities. Occasionally, it solved the problem of appeal and influence with so-called "problem children." This was especially true in sports. With the passing of the many years, and the benign tendency to view in happy vein the pleasant days of Bellefaire, no phase of the life brings such satisfaction, particularly with the memory of the clandestine play and crude facilities of my own boyhood, as does the whole pattern of recreation that was distinguishingly characteristic of the life at Bellefaire.

Not only were the facilities up to high standard, but the promotion of play as a constant must in the campus regimen through Board encouragement was one of the most delightful touches of the life. I made it routine to report on highlights of the recreational program to the Board from time to time, and I could sense the appreciative response. Not a single Birthday Night was without the attendance of a contingent from the trustees.

More particularly, the same gentleman who was personally responsible for our college scholarship program took over the sponsorship of play as a memorial to a dear son of the same age as the youngsters at Bellefaire whom he tragically lost in an automobile accident. In connection with the substantial fund put aside to memorialize the loss of this lad, I was asked what purposes might best be served at Bellefaire with the monies so provided. At the time, I believe, my suggestions, in order, were: (1) a fellowship for graduate study of the campus life (choice of student to be renewed annually); (2) the promotion of play and recreation; (3) the creation of a campus band, an activity popular in every sizable school in the country. Our liberal trustee, who was then president of the Board, chose play; and as a result, there were almost unrestricted facilities. Athletic uniforms, play materials, improvement of equipment, sweater awards, trophies, all added in an important way to the building of a lovable legend around the campus year. And as I happily recall this element in the curriculum, I keep in mind its inseparable companion and vigilant watchman, the Boys' Athletic Council, or the "B.A.C.," as it was so intimately known and to me at this time affectionately recalled.

There was a Girls' Athletic Council, but it did not have an equal opportunity to affect the campus life, and suffered thereby in influence and in the respect of the supervising staff. Both councils held regular meetings and annual elections and assumed responsibility for such phases of the play and recreational life as is traditionally expected in juvenile group living. Its responsibilities included, of course, all athletic contests. Occasionally the staff would suggest additional recreational enterprises inspired by holiday and vacation opportunities. Annual masquerade parties, intercottage songfests, marble fairs, the big annual county fair fall in the latter category.

Both councils arranged all sport schedules. Intercottage competitions in baseball, basketball, swimming, and tennis were annual events. The president of each council, a very important campus individual, would designate umpires for each event. The councils in session would arbitrate disputes. Of course, there were plenty of the latter, some rocking the campus equilibrium. Equipment and play materials were a council responsibility, as was the periodic necessity for replacements in material.

Requisitions signed by the president of the council would be placed on my desk. I cannot recall that I ever seriously questioned any requisition, both because of my confidence in the supervising play director and coach and because I regarded the councils as a unique and possessive prerogative of the children, sacred to their interests, to be disturbed only when there was an explosive profanation of the spirit of fair play. It was for the latter reason that in all the twenty years of my connection with the Home and Bellefaire, I cannot recall that I attended more than two meetings of the council. This was deliberate on my part; the coach was always present, and I was overanxious to keep the direct hand of the administration out.

It was the council that made the recommendations for the annual sweater awards, one to each cottage. Presentation was on prize day, the winner being the athlete of the year for his cottage. These sweaters, with a big gold *B* on a blue field, were very much prized, and those who merited the award took pride in wearing the jersey most of the time around the campus.

The seasonal sports events could be very exciting. I keep in mind particularly the intercottage baseball competition, most of the games taking place after supper when the household chores were finished. They added much to the summer evenings. I myself would often rush from my supper table to whoop it up, especially for a losing team. Individual cottages developed special athletic traditions and legends, and those on the campus, not excluding myself, would hope for the collapse of an always successful cottage team, very much as all America does in the major-league baseball story of the country.

The annual election for the presidency of the B.A.C. was unbelievably colorful and exciting. Pageantry, posters, Alumni Hall processions, speeches with good-natured heckling invariably marked these annual campaigns for office. With the passing of the years skill was developed in candidate promotion, and while there was ample good humor when the competition was keen, the youngsters could be very serious.

There was one phase of the fine play and athletic life at Bellefaire which we encouraged and somewhat clinically promoted and which helped substantially. I am sure now as I recall what has become of certain graduates, from their classification by the staff as "problems," that they were materially helped. One lad with a violent temper, interminably at odds with his housemother and given to petty stealing at school, where it hurt us so, is a solid self-respecting gentlemen today. He has a career interest which helps, and a sensible attractive young wife who undoubtedly has done much to stabilize him. But I like to think that the chance to distinguish himself in sports and the day-by-day subordination to team needs had much to do with his rehabilitation. One could almost see the steady improvement in his conduct and understanding as he approached his confirmation. Today, when I occasionally meet him, he cannot resist the temptation to smilingly recall the tough and anxious days we had together.

A campus with a wholesome rounded day, with activities miscellaneous enough to catch miscellaneous latencies in skill and interest, can be laden with opportunities for bringing out leadership. Such a program reflects the earnest and honest standards of democracy, which can accomplish much in dissolving fears and sensibilities. "The bunch" can be a powerful influence for good under sympathetic administration, and many an alumnus can testify to this, I am sure.

It would be impossible in any kind of reminiscent review of Bellefaire, especially of the sports activities, to overlook the kindly and even unique personality of the athletic coach. It is not necessary to add here, if I have not ventured it too frequently already, that the curriculum of life at any school goes beyond subjects and activities to relationships established and the influence of men and women who constitute the faculty. Relationships can make or break the good will of the place and contribute memories that are bitter or soul-comforting in later years.

Keeping this boys' recreational leader and coach in my mind, I recall the patient effort he made to associate himself with our organization back in the Woodland Avenue days. I discouraged his taking on the work because I felt certain at the time that it would be wasting important years of career making for him. He had completed a high-school education only, and I had the feeling that engaging him would mean a dead end in ambition; I doubted, perhaps unjustifiably, that from what I knew of him, he would be willing to plod through the long years of college and professional study, which the professional field was now inexorably demanding.

In addition, his younger brother, a graduate of my Baltimore days, and I had become fast friends. I have seen so many young men come and go in the work, with little evidence of a career highway established, that I just could not encourage his repeated efforts to be with us. I took seriously, perhaps too much so, an interest in the young man himself. I yielded finally when, a vacancy having occurred, he pleaded that I give him a chance. This I did; and thus began an inspiring fellowship that not only added to the joy of my work but which enhanced the happiness of hundreds of boys up to the hour of his tragic, untimely death.

The coach himself had spent a number of years in the Baltimore institution earlier referred to and probably felt something of a mission to add to the play life of youngsters under care. I do know that without any training whatever as a basketball coach, he instinctively, and I suspect by some study, developed a competency that brought city championships to his team for a number of years. It is impossible to separate the memory of Alumni Hall at Bellefaire from his name.

His boys reverenced him, though they invariably called him by a nickname, Newgy, that came up with him from his Baltimore days. None of us could even envy him his intimate standing with his youngsters, for there was something so rare about it that it was precious on a campus like ours.

He left at the time of his marriage, but returned with his fine wife to take over husband-and-wife direction of a cottage. Incidentally, his good lady herself became a fine influence, not only within the environs of her cottage but in the total spirit of the campus. Both would occasionally visit at our home for an evening of bridge, and while I am still just a fourth hand at the game, I confess they taught me much about it.

The coach, my son, and I would annually take in the spectacular Ohio State-Michigan football classic, with conflicting partisanship between us. At one of these contests the weather was anything but comfortable. A group of men sitting immediately in front of us were constantly passing the bottle. On hearing my son and the coach repeatedly address me as "Judge," one of the imbibers turned around and offered me a drink, which I refused and kept refusing as the invitation was repeated. Finally, later in the game, one of the very genial group, upon hearing the same refusal of his most generous invitation, broke out with, "What kind of a judge are you, anyway?"

Recently I visited a western city and was the guest of a local alumni group. An unmistakable nostalgic touch was given to the gathering with repeated references to the coach. I am still, in these my late years, under the influence of his gentle soul and am so grateful for his memory. He definitely contributed to the beautiful legend and name of Bellefaire.

The self-government basis for the play life at Bellefaire, because of its unique influence, prompts me to comment generally on the relationship between adults and children under care. I am a pedagogue by instinct, I believe, as well as by career. I have been in formal relationship with thousands of young people. It is my belief that the movement to recognize the rights of children, which began some fifty years ago and is reflected in the patterns of school life and curriculums in America and in the constant platform utterances of the learned doctors in the social sciences and psychiatry, may now be pushing the ego of the child too hard, though there was room, plenty of room, for so much consideration in those early years.

Frankly, I am a great respecter of humility, not the crushing or the Uriah Heep kind, but the kind that is integrated with the rights and feelings of others. A youngster may be regarded as representing future royalty, but until the day of his accession to a responsibility for which he is competent because of position and understanding, he is, unless the rare exception and a genius, still a kid of the flock. Some of the juvenile delinquency exciting the country may be due to an overindulgence of the prima donna ego of youngsters.

I make this comment because, from my observation and experience, dependent children under care rarely suffer from rough-riding conceit. Most of the time they go into life with a salutary humility. They know they begin at the lowest level economically and must fight their way to recognition. I believe the reason that the percentage of graduates of our Home who got into trouble with the law is remarkably small is due to such a state of mind. And the respectable record of career accomplishment of graduates of this Home reinforces the idea.

Rare overindulgence is their background, constant sharing in chores is their group perspective, a binding together by broken-home ties is their fellowship, and the consistent reminder of economic limitation their spur to career. The point I like to emphasize here is that the center of personality gravity is kept low with the child under care, and the "boat" won't easily "rock."

Often the humility of the orphan is used interchangeably with inferiority. It would be idle, I suppose, to cite a great number of instances which do not justify such synonymous interchangeability, and the reader of this tale will be suspecting this. The feeling of lonesomeness experienced by institution graduates, especially immediately after graduation, may not be necessarily true inferiority, but rather the discomfort that comes with separation from familiar and friendly surroundings and the inevitable helping hand in moments of disability and trouble. With time, much of this feeling disappears, and the challenge becomes the almost inescapable one of competency itself.

And here I venture an observation that where an institution graduate hides as though it were an incurable disease the fact of an institution childhood, I believe this graduate is affected morbidly by the eleemosynary taint in his upbringing, and unfortunately gives priority in his values to something which time eliminates in its own way. This is especially so where there is character and personality worthiness. On all sides he can see, if he would only stop to look for it, men and women who have had precariously humble beginnings, often in slum surroundings, many who have had a childhood bereft of the influence and opportunities children under liberal foster-care auspices enjoy, some who openly express envy of the buoyancy and rounded curriculum of life enjoyed by such foster-care children in childhood.

I believe I should add that those who shy away from such a basic fact in their lives are in a conspicuous minority. I am sympathetic with them, knowing the sometimes oppressive hunger for social status, though the hunger may be artificial and superficial. I can understand the existence of such a state of mind where childhood has been lived under bitter, restricted conditions. It would be natural to try to forget; but where life has been optimistic and rich in fellowship, institution days should be abundant in happy memories and inspiration—and I have seen so much of the latter.

I myself, as the reader will remember, did not enjoy the benefits of a generous childhood program except for the special sponsorship of an educational opportunity in my late teens. I must add, though, that never, as far as I can recall it, have the humble beginnings of my life bothered me or interrupted progress in a career or even social way. My friends all knew my story, and Board members were speedily advised of it, though the information was passed on casually, deliberately so, and as early as possible in our official relationship.

The unusual self-government in recreation at Bellefaire tempts me to comment briefly on self-government generally for youngsters under common leadership. There was no false or theoretical setting for this democratic arrangement on the campus. Play was so much of the campus life. It was teamwork or else, which all could sense and see; and it was natural to have conferences and councils among the children.

Student councils at school, established to promote the orderly dispatch of whatever promotes the well-being of all and the pride of the school, are not only within the understanding of teen-agers but offer them their opportunity to share as active citizens of the school. Such training, honestly and ingenuously encouraged, is not too remote a step to co-operative citizenship in the community.

But when the hand of the administration is too conspicuous in deliberations, or when show-off elements enter on the promotional and publicity side, or when the faculty becomes too active in the political maneuvering for candidates, the result can take the control outside of the youngsters themselves. Where such is the case the original purpose of self-government, with emphasis on "self" for the youngsters, is, I believe, defeated. I have seen this happen; and I have seen young people, favorites of the office, developing as a result, something of the conceit of a favorite-son complex, with diminishing faith in the elementary honesty of the self-government plan and very likely a cynicism about the democratic process.

Adults, I believe, should have youngsters in some relationship to them share in those factors of living they understand; and where a child's perspective is unable to grasp some but not all of the surrounding pressures of life, he might be gradually prepared for to do this, with the hope and prospect of full partnership eventually to be attained.

Parents have this difficulty. Guided by the sympathetic and sentimental desire to supply what they did not have as children themselves, they are tempted to overdo and indulge, forgetting that part of their own development came from struggle itself. I have heard numerous parents complain that they have given their children the best of everything, things and experiences they never were privileged to enjoy as youngsters themselves, particularly in view of the economic limitations of their parental household. Such people overlook the possibility that their own parents passed on to them the very magic which they themselves hesitate to pass on to their children, the mood and the readiness to struggle and fight for place.

I may be subconsciously sensitive about relationships in my own household. The reader knows of my background. My good wife also came from a background of struggle. She was one of nine children, and the family had its economic problem. Both of us, I believe, were blessed with a sense of justice. We practiced modest standards in all directions, which our two sons as they grew up could readily see. With the improvement in circumstances came improved opportunities, which we all shared. I touch my own family because the family is an illustration of group living with impelling purpose and drive, direct or indirect, in every moment of its existence. Relationships can not be bluffed; open honesty and reciprocal trust between parents and children bring dividends in family stability.

Parents have the clay feet of casual weaknesses, and children can learn to take such limitations in stride, unless of course such weaknesses become the cardinal points in the family compass, to use metaphorical language. My wife and I exercised conventional cautions and denials consistent with the consciousness that our sons were not only youngsters growing up, but also beings with independent rights, which they might not know how, or be too timid, to express. I suspect that in the tender years of their growing-up process, our household might have been a form of benevolent despotism, though it is very possible that at times the boys would be of the opinion there was more of despotism than benevolence in the setup.

Old enough now, with both sons in mature manhood, I wonder that I was equal to a program in relationship with them which, though not studied, was cannily consistent. The reader may doubt me when I say that I rarely made a promise that I didn't keep, and just as rarely threatened without a follow-through. I suspect I must have been not so pleasant to live with in my temperamental moods, and confess that only too often my mind would be on problems of the day and not pleasantly enough relaxed with the family.

My wife knew this, as only wives and mothers can. She was the ready antidote to any rigidity in the household I might assume. Frequently I would be cautioned that I should use my pedagogy outside of the house, that she had no pedagogic blocks or confusions. The odd fact is that never did I use physical punishment, my method being deprivation. In such cases as I regarded as being significant breaks from good behavior, I projected a silence that sometimes might have had an edge of sullenness. My wife, however, would occasionally give what she called a vigorous and maternal "potch," and I never saw any ill will resulting from it. We seemed to go along without any frequency in family clouds. What I lacked in demonstrative devotion, my wife seemed to make up for.

She constantly reminded me that the boys seemed to fear me. I was of the impression, and still am (and we discuss it good-naturedly at this late stage in our lives), that it was not fear but a steady disinclination to disturb me or provoke my displeasure. As the years brought the boys to manhood, the trifling incidents that reflect differences in point of view between juvenile and adult seemed to have almost disappeared. Today there is a total family comraderie, which is a consoling blessing to my wife and myself.

There is one phase of our family life which in my judgment touches the momentum of family democracy, and that is the matter of family finance. As early as we could, we advised our sons of the total family financial picture. What we had belonged to all of us, with the obvious necessity of father and mother being in control. As I recall it, nothing in this important detail was a parental secret only, and when the boys went away to college, this understanding proved valuable. Today we discuss openly, and with the active advice of our mature sons, every move we make in connection with finance. I believe it is fair to assume that much of what we did quietly through the years has helped to keep us a substantial as well as a sentimental unit. This may or may not reflect the spirit of family democracy; I think it does.

3

PERHAPS my greatest administrative worry, outside of sickness at Bellefaire, was the difficulty of staffing the cottages with competent housemothers. I learned very early that administrative competency did not necessarily include human qualities that make for simple family happiness, and vice versa, that sympathetic and emotional appreciation of the work might not include domestic efficiency in management. It was rare indeed to find a combination of both in a single woman, which made for all of the problems of central office administration that frequently kept the blood pressure of the campus high. It could be that a similar problem confronts the private family household.

Changes in cottage personnel were only too frequent. Only four of the original twelve at opening day in 1929 remained to the end of my stay, late September, 1941. Two of the original twelve were relief housemothers, functioning on the time off of the regulars. While the schedule, meticulously planned, allowed for time off during the day, with older children "covering the cottage" at such times during the long summer and on all school vacations, it was a twenty-four-hour responsibility for five and a half days, and temporal responsibility throughout the entire tenure of service in a cottage.

Salaries were never commensurate with responsibility and strain. The wonder is that changes did not occur more frequently. I believe the average stay of a housemother was close to three years. Most of those leaving the work regretted the necessity to do so because of fatigue, having undertaken it in part for its humanitarian appeal.

Previous experience of a comparative nature was seldom indicated in a letter of application. The average housemother did not complete a high-school education when we opened Bellefaire, though were the inquiry continued today, I cannot imagine any applicant without one, opportunity and conventional expectation for women having changed so in the past thirty years. The interview leading to appointment accordingly had to be cautious, reaching in all directions of personality and character. Interrogation featured general good sense, human interests, evidence of competency as a well-co-ordinated individual in previous work, sound mental and physical health—with adequate references to substantiate what could not readily be gleaned in a personal interview.

Where a widow was interviewed, I would be interested in the progress of her children and her relationship to them. Occasionally a divorcée would apply, and it would be necessary to clarify the reasons for separation. Rarely did I feel that I had exhausted all inquiry, and so made it a practice to observe, after a new housemother began duty, for the accuracy of qualifications seemingly cleared in interview.

For the housemother was the focus of intimate human relationships in the campus life. Where she failed, the full bitterness of foster care would result. The transplantation from barracks and regimented supervision would have been of little avail, though extra-cottage interests and activities might dissipate some of the unhappiness. And there was always the temptation to evaluate too highly a housemother's evident skill in the physical management of the house.

We suffered from this kind of miscalculation, although we would occasionally run into contradictory situations in which some children would take easily, and even pleasantly, to household chores under rigid supervision, establishing close relationship with the housemother; while others would be a running source of complaint and rebellion. I keep in mind two instances turning around the same woman, where one girl, after graduation, maintained a steady correspondence with her housemother and even covered her expenses to attend the confirmation exercises and party of her son at her home in a distant city; while another, a married woman now with two children of her own, could not satisfactorily complete her indictment of the same woman when I saw her recently at a local get-together of graduates in my honor. But I must add, and not defensively, that the latter came to us at the age of fourteen, with the despair of the local agency, which had tried exhaustively to adjust her to several foster home surroundings. As a responsible mother of children herself today, even while berating her housemother in reminiscent fashion, she seems to have the kindliest feelings for Bellefaire itself, for as she expressed it, it was a home away from home, and it helped to give her a new perspective of her affairs.

The problem child was not easily absorbed in the cottage life. The housemothers' weekly conference, the special assistance of psychiatrist and caseworker would frequently help, but the pressure of the group sometimes isolated such children despite help from the professional staff and the superintendent. I could expect an emergency call at any hour, and at such times would be tested for all my long years of experience and so-called know-how.

I shall never forget the hurried call I received one hot summer night. It was from the cottage next door to my own. It seems that the more excitable of two sisters, twins, refused to go to bed and had maintained a barrage of high-pitched argument with the housemother and the girls. Nobody was going to make her keep quiet. In despair the housemother pleaded with me over the phone to do what I could to cool off the young lady and make sleep possible for the house.

When I arrived, I found my fourteen-year-old girl, with all of her buxom body wrapped in a snug nightgown, standing defiantly in the hallway off her bedroom. She became silent then, as she saw me, but there was evident defiance in her eyes. I suggested that she go to bed and permit the household to get what sleep it could on such a hot night. There was not a move on her part to indicate that she was interested in my request.

Once again, as was the case in a somewhat similar episode in Baltimore, the psychiatrist and professional caseworker might look askance at the steps I took to bring quiet into the household. I repeated my Baltimore therapy. Taking my watch out, I sent for a pitcher of water. Then addressing my recalcitrant girl, I said, "If you do not go to your bed within sixty seconds, I'll give you this full pitcher." Expressing defiance with her curled lips, she decided not to move. And when the sixty seconds elapsed, I was as good as my word. I gave her every drop of water in that pitcher.

Thinking back on it now, I venture a smile as I recall the reaction of that cooled pitcher of water on her nightgown-covered, heavy body. The dramatic shock produced an immediate effect. I then quietly suggested that she get a fresh nightgown, go into the bathroom to dry herself thoroughly, and go to bed immediately thereafter. I gave her five minutes by my watch to do so. She was in bed in much less time. Quiet was completely restored and the lights could go out. If the young lady ventured to challenge the office after the incident, I was never aware of it. I do recall a restraining of her violent temper for most of her remaining days on the campus.

Recently I met her on a Cleveland bus. She had grown into conventional, attractive womanhood. There was still some evidence of a possessive suspicion and challenge that marked her personality as a teen-ager; but I felt she had the confidence of her new attractive physical appeal and her ability to make the grade in the economic struggle. She was a saleslady in one of the department stores of town and with her sister maintained an apartment in a respectable section of one of the residential suburbs. She did give me something of the old look when I ventured, in teasing fashion, to remind her of the water treatment of that summer night so many years back. Apparently not all of the shock had left her. She did, however, favor me with what seemed an understanding smile as she left the bus at her destination.

Some of the housemothers established the kind of intimate relationship with the children that would have been impossible under barracks living, and invariably those of us in the supervising and administration end of the work would in somewhat professional manner consult individually with these women about problems that might be covered too theoretically at the weekly conference. One of them, a widow with two attractive and personable daughters who lived with her in the cottage and shared with unmixed understanding and matter-of-fact spirit all cottage undertakings, was especially helpful. She had had the benefit of education and some previous related experience, and did much to add to the dignity of our work. There was a fine family spirit in her cottage, which revealed itself so effectively to visitors who occasionally came to dinner and shared in a house party. We appreciated her contribution to the meaning of the place, and were especially grateful that she remained with us so long.

The housemother in a neighboring cottage repeated this consoling experience and enjoyed her work to such extent that she continued it professionally, taking over the superintendency of a home for cardiac children, where I understand she is very highly esteemed. I was intrigued more than she ever knew at the time with the vigor and interest with which she encouraged and led her girls in campus activities. The girls, as grown women today, must recall her with appreciation, especially when they have children of their own and have to be themselves alerted to day-by-day standards of living.

I keep thinking of so many of these faithful women who carried on despite the rough grind. In moments of difficulty with insubordinate youngsters, there was evident most of the time not only an administrative point of view but awareness of the simple well-being of a child under care, though, as could be expected, children would not readily understand this.

One woman, so devoted to her task that it was not pleasant or easy to advise her that she was probably overdoing the parental implication of her responsibility, would not hesitate to sacrifice momentary popularity with her boys for the sake of maintaining rigid standards. It usually took time for her and the boys to understand what was going on in exchanges between them as to rights and duties. The same woman would be at the bedside of a sick youngster at the hospital until late hours of the night and then resume next morning an inflexibility in manner regarding the chores to be done. This must have puzzled many a youngster as frequently as it did the administration.

One lad was so disturbed one morning by a difference he had had with her that he resolved not to "take it" any longer and planned to run away. It happens that he was one of the most promising boys on the campus, as subsequent years established. He had come to the old place on Woodland Avenue at the age of six and attracted attention from the very beginning. His tender age at admission, and his always cherubic face together with a red head that carried two prominently sparkling eyes, made him a general favorite, especially since he did not seem to be spoiled by the attention he received.

Running away was not a frequent occurrence on the campus. It was so rare that the campus psychiatrist described the experience, as he interpreted it, as the running *toward* rather than *away* from something. And the stories of the few runaways we had seem to justify his interpretation, for they suggested the Huck Finn quest for adventure. And I am gratified, as I write, that administrative steps taken on the return of the runaways never were of the heavy brutal kind, and certainly there was always the absence of physical punishment. Incidentally, I was always anxious that not more than twenty-four hours would elapse before a runaway would return, in order to prevent too much general excitement over the adventure. Also, I would make every effort to have the lad concerned refrain from talking freely about his exploit. The success of this understanding between a runaway and myself would have some bearing on our mutual trust and relationship, I felt. I like to believe that most honored me in this regard.

Running toward, rather than away, from something, was illustrated very effectively for me not too long before we moved to Bellefaire. A young widow brought her son, an attractive lad of ten, to the old Home on Woodland Avenue. Admission had been arranged by our representative and the local agency in the far-off city where the family resided. The leave-taking at our door was something I cannot easily forget. And my wife, who witnessed the incident, keeps recalling its heartache. In routine procedure, I took the lad to our reception hospital for his quarantine period, a precaution we followed with all admissions. The little fellow kept calling for "Mom," and I'll confess I was a bit upset myself. I whispered the suggestion to the nurse in charge that she exercise all her sympathy as well as professional understanding in all contacts with the lad, telling her that he was a broken-hearted youngster who had neither mind nor interest for anything but his mother.

Not strange to such situations, I know she must have proceeded to carry out her mission with all the delicacy warranted by the circumstances. But she phoned excitedly barely a half-hour later to say that the lad had disappeared during the swift interim of ministering to another child. I suspected at once that the hysterical boy had made an effort to reach the railroad station, where he vaguely assumed his mother was waiting for her return train.

There was the lad, sure enough, though how he managed to find his way in a strange city less than two hours after his arrival at the station puzzled all of us. I myself brought him back and tried to reassure and comfort him. He was not settled in the reception ward for more than another half-hour when he disappeared again, to the mortification of the nurse, who couldn't believe it would happen so shortly. I had something of a broken heart myself when I found him again at the station, wandering about vainly, looking for his mother who had apparently made her train back.

It almost seems a pity to say that eventually the lad recovered from his pathetic despair. The activities of the institution finally caught up with him; he became a valuable member of the athletic teams at Bellefaire. The psychologist may wonder how it was that the youngster actually could not remember the details of his dramatic admission when reminded of them in my farewell talk with him on graduation; but the psychiatrist had a point when he defined such a runaway as going toward rather than away from something.

To return to our disturbed boy who got into conflict with his inflexible housemother and decided to run away, I quickly learned of his absence and communicated with his folks. They were just as anxious for his return as I was. Later I talked in a general way with the lad and his older brother about the regret I felt that a youngster of his campus standing should attempt to solve his problem in a manner that did not become him, and told him that I was not flattered that he did not register his complaint with me before taking such a step.

I realized as I said the latter that more than once in my too-frequent desk relationships with the children, firmness in my manner might have been interpreted as severity; and I could therefore understand the disinclination of so many of the children to personally register complaints, though this was by no means a rarity. There is, of course, a fairly common hesitancy on the part of youngsters to carry tales, preferring to solve personal problems in their own way.

Our runaway as much as admitted this when I talked with him privately after the family representative had left. Pride on both sides, on the part of the lad and myself, entered into the understanding we reached, although it was not so simple to pass on our understanding to the housemother, with her realistic reactions to minute-by-minute challenges to her own pride. She had a practical job to do, and with a suggestion of the perfectionist, could not brook compromise with "standards," fearing the influence of such on others. But peace did return, and the lad was reunited pleasantly enough with his cottage family.

Recollection of the runaway incident just referred to has overtones of gratification in the light of what has happened to the lad who was the feature actor in the episode in the twenty-odd years since his graduation. As I write this, he is at the head of an industry with an employee army of twenty-five hundred, young as he is, doing a business in the many millions, and regarded in his field as one of its national leaders. A great deal of publicity has marked his progress as a modern Horatio Alger story, with the important difference that this success tale is an inspiring reality.

There is a climax in almost every phase of his remarkable career since graduation. Beginning some twenty years ago, with a partner, an enterprise on a legendary shoestring of capital, he recently was able to buy out his partner's interest for a reputed million dollars. Since then he has continued expansion and is the talk of the town for his business courage and genius. The audit at the end of a fiscal year might make an impressive total in figures. To me though, with a philosophical and pedagogical test of values, there is greater appeal and even inspiration in the manner in which his manifold interests reflect also a social and communal point of view, beautifully developed and with astounding rapidity from his humble beginnings.

He is esteemed to the degree of affection by his executive staff and salesmen. And the merchants throughout the country who carry his stock speak of him in the highest terms. I know this personally from actual contact with some of them. But there is a detail about his executive staff which especially appeals to me, and the reader will catch some of my feeling if he refers to the incident of the Jewish Orphan Home prize fighter who always fought with the letters "J.O.H." on his fighting trunks.

For strict business executives, it is not easy to believe the following. It is a unique fact that a number of the many positions on his administrative staff are filled by graduates of Bellefaire. A secretary-director, two vice-president-directors, a purchasing agent, a shipping supervisor, a Southwest regional manager, and a salesman are all Bellefairians who lived close to him in his childhood activities. They were picked by him for what they could do, as well as for what they were. Hollywood boasts the legend of nepotism of another kind. In this case, however, an appointment to a responsible spot in the organization meant skill, in addition to those qualities of service that make for profound loyalty to a business with its chief.

I must mention, with gratitude, that our cafeteria was under the direction of a husband-and-wife team, the widow with three children and the widower with seven who had met under the unrestricted visiting arrangements at the Woodland Avenue Home. It happens that the widower had been for years in the delicatessen and catering business.

Perhaps the peak of the stories of a sentimental nature is reached in the arrangement our redheaded executive made to employ a graduate who had emerged from the state penitentiary after a ten-year stay there. The details of this tale were given earlier. The skill of this employee did not necessarily enter here, as evidenced by the fact that our thoughtful employer also covered the cost of plastic face surgery to encourage in the unfortunate man greater ease and confidence since his physical appearance had been not too prepossessing.

The foregoing must read like fiction, but it is as factual as it is rare. Would I be pardoned if I ventured the comment that though our runaway boy had lost a family, so to speak, when he was admitted to the Home, he had found one that continued to play an important part in his career? The watchmen at the pearly gates, who I understand are concerned with such matters, would, I believe, be very much interested in this fine story of one man's life.

But really the unusual facts above do not complete the tale. This man has been: a member of the Board of the institution that cared for him as a child; a member of the Board of the Mt. Sinai Hospital where he had been a patient, for observation at least, for a suspected physical disability; co-chairman for four successive years of the city-wide United Jewish Appeal Campaign. The large social hall of a new major temple in town was named after him because of the contribution of his promotional leadership in its building campaign, in addition to his sizable financial gift. Does not all this tell a dramatic story of an opportunity and a service that was not wasted but that brought auspicious returns on the original investment?

At this point my storytelling propensity brings forward a tale that our fine redhead told me himself. His first employment after leaving Bellefaire, where he had been under care for all of ten years, was with an organization whose specialty he himself later promoted into the big industry it became. He began there immediately after leaving high school. Not too tall even today, he was less so at the time of his first job.

Recognizing the unusual quality of the lad, his employer sent him on the road to sell. His first assignment took him to a distant southern city. He was in the act of talking up sales with the buyer of one of the department stores there when the owner came up to talk with his man on another matter. Seeing the preoccupation of his buyer and impatient to have conversation with him, he inquired who the lad with him was. When the department head went on to say that the young fellow was a salesman from Cleveland, the eyes of the big boss figuratively popped. Recovering his equanimity, he politely asked if he might talk to the young salesman, apparently forgetting the original purpose of his own errand. Looking up and down at the youthful figure of the salesman, he inquired, "Did your mother permit you to come this long distance from Cleveland?"

Came the answer: "I have no mother."

Surprised, the boss then pressed with, "Did your father permit you to make this long trip?"

Again the answer: "I have no father."

That seemed to puzzle the department store owner as revealed in his next perfectly simple and logical inquiry: "Well, who took care of you in your childhood?" When the reply came, "I grew up in the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home," there was a most significant silence for a moment and then an impulsive inquiry addressed to the buyer: "May I have this young man come to my office for a few moments?"

Arrived at his office, the store owner asked our little salesman if he might have his own son come in to meet him. Naively wondering what was in the mind of his inquisitor, our redhead replied, "Why certainly!" Sent for, the son, a young man in his late twenties, apparently working in some corner of the store at the time, entered.

"Son," said the owner, "I want you to meet this young man. Get a good look at him. He has come all the way from Cleveland to sell us his line of goods. Listen, Son, he has no father or mother. He grew up in an orphan home." Pause. "What can you say for yourself?"

Right here I must interject a significant comment of our fine-spirited graduate. I visited in his office very recently to get colorful detail about the boys' wardrobe mistress previously referred to and for whom he had been a prize wardrobe head in his last years at Bellefaire. I casually inquired of him whether he remembered the episode of his running away. He replied, very positively, that he did. And then he added something that made me feel the prodigal had actually come home. He said, "And if you hadn't treated me the way you did when I was brought back, I probably would not have accomplished what time has permitted me to do, and I am grateful for the kind of consideration shown me in what I realize now must have been a source of anxiety to you."

The runaway lad whose dramatic story I have just recounted played an important part in the activities that helped to make the legends of the campus. He was the trusted head boy for his

Irish wardrobe mistress, and a relationship grew up between them that was to carry on up to the time of her death in another city. He covered her railroad fare and incidental expenses whenever she would make a kind of return pilgrimage to Cleveland after her retirement. When this business genius learned of her passing, he deemed it unwise to carry the sentimental concern by himself alone, so he decided to arrange, through a group of the grads who knew her well, the expense of her funeral. An interesting detail is that this fine woman was able to be buried close to the grave of her mother, whom she revered.

The same lad was president of the legendary Boys' Athletic Council in his last year before graduation, and, incidentally, was awarded the Alumni Sportsmanship Award at the end of the year, despite the fact that because of a physical disability he was not permitted by the campus physician to take part in competitive athletics. There was no mistaking his masterminding leadership in all problems that grew out of sports. In addition, he played a very active part in the monthly Birthday Night programs.

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BIRTHDAY Night programs were more ambitious than ever. We were fortunate in having on the staff for several years a recreation worker gifted in this direction, who exploited to the limit the talent potentialities of the children, occasionally presenting a Gilbert and Sullivan revue. At such times the hall was crowded with appreciative visitors from all parts of Cleveland. I have an idea that a great deal happened at such times to add quietly to the pride and significance of the place. Big as the campus family was, the occasion was a total family party, attended not only by visitors, but by all of the staff down to the most menial employee.

Instinctively, from the day we opened at Bellefaire, I had the feeling of an implied curiosity, if not challenge, on the part of our neighbors. The story of the fight for the right to build in the community intensified the public's sensitivity regarding us. It would be easy to carry the Jewish community with us, and this was quickly demonstrated by the steady flow of visitors. The campus became an early "must" for out-of-town guests of members of the Jewish community. On holidays and weekends the influx of visitors would occasionally suggest the momentum of a pilgrimage, and it became necessary to counsel the children on what guides should do and know and be, in conducting guests around. I was especially concerned about gratuities, possibly carrying my anxiety too far in order to preserve status on both sides.

An interesting opportunity for extending the good will toward the campus presented itself almost as soon as we opened the new cottage surroundings. A Catholic college had moved from the deep urban center of Cleveland to new quarters almost adjoining our property. Residence and classroom and administrative facilities were immediately available at the new college, but the gymnasium and football field were not ready for student use. Somehow we learned of this and offered our fine gymnasium for basketball practice and our baseball field for the football scrimmages of the teams of the Catholic college. All of us enjoyed watching the college boys in their team play. The elders on our campus and our Board members must have been thus temporarily aware that something more than courtesy was at work in the unusual arrangement.

This brings to mind one of the most pleasant episodes in the public relations development at Bellefaire. A Catholic professional colleague of mine, whom I had the privilege of meeting frequently at conferences on child care, was the director of the fine Catholic cottage home for children situated on the western outskirts of Cleveland. A personal friendship grew up between the directing Father and myself, with a somewhat professional exchange of visits, I to his Home and he to mine at Bellefaire.

It is not part of this story directly, but this genial priest was one of several sons in the priesthood. His mother was one of those generous souls who became a beacon of good will and good works in the neighborhood. Her sons grew up with a generation of Jewish young men now active in the Jewish community of Cleveland, one of whom advised me that it was not uncommon for him and others like him to be at the good lady's home as friends of her boys, and that invariably the hospitality shown them was of the fireside variety.

The reader will thus understand how it came about that an annual exchange of visits was arranged between the two campuses; one year the band and basketball team of the Catholic cottage home would have supper at Bellefaire, with a basketball contest between the two varsities to follow; and the next year our basketball team and Birthday Night show would visit at the Catholic campus and be the guests there. The exchange visits continued up to the time my Catholic friend was transferred to a church in another community.

I find it difficult to refrain from mentioning two details of these visits which linger as reminders of the human equation. One was the enthusiastic reception shown to my friend by the children themselves. The other was the not too enthusiastic reaction of our basketball team to my hint that they "pull their punches" on the basketball floor. It happens that we had city championship teams, and I was not too anxious for humiliation to mark the visit of the guest team. Our boys questioned the sportsmanship of my suggestion.

We had immediate neighbors who reacted differently to orchard poaching by our boys. On one side, the property owner talked things over with the boys he caught on his grounds and reported the matter to me only after he had unsuccessfully tried to settle his vexatious experience with the boys himself. He lost patience trying to solve the problem one boy at a time. I have to confess that we never completely eased his headaches. His attractive orchard was just a step away from our property line with no insuperable fence between.

Most of these neighbors enjoyed visiting the campus on high public social events. But one, I remember too well, did not. Her home was about a half mile away and her fruit trees were subject to the poaching adventures of the children. My wife and I had made occasional gestures of neighborliness, inviting the lady to attractive campus functions, particularly to Birthday Night programs. As I recall it, she never set foot on our grounds, and my wife and I gave up the effort to encourage house-to-house good will.

One Saturday afternoon my doorbell rang. Going to the door I met my tall neighbor with one of our six- or seven-year-olds by the hand. He seemed dwarfish alongside of her. Hardly stopping to bid me the time of day, my visitor angrily announced that she had just caught "this boy" in her orchard and that he had taken three plums. Completely unprepared for what followed but disturbed by her manner and her special reference to three plums, I asked her what she thought might be done, what we could do to help her.

Apparently my neighbor did not take kindly to a conversational exchange. She went on, "The plums are two cents apiece. Pay me six cents or I take him to the police station."

That was it, and a fairly active demonstration of a blunt bitterness directed toward our campus, at least as I saw it, with all of the futile efforts to be neighborly in my mind at the time. There is a certain amount of harmless mischief in all of us, and I confess I enjoyed replying to her peremptory demand, "I'm sorry, Mrs. ——, you had better take the lad to the police station," and she proceeded immediately to do just this.

It happens that administratively I had frequently had occasion to call on the small community police force to assist us with the traffic problems on big public occasions, and they, in turn, would ask for our assistance in neighborhood affairs. And so the personal relationship between the local chief of police and myself was not what my captious neighbor bargained for. It could easily be that I took advantage of this, and accordingly spoke to her as I did.

At any rate, a half-hour later our village policeman, quite a sizable individual, came to my office with the youngster in hand. There was no mistaking the twinkle in his eye. "What do you want me to do with this young man?" he said, in his best theatrical manner. We both had a good laugh and also a tacit understanding that some neighbors are not so easy to live with. It may well be that for a day or so I experienced a sense of guilt that I had subjected my tender-aged youngster to personal experience with the law, but the seeming nonchalance of the lad overnight dissipated my feeling of guilt. I recall the incident because I was completely unprepared for such unsympathetic bitterness over the loss of six cents' worth of plums at the hands of a six-year-old child.

It should be apparent by this time that Bellefaire left the old shut-in notions of a public institution far behind, and the break from this time-honored tradition continued with increased momentum. I am not certain whether I was guided by the simple determination to break down those barriers that perpetuated the strict letter of custodial care, or by the awareness of a certain fellowship with town, or by the crusading notion to enhance a psychological freedom for the children that would, in part at least, result from easy egress and ingress, a general lifting of horizons.

And so it was that we rarely turned down a request of a recognized altruistic organization to utilize the fine facilities of the campus for meetings, annual dinners, picnics. The Cleveland chapter of the American Association of Social Workers would hold its annual dinner in Alumni Hall. Similarly the local Jewish Big Brothers met at dinner in the hall, as did Cleveland's B'nai B'rith lodges and youth groups. We permitted the latter to use the gymnasium for basketball practice several times a week. The Old Folks Home held several of its annual summer picnics on our grounds. I understand that the practice of opening up the campus to recognized organizations for the foregoing purposes has continued to this day.

The almuni, of course, came with a frequency that readily suggested family feeling. Sunday mornings, in the open season, would bring as many as thirty young graduates, only too happy to renew and repeat the refreshing opportunities of tennis, handball, and baseball. In the winter this group would take over the basketball court. I thoroughly enjoyed such visits and would clear my desk as quickly as possible on Sunday morning in order to be with the group. Occasionally a young blood of a graduate would carry on in a manner conflicting with the simple rules and regimen of the campus, in most instances a reflection of a desire to show off for the edification of the children. I suppose also there was something of the ancient school-campus temptation to challenge the management. At such times I would have a frank talk with the prankster and remind him that he represented realistic community living to the children, and in this way he was indirectly a part of the training influences that were the life and even the purposes of the campus. Where a serious breach of good faith would be repeated by the same offender, I would find it necessary to forbid the graduate the privilege of visiting. But the spirit of the young folks was almost always of the best and actually inspiring to the supervising staff. Denial of the right to visit was rare enough to make it a most conspicuous experience.

Of course the alumni organization held repeated functions at Alumni Hall, a really big alumni affair being the weekend of Homecoming in July of each year. Services would be held Saturday morning with lunch in the cottages at noon, the visiting group distributed according to childhood cottage associations; graduates of the old Woodland Avenue days were only too happy to be assigned to cottages indiscriminately, enjoying the dramatic change from the long barracks-like dining-room tables. Sunday afternoon the reunion really began to take form, cameras popping and reunion bees getting into action as a preliminary to the big supper in the hall.

The latter event was always the climax of Homecoming festivities. Speechmaking did not necessarily help but was the formal recognition and declaration of remembrance and loyalties. It must be kept in mind that the alumni were scattered over the far corners of the country. There were always a given few that would make the July trip with a regularity that suggested abiding affection. To them Homecoming was a family duty. Their presence invariably intensified the understanding of the staff as to the rooted purposes of the place. The children, of course, could not help but be impressed with this concept of the campus family. All of us on the different levels of administration, sharing in the details of hospitality, became spiritually reindoctrinated annually with the family picture.

It was my privilege to share actively in the really great alumni gathering in the history of this unusual Home. This was the 75th Anniversary of the founding of the institution. The beautiful campus, with a few years of grooming behind it, showed off dramatically the modern fulfillment of the creative imagination, altruism, and pioneer courage of the founders. The fine summer's day made its brilliant contribution as if to show a partnership in the happy event. The children caught the spirit of family pride like elves and were everywhere to share in and enjoy the great hospitality and welcome for the sons and daughters returning home.

Close to five hundred of the old boys and girls made the great pilgrimage, coming from far corners of the United States. The oldest living alumnus, a resident of the institution in the founding days, was among those present. Highly successful career men and women took pride in exchanging family greetings with the overly buoyant children. The largest, and accordingly the most impressive, attendance of Board members added to the drama of the unique gathering. They could not but be affected by the sentiment and significance of the protective guardianship they represented.

There were, of course, traditional sports events, featuring competition between younger and older graduates. But these activities were less than preliminary to the climactic grand march of the grades—a solemn pageantry in procession from the chapel, up Chapel Walk, and into Alumni Hall, where the formal dinner of the celebration was to take place. The line of march began with the oldest graduates and reached through the succession of years to the youngest group, the class ready for discharge and only confirmed the month before. In my many years of service there was no manifestation, demonstration, or spectacle that touched me in the way this processional did. I realized in moments what it took seventy-five years to accomplish. There was the dignity of years, true. But as the line of march passed on its way, I recognized career after substantial career, solid citizenship all along the line, and the embodiment of what must have been the cherished aspirations of the pioneer leaders in those early post-Civil War days. Naturally enough, my own boyhood came to view, and I was delighted to feel that what passed before me could actually transpire. It was hardly possible for me to be more subjective in such a situation.

It would be skipping a heartbeat in sentiment if I did not record here some reference to the memorial service to graduates who lost their lives in the Second World War. There were twelve who died in action. One young man was posthumously cited for the kind of bravery under fire that belies any suggestion of a suppressed personality. It seems that the officer of his squad dropped under fire as his men were attacking a machine-gun nest. The leaderless group then fell back. According to the citation awarded our Bellefairian, though he himself had lost his firing equipment and hand grenades in the vicious intimate encounter with the enemy, he jumped into the lead and vociferously called to the men to move forward and take over the machine gun that was wreaking so much destruction. Dramatically the men responded. A disproportionate number of the company fell in the action, but the machine gun was abandoned by the enemy. Our lad lost his life in the bitter melee.

As a youngster he had seemed so nondescript a personality, tagging on to others in the movements of the day. Once again when I learned of his fate as a soldier in Uncle Sam's Army, I realized how presumptuous it is for adults in supervisory relationship with juveniles to assume they know the whole child.

Another mortal casualty in the war was a youngster passionately fond of his violin. We had an understanding with him that he could leave the old Woodland Avenue place for his periodic lessons, providing he checked out at the office when he was scheduled to report. With all of this apparently open understanding, he would steal out repeatedly, simply to be with his teacher. The battlefield led him to the "Master Maestro of all."

Another victim of the war was a lad who never psychologically recovered from the discouraging fact of his unusually small stature. It was obvious to all of the staff that he constantly pressed in athletic activities for a compensating recognition. It did happen that he eventually made the junior basketball squad. He passed on in the service of his country and there could be no devaluation of his stature in our sentimental evaluations.

It seemed to me at the time that the loss of twelve boys from a comparatively small group was a disproportionate sorrow for us to carry. As I recall the relationship of our group to the war, I am impressed also with the number of our boys who became officers, all of them, of course, working their way up to this standing through the officer-training schools, having been recommended for this after regulation service in the ranks.

There was a surprise story among our officer group. It seemed most unlikely, in view of his Bellefairian story, that one lad could gain such a distinction. Intelligent enough to earn high scholarship standing at school, and a very competent athlete in all sports, he nevertheless was given to such violent temper tantrums that we just couldn't conceive of him integrating himself with army routine over a protracted period, certainly not enough to be selected for officer-training school. I cannot easily forget the boy who apparently did so much for himself in his later teens and early manhood. His prowess on the baseball field was highly respected, for he was generally good for a smacking hit to the outfield.

One of my pleasant digressions in making the rounds of the campus was to stop for a game of anagrams with older boys and girls. Should they beat me in such a game, they would receive a chocolate bar. (The roving candy boy would, with remarkable coincidence, be around when such games were on.) This lad could beat me as often as not, and took pride in making me pay.

But as I have indicated, he could go into a temper tantrum de luxe, and when this happened it seemed impossible to cool him off. Only too often I was in the middle of a highly excited explosion between himself and his perfectionist housemother. A few months before he was scheduled for discharge the big blowup came. In an argument with the cottage mother, he hurled, among other table utensils, a knife at her. Then came the ultimatum from the housemother: "Either he goes, or I do."

I talked with the lad in my office, but he was as violent in his challenging manner and language as any youngster had ever been with me before. Quite casually I said to him, "Listen, son, you are too big for me as you are now. You have lost all of your quiet coolness of the athletic field. What do you think I should do?"

Came the surprising defiant reply, "Neither you nor the police can make me do anything I don't want to do."

I came to the conclusion that some reasonably desperate step was necessary since it was only too evident that he could not go immediately back to his cottage. And by this time the staff generally was disinclined to cope with him because of his frequent violent explosions. It occurred to me that possibly my village policeman friend could help, and picking up the challenge suggested by the lad, phoned the local police station in his hearing.

It was the second time I had made such contact over the years. The reader will recall the incident with the little boy and the plums. This time I suggested, when the policeman came, that he keep our tantrum youngster in the office of the station for a cooling-off treatment. In a few hours he was brought back with the blank confession of the policeman that there was little change in the lad's demeanor and that he was as defiant as ever. Resuming talk where we left off, the lad insisted on being sent home.

I realized that he was quite disturbed and not altogether responsible for his wild utterances and conduct. I told him so, and finally arranged, after conferring with the psychiatrist, to send him to the state psychiatric center for research and study, with the hope that some practical recommendation would result. He never returned to us, having been discharged by the research center to his own home, which was in the same city.

I mention all this because while the war was underway, he began to write me from far-off places in the South Pacific. When he eventually was discharged, he dropped in to see me and we went to a ball game together. He then told me that while at officer-training school he was assigned to coach one of the best-known motion-picture figures, an Oscar winner, in the mathematics necessary for passing the final examination for officer standing, and also that he planned to complete his college education. Much later I was advised by others that he was taking special postgraduate courses in psychology. This story may suggest contradictions—but not contradictions in fact.

The memorial service earlier referred to for our battlefield victims was held as one of the features at the annual Homecoming exercises after the war. As the special speaker on the occasion, I prepared some lines that I thought might express the dignity, philosophic significance, and family consciousness of their sacrificial passing. They were foster children under care in their childhood; but there was nothing foster in the mood and manner in which they established, beyond a doubt, their heritage as Americans.

It was not written they should touch the peaks
  Ambition marks for youth, and romance seeks.
Was it not yesterday we heard them shout
  As lusty children do with friends about?
A summons waited, 'ere they turned the sill
  Of manhood's threshold, and with loyal will
To serve and stand, their honor as their shield
  For God and country on the battlefield,
They answered, plunging deep into the strife,
  And giving all they had to give, a life.
Today they are a hallowed name, a star
  In stratospheric glory, near, yet far.

We had some casualties of our own right on the campus, though the health record at Bellefaire was unusually good. Housemothers were trained to make no clinical judgments themselves when a child seemed indisposed but to send the child immediately to the hospital for our trained nurse to examine, with the professional corroboration of the physician on his daily visit. Through the years we frequently found ourselves immune from the traditional epidemics of measles, whooping cough, and scarlet fever raging in town, which puzzled many a visiting parent. I recall a year or two when we went without a single instance of contagion. In 1941 we had our first real measles epidemic in over fifteen years. Prior to that year, only one isolated case of true measles appeared in our hospital since Bellefaire was opened in 1929. When we had our first measles epidemic in 1941, the city of Cleveland was visited with its severest epidemic of the kind over a period of twenty years.

But we had three deaths at Bellefaire. The reader will recall that we lost a lad with a stomach malignancy in our Woodland Avenue days. Somehow or other, we seemed to be able to cope with the most acute respiratory ailments and other critical illnesses where the doctor and the service at Mt. Sinai Hospital were equal to the treatment established by accepted practice. Our three deaths occurred where there was an infection in the blood stream, a cure for which was unknown at the time.

I do not suppose that any adult on the campus at the time will ever forget the unusual experience, for there was something of mystery connected with the fatal phenomenon. Three boys in an interval of four years were the victims of this sad experience. The strange fact in all three cases was that they lived in the same cottage. There was another common factor in the three instances, but uncertainty as to the true significance of this coincidence prompts me to be specially cautious in mentioning it. There was, of course, an exhaustive investigation conducted by the physicians at Mt. Sinai. There seemed to be little, except the lead hinted at to guide the inquiring specialists, and it was decided that we should conduct our health program with due recognition of this factor common in the three cases. Oddly enough—though perhaps it was not so odd—we never had a recurrence of the same disturbingly weird phenomeon.

We had another experience in a medical way that gave us a good scare. A lad of twelve several years later came down with a double mastoid attack. In such extreme cases we used the facilities of Mt. Sinai Hospital. The youngster developed an abscess at the base of the brain. An emergency operation seemed indicated, and with the mother's consent, we were prepared to give our authorization for the special procedures necessary.

However, one of the oldest and best-known practitioners of the city, a long-time friend of Bellefaire, advised against it. He had learned by chance of the unusual operation that was to be performed, and seeing me at the hospital on a visit to the lad, confidentially suggested that there was little experience in the records of the hospital to hope for success in the delicate surgery planned. He went on to say that there were only two men in the country who had established a reputation for the operation needed, and that in all likelihood, one of them, a resident in Newark, New Jersey, would be glad to help in the emergency. It happened that we had a meeting of our local Board that evening. The decision was quickly made that we should put our sick boy with our nurse on an overnight train to New York, his own mother going along to reassure him and her. I phoned the Newark surgeon, and having received his consent to admit the lad to the Newark hospital, I also phoned a professional friend of mine in Newark to meet the train with an ambulance.

Everything went through according to schedule, including the fine success of the operation itself. Later I visited the boy at the Newark hospital and naturally enough, greeted him effusively. He is married now, I understand, and must appreciate the special consideration shown him while under foster care. His own mother was overwhelming in her thankfulness. The cost to Bellefaire, aside from the extreme anxiety we all experienced, must have been close to five hundred dollars. This sum included return Pullman fares for child, mother, and nurse, as well as maintenance for the mother while her son was a patient and convalescing at the hospital. The generous specialist charged nothing for his surgical services.

I have frequently wondered since whether, with the same crucial illness, this boy would have received such consideration had he lived with his family and not been under foster care and protection. I was proud of the extent to which Bellefaire responded in the emergency. It was quite a step from the concern shown the "hapless wards" of fifty years back.

Part of the fine health story of Bellefaire was revealed in the obviously steady growth of the campus children. Earlier reference was made to this. Bellefaire, it seemed to me, accelerated the phenomenon. We began to have occasional six-footers and huskies known idiomatically on the campus as "fatties." I only refer to the this again in order to contrast it with the stature level of my own buddies in childhood. I believe it was a critical index of the wholesome change in treatment and consideration.

An odd contradiction on the health side presented itself in the course of the years. A few children were admitted with an asthmatic condition. It was felt and hoped at the time of admission that the regular living of the campus would be good therapy for these youngsters, who had made little progress in their own homes. And this is what happened. I do not recall any asthmatic attacks reported after their admission. But my youngest son, strangely enough, developed an allergy shortly before we moved to Bellefaire and none of the exhaustive treatments he was exposed to helped him. I suppose a psychiatrist can explain this.

Perhaps I should mention in passing that I invariably began my reports to the local Board at its weekly meetings with a reference to the health picture, giving details in special cases. Ours was a partnership in interest that included every phase of the well-being of the children. I was invariably impressed with the solicitous inquiry by Board members about the condition of children previously reported as seriously ill.

I should also mention here that critical illness of the children depressed me to a degree that made me poor company for my family. They would understand, but frequently they would question my working philosophy if it did not enable me to take these problems in stride. I was similarly affected by the infrequent runaways and unusual incidents that broke the general equanimity of the campus. Our psychiatrist occasionally commented on the unusual absence of such incidents. He was of the impression that a great deal must transpire in a community campus of well over three hundred souls of both sexes that never came to the attention of the administration. But he also seemed to feel that whatever incidents occurred without attracting the notice of the office were few enough, and possibly minor enough, to keep the "blood pressure" of the campus at a surprisingly even level.

The pride of festive campus events, and the calendar through the months and the years was marked by a number of them, brought with it a residue of additional good will all around. The housemothers, particularly, became increasingly aware of the campus family and the growth of family name. It was a comfort to the administration to witness the ease with which these faithful women took such occasions in stride, despite the pressure and strain of preparation. As I review the many events that brought waves of public visitors, I wonder that there were so few complaints from them.

I am very appreciative to this day of the overtone of understanding and the systematic patience with which, in the main, the staff carried on. The weekly conference, of course, was the basis from which stemmed formulas for work, for policy, for program, for relationships. It was my practice to plan for these meetings well in advance, and also to make sure before the school year was out—no weekly meetings were held in the summer—that the cardinal points of the compass of campus life and the major obligations to the children were considered in discussion.

Once again, as in the special training period before the opening of Bellefaire, the physician, the psychiatrist, the caseworkers, the dietitian, my wife, who faithfully attended every housemothers' session, and I took over for special phases of the work. "What do you do under so-and-so conditions?" would be a typical opening for any one of the supervising staff, with such queries coming just as frequently from the housemothers themselves. Every effort was made to avoid the abstract, the academic, the hypothetical, except for the final development of principle. I kept a steady fear of an unsympathetic gap developing between the administration and the workers that might be caused by platform theorizing which didn't apply to the inexorable grind of daily chores, household standards, intimate relationships—the harmonious living together of so many under one administrative roof.

In this spirit the psychiatrist had to be more than a token authority on behavior. And the caseworker was tested repeatedly for results that were sometimes too slow in developing, particularly in discussions about problem children. I had some reservations of my own with the constantly recurring use of the word "discipline" by the housemothers. Repeatedly I would try to explain the Greek origin of the word to make for a well-ordered, balanced, and controlled personality. I made it a practice never to use the word in connection with the primacy of order and control with children. I was fearful of a too-ready interpretation of the word to suggest despotic restrictions and corporal punishment.

The very presence of the psychiatrist in the housemothers' sessions was a valuable reminder to all of long-term tests in relationships with children. He represented caution and the resulting disinclination to go to extremes with difficult children. The meetings thereby took on an ultra-professional reflection and touch, which must have left its mark when the staff went back to its routine duties. I was frequently puzzled by the unmistakable tendency on the part of all at these meetings to listen with hungry reverence to the word of the psychiatrist, despite our day-by-day and moment-by-moment relationship to the many challenges of the life. It was apparent that his knowledge and training transcended the best understanding of the most experienced among us. Realistically and strategically I would occasionally exploit such feelings by leaving to the psychiatrist final judgment and decision in moot cases. It may have been an evidence of weakness on my part to thus pass on to him the onus of ultimate responsibility because of his unique professional standing. I found it very helpful to do so in differences of opinion between housemothers and myself, for the psychiatrist was never a party to acrimonious differences. This mood of mine was, I suspect, understood by the psychiatrist himself, for I cannot recall any acute differences that ever existed between us throughout the years of our professional relationship.

This is not to imply that I made no attempt to work with difficult children myself. Administratively, this could hardly be avoided. My desk on some days could be loaded with complaints from children and staff and, as often as not, the same children and adults would be involved. It was obviously necessary for me to be something more than monitor and arbitrator if long-time results were to be attained. My early training as class teacher and school principal served me well.

I shouldn't be surprised if the best pedagogic principles are rooted in true psychiatry. The reader will glean, I am sure, before he completes this story of an adventure with children in foster care, that episodes of fighting, stealing, runaways, hot insubordination, and so on must have left some aftermath of feud, loss of face and faith, and running discord. The day might have its trials, but the skies were generally fair. I believe most graduates will testify to this.

We had petty stealing, of course. Complaints of locker pilfering were not uncommon. We tried to maintain the open-locker policy, not with exciting success. As a matter of fact, as the result of a small epidemic of locker thefts, I arranged to post the following lines on the inside face of each locker door. It helped somewhat. In a heterogeneous group of children, a number of whom were admitted because of poor training at home, because of street life in the slums, or actual acts of delinquency in the record, such could be expected. The best-regulated family homes have their own stories to tell in this regard.

MY OWN LOCKER

When I became a Bellefaire lad,
  The sum of all I brought and had
Was squeezed into my locker.
  'Twas house and lot and wealth to me;
I prized it all, and loved to see
  The stuff within my locker.
I trimmed it as a garden plot;
  It gave me pride to see the lot
Of things in my own locker.
  I placed a flag, and mother's face
To decorate the treasured place,
  My very private locker.
But oh the pain and the despair
  When one bleak day I found my lair,
My cherished private locker,
  Disordered and all turned about,
And all my valued treasures out.
  No longer in my locker!
'Twas then I hungered for the hand
  That hallows home in any land
To sanctify my locker.
  Oh, could we by the Bellefaire touch
By campus magic, charm or such
  Make holy ground each locker.
Believe me, home is within call
  If I can feel secure with all
The things in my own locker.

I bring to mind at this juncture one of those family episodes that might literally come under the heading of stealing, but which in the light of its details, and with the sympathetic understanding of the psychiatrist, might readily be regarded as something else. The lad involved was a very sensitive youngster, of fine intelligence. He generally rated an excellent report card in his high-school studies. Never an athlete, he spent most of his spare time reading in our very attractive library. As I recall it now, there was never anything in his record that would suggest the possibility of what happened. And as I know him today, I can only regard the experience as one of those quirks of circumstance that might catch any of us in an unguarded moment.

One morning, after the children had left for school, the housefather of a cottage, who was recreation director and assisted so substantially in our dramatic work while his wife functioned as housemother with all its embracing duties of management of the cottage, came to my desk and reported with very evident anxiety that an envelope containing much of the monthly salary paid to him and his wife, was missing from the desk in their quarters. They had searched everywhere to no avail, and bitterly concluded, much against their generous nature, that the money must have been taken. An immediate examination of the lockers, which I only presume now, left them with the conclusion that their desk drawer had been opened and the pay envelope withdrawn. Apparently the desk was never locked. Certainly it must have been opened without difficulty when the money was withdrawn.

I was, to put it mildly, disturbed. It was an unusual amount of money, well over a hundred dollars, that had disappeared. What added to my discomfiture was the fine reputation as campus personalities both husband and wife enjoyed. I felt hurt that such a thing should happen to them, let alone that such a sizable cash loss should be sustained by them.

Something had to be done, and quickly. I held it of first importance in all such cases that the money taken be returned, all of it as quickly as possible, or where the offender could not return it promptly, by regular installment. And I regarded speed in investigation as evidencing not only the protective responsibility of the office but manifesting an indignation that the security of possessions and property on the campus had been so undermined.

I arranged to have my assistant interrogate the younger half of the boys in the cottage, and I questioned the others. I did not particularly enjoy my part of this phase of the investigation, with suspicion hanging over the setting of the inquiry. Whenever possible, I felt it essential to radiate trust; and in this particular experience, it must have been mutually embarrassing to ask or answer the leading questions. I pleaded with those I questioned to keep their eyes alerted to suspicious action. There was ample good will in the cottage and loyalty to the cottage parents to make such a request plausible. We were particularly to watch for unusual purchases, which eventually did lead to the discovery of the lad responsible for the loss of the pay envelope. It was the housefather himself who noticed the boy leaving the school bus with his hands loaded. Then came the confession.

It was our studious high-school youngster. He explained to me that it was largely an accident that produced the affair. It was his duty as a trusted boy to clean daily the housemother's room. He was in a depressed mood at the time, wondering how he might earn the fare to visit with his folks in a distant city during the coming winter school holidays. The desk drawer was partially open, enough for him to notice an envelope protruding. He picked up the envelope just as the housemother walked in and with a reflex action put the "hot" envelope in his pocket to avoid questioning. Later he realized the serious nature of his act when out of curiosity he found the amazing sum of money enclosed in the envelope. Overcome by fear, he chose to get rid of the money as quickly as possible, believing that suspicion would never come his way. He had good reason to think so, for those of us who were in on the inquiry were amazed that this highly regarded youngster could be mixed up in an experience of such a serious nature.

I had a long, serious chat with him. It was my belief at the time, and I am particularly convinced of it now, with the developments of the passing years before my mind, that something akin to the favorable chance that George Eliot refers to in the classic

Silas Marner played its miserable part. Many of us have been subject to such temptation. Not all of us escape its insidious clutches. I felt that my lad was basically honest, and that if he could, he would have done most anything to recapture the completely innocent state of mind that was his before the mortifying incident took place. He was very evidently much disturbed when we began our talk.

It happened that he was in his confirmation year, scheduled to leave after school closed in June. I asked whether he felt equal to remaining on the campus and coping with the gossip sure to ensue for the seven months remaining to July. He unequivocally insisted that he wanted to complete the year and graduate. We then had an understanding that he on his part would never talk of the affair, and that I would pledge the staff to a strict silence on the subject.

A delicate detail was the return of the part of the money that had been spent. Fortunately, most of it had not been touched, but enough had been wildly spent to make it unlikely that he could earn such an amount in the period of his remaining stay. We agreed that I was to write his folks frankly, including such extenuating remarks as I saw fit to mention, and arrange for installments from month to month until the actual loss was recovered. Eventually in this way, all of the money was returned.

But I still had a wee reservation which bothered me. What if my conclusion that the act was no more than is implied in the accident of favorable chance was unfounded? Accordingly, I arranged for an intimate friend of mine, a local judge, to chat with the lad in his private chambers. The judge advised me that he was convinced from his experience in many similar cases that unholy accident played the heavy part in the affair; and that he was of the opinion that the youngster was, as he put it, "as honest as the day is long."

As in all matters touching the spirit of the campus life, I reported the matter to the Board at its earliest meeting. It was more than reassuring to have these officials show pride in the steps taken to restore confidence and good will all around, particularly at the absence of heavy punitive measures. From time to time, of course, there were inquiries about the lad, and I was able, happily, to report that not only had the affair receded quietly into the forgotten, but that the young man himself behaved like a Spartan in his obvious determination to re-establish himself.

The years helped to clear up all doubts about his predatory motives. The lad worked his way through college with distinction. In his junior and senior years at the university, we assisted him with a scholarship subsidy. When the war came, he eventually attained officer's rank, writing me from far-off places in the South Pacific. The war over, he settled down to career making and has earned a fine reputation as man and executive. I shudder to think what might have been his fate if all of this had taken place a few generations back.

Pocket cash for our youngsters was always a concern of the office, especially in the case of children whose folks lived far away and could not readily visit. A weekend or holiday always brought friends of the children, which assured spending money for those who were fortunate enough to have visitors. We supplied a small amount each week for those who had no visitors. Older children, boys and girls, had opportunity to earn, and quite a number built up snug bank accounts. Perhaps a dozen had paper routes, and many more, boys as well as girls, developed an income through baby-sitting in town. The paper route and baby-sitting arrangements were in full swing over twenty years ago when, in all likelihood, such were novel to institution life. As a matter of fact, baby-sitting at the time, as a general practice, was almost unheard of. The annual county fair at Labor Day brought sizable returns for concession entrepreneurs and, incidentally, developed a kind of ingenuity that was a pleasant surprise to the many visitors who made it a practice to visit at such times.

Older high-school boys and girls would, where courses of study permitted, work part-time in town. Several earned money in this way on weekends. The encouragement to earn was there, I believe. Part of the planning of the administration included, of course, a periodic checkup of bank accounts. Whenever this period came around, I would recall the involved means necessary to make a penny in my boyhood days, and I would feel pretty good about it.

The very obvious effort of the administration to lend a helping hand in the matter of earning money undoubtedly assisted in creating the kind of trust in the management which was a source of comfort to me. I always felt the psychological importance of this in my relations with the children and staff. There must have been times that I practiced a firmness in policy and decision which could have been interpreted as conventional, arbitrary, administrative strutting. Long-time tests of the efficacy of judgments were invariably my guide. I do believe though that if I erred in a decision or judgment that touched the happiness of the child, I did not hesitate to make amends to the child affected as soon as I realized my mistake.

One illustration of this concerned a girl of fifteen who did not forget it for a number of years. She had been accused by her housemother of something that was a bold infraction of house rules. There seemed to be no doubt at the time that she was the offender, and the housemother was quite angry over the matter, particularly since the girl angrily denied the accusation. Words flew fast between the two, and the girl was sent to my office to be reprimanded. The adolescent youngster had had some difficulty in her cottage relationships generally, and when she appeared at my desk, she came with an unmistakable chip on her shoulder. She was the outraged innocent.

I tried to take her to task, not only for what she was accused of, but for a sullen manner characteristic of her when in a huff. She denied the implication of her accuser and boldly challenged the likelihood of her word being accepted against that of the cottage mother. This was a commonly expressed grievance among the children, as it is so many times when there is conflict between a youngster and a staff adult on the parental level. When she left my office there was the bitterness of futility in her step, which made the incident linger with me through the day.

That same evening my wife and I visited with some friends for our weekly bridge game. While I was dummy, something flashed through my mind which established beyond a doubt that my young lady was completely innocent of the charge against her. The timing of the alleged accusation cleared her of complicity in it, for I realized that she had to be elsewhere when the incident took place. No mistake about it, for I had seen her at the time myself.

I was bothered by my stupidity in not taking the trouble to check thoroughly before putting my teen-ager "on the carpet." When I arrived back on the campus, I hastened to the bedside of the girl, though it was past midnight. I awoke her, and before she could utter a word of surprise, told her, half asleep as she was, that I had made a mistake in scolding her that morning, that I realized now she had been telling the truth about her whereabouts at the time of the alleged affair. Then she became wide-awake and thanked me profusely. I told her I was very sorry to pull her out of sleep this way, and she replied, "It was well worth it all." Years later, as a grown woman and the mother of children, she confided that my coming to her bedside at midnight simply to tell her I had made a mistake and was sorry for her was something she had never forgotten.

How many grownups are equal to a direct acknowledgment of error in their relations with youngsters, or with adults for that matter? It is not as common as it might be, and the lack of it frequently keeps wounds open that could otherwise quickly heal. Pride and stubbornness in holding back an "I'm sorry" where a mistake has been made arouses defensive vigilance and something of a cold war in relationships. Where children are involved, especially adolescents, the absence of a sensible and dignified apology can result in an unpleasant relationship not easily dissipated. I am grateful that I learned this early in my life.

5

THE teen-agers on our campus did a great deal to bring color, motive, leadership, spirit to the life. They were only too obviously in a relationship with the younger children that gave added momentum, especially where these teen-agers showed quality and competency, to the activities that were such tonic and refreshment in the campus day. Activities were a never-failing antidote to dull routine.

Athletics, as has been mentioned, was handled directly and uniformly by them. They played the leads in most performances in our Birthday Night programs. The annual masquerade revealed amazing skill and imagination and mechanical ingenuity and artistry, which somehow seemed to improve from year to year, the legend being carried by the oldsters and thus passed on to younger children for their emulation. Housemothers entered actively, of course, in the parental supervision of entries from their cottages. The annual intercottage "sing" reached levels of entertainment and juvenile artistry that moved astoundingly higher from year to year. Cottage leaders in this enterprise repeatedly wrote original alma mater words to popular songs of the day and industriously developed special harmonizing groups.

The end-of-the-summer county fair, which never failed to arouse surprise and sympathetic interest on the part of visiting friends, was entirely run by the children, its leaders planning early in the summer for the big event just before the school year opened. I never failed to thank my former assistant for the creative imagination and influence on his part that added this event to the regular activities of the year. Scouting must be included as one of the all-year activities, with older children at the helm to inspire the steady recruiting of younger children.

The annual marble fair should not be passed by. It was amusing to witness the acquisitive instinct at work for the amassing of the glass and clay rolling articles that had value only in season, to be hidden away until the next spring rolled around. A stamp club and other usual time-honored juvenile clubs were in the activities hopper, all turning around the leadership of older children who cared, and who maintained the tradition for others to follow when their turn came to take over.

Leadership in the cottage work, with so much of the household chores in the hands of the children themselves, naturally made the juvenile leader in the house the right arm of the housemother in maintaining peace and order. It was an implied obligation on his part. Of course there were times when the right arm of the older boys was a little too strong. Corporal punishment was taboo by policy but never entirely eliminated, sometimes to the discomfiture of not only the office but to the undermining of the best legends of the campus.

In a way the older children set the pace of much that became inseparable from the personality of Bellefaire; and while there were abuses of position and power from time to time, the experience did train children for leadership without special academic direction. In so many instances, careers after graduation seemed to substantiate this.

There was group living in all its phases; and group competition in all its opportunities. Some psychiatrists seem to discount the importance, even the very value, of group activity and group competition, in fact of competition in any way for growing youngsters. I suppose there is the fear that the full potentialities of an individual are sacrificed in group or team activity; that motivation in competition may radiate from the egotistical ambition of the leaders; that sometimes motivation in such activity arouses low procedures, with the desire to win at any cost a playing formula; that the nonparticipating type of child receives little encouragement from such a movement; that praise for accomplishment in group competition is disproportionate to life's long-time values; that competition is too evidently overdone; that the spectacle, rather than the sport, is too often the goal. I suppose there is always a concern about the progressive development of the individual, with its corollary quest for self-improvement and the measuring of individual gain in an experience, and that this concern prompts a disparaging evaluation of the group movement. But what is the yardstick of progress if it is not reflected in a relationship to others? I find it difficult to subscribe to such a philosophy despite evidence in specific cases of one or all of the criticisms registered above.

It seems to me that so much of the simple joy of living springs from group or team activity that is rooted indigenously in life itself. A child only under specifically rare conditions is the kind of clinical personality that might be brutalized by group experience. The life ahead forces an individual, directly or indirectly, into partnership status with others. Even the studio personality must have his efforts find place in the open market. Especially with children under foster care do I regard it as essential that program and policies culminate in objective rather than subjective living. The group or team helps in my opinion to put the accent on relationship with the other fellow.

Not everyone can make an athletic varsity or any select team, that is true. Sports are not the only medium for the competitive spirit or group activity. In effect, the quest for honors, in the classroom, in parlor games, in dramatics, in the simple exchange of riddles, depends for its appeal on provocative superiority over the other fellow. Nobody lives in a vacuum. Insularity in living can hardly prepare for the relentlessly social obligations in life. Robinson Crusoe, though marooned, completed his restricted life with a Friday, and constantly kept his eyes on the sea for the sight of ships to bring him home.

The group, the team, especially where there is the kind of leadership that radiates in the pure spirit of play, can as often as not carry the confused youngster into the open area of understanding, where the laboratory frequently has failed.

I separate here, in my analysis, the markedly disturbed youngster from the run-of-mill children who just chronically misbehave, do not get along readily with others, are given to occasional lapses of stealing or lying, of brutalizing others, and indulge in pugnacious insubordination. And I believe there is this distinction. Somebody has said that success in career making results from 98 per cent perspiration and 2 per cent inspiration. I am inclined to believe that where the nonconforming child is not obviously in the genius class nor suffering from a marked emotional disturbance, group activity under wise supervision will, most of the time, bit by bit show him the way. Where the so-called "problem child" is under consideration for therapy, there is room for a wholesome partnership between the clinic and the playground. I should be disinclined, however, to minimize the contribution of the group. It is my belief that the clinic can borrow some of its casual techniques.

I submit that I may be carried away by the pleasant recollections of much that was inseparable from the campus competitions at Bellefaire; I submit that the sports page of the daily newspaper is still a major interest in my perusal of the news. I venture to add that a new world opened up to me when my oldest son began to talk of playground activities and sports generally, for I wanted to share this adventurous interest of his life. It occurs to me that there is nothing unnatural in this. If it were so, then an overwhelming majority of Americans are haplessly cheating themselves in life.

It is all too easy, I suppose, to quote individual cases on one side or the other to point up a premise; and perhaps I was so close to the living that the lack of overt manifestations of any disturbed condition seemed conclusive. I venture to give three illustrations of youngsters who came to us at a late age for admission, because the local agency could not satisfactorily meet the situation. Measured by the pressure of the passing years, the three seem to have found themselves, and in good part, I feel, as the result of group living at Bellefaire. They were on the campus for periods of two or three years. I must add that the three were not the typical clinic cases, though as I remember it, two received psychiatric treatment in their home cities.

The first, a lad of close to fourteen, had lived a good part of his days on the streets. Though quiet in manner and speech, he immediately revealed his sophistication and street-wise knowhow. He was a habitual cigarette smoker, but he was pleasant and personable enough to be accepted by the group. It seems that such acceptance was what he craved more than anything else. I wondered at times why the agency at home could not meet his needs. There were two younger sisters who came to Bellefaire with him. All three are happily married today, apparently none of the three thinking of returning to what was their home city. The lad is a responsible office man in a reputable business concern.

I recall an incident with the cigarette-smoking lad which amuses me even today. It quickly got a response from the young man when I met him recently. I told him that I understood he might not be able to control his temptation to smoke, even though there was a pronounced taboo against it on the campus. I suggested that when the urge was too strong to restrain, he should satisfy his craving in a removed spot, considerably away from the crowd. He gave me his word that he would follow through on this and I have the impression that he honored our understanding.

One afternoon he came into the switchboard office to take over for a few hours. He did part-time office work with us as part of the co-operative arrangement we had with the commercial high school. As I left my desk to greet him, I sniffed, and then mischievously said to the lad, "I see you have been walking a mile," using a phrase from the ad of one of the big cigarette companies. He looked at me puzzled for a few seconds, and then the blush of understanding came to his face. We both smiled together.

The second example concerns the elder of two brothers who were opposites in sophistication. They were the only sons of a widowed mother, who could not control the older boy of fourteen, who "knew his way around" and showed it by a confidence and talkativeness beyond his years. His brother, two years younger, seemed completely untouched by the exposures and experiences that thus set his brother apart; it was as though the two came from altogether different backgrounds. The older lad had me worried at times. I was never sure just how far he would go in reaching out to life.

But with the passing of the months he seemed to find a tolerable campus balance. Motor-oriented, he was especially useful backstage in our Birthday Night shows. His participation in cottage duties was regular and with surprisingly few explosions of temper in a household marked for its perfectionist standards. At county fair time he was in the middle of most of the construction work. Immediately after his confirmation, he reached out on his own for a job when he felt we were not moving fast enough for him. The day he was asked to report for work he took sick and railed against his hard luck. He wouldn't wait for the doctor's authorization for his discharge from the hospital and stole his clothes from the locker and reported for work. He was conspicuously different in type from most of the children at Bellefaire.

My wife and I visited with him in his Miami home last year.

He and his wife decided to settle in Florida after a series of layoff experiences in Cleveland. They own their own home now and have, by their own labor, built an extension to the house. A picturesque part of their story, in the light of the lad's wild and roving boyhood before coming to Bellefaire, is that they have two children, both adopted when it was evident that destiny would not favor them with their own. His ample income now enables him to live with confidence, and I suspect a degree of pride.

I had something to do with the marriage of this couple. The woman was a vivacious and always active member of one of our cottage groups. Boy and girl became interested in each other the last months of their stay on the campus and continued to see each other after graduation. They wanted an early marriage. With some of the anxiety I always felt about the lad, I sent for both of them to talk the matter out. They had by this time been away from the campus for several years. Both seemed to want advice.

I ventured the suggestion that the idea of marriage should be delayed for at least six months, and perhaps longer, until they could show a total of five hundred dollars between them in the bank. They co-operatively agreed and continued to go together. When, after three months, with only three hundred dollars between them, they insisted that it would not be wise to wait any longer, I acknowledged that they had made a reasonable effort, and preferring to have them married with the blessing of all of us, advised them in accordance with their own wishes. They were married in the Bellefaire chapel. The campus will thus sentimentally be forever a part of their life. Their home is a rendezvous for Bellefairians visiting in the Miami area of Florida.

My third illustration concerns a teen-age girl of slightly over fourteen who was the despair of the social agencies back in her home town. Some clinical effort to understand and influence her must have been made, for the report on admission indicated a necessity for separation from the environment and personalities in her home city. She was big of body, talkative, and argumentative of voice, with the ready suggestion of strong will and fighting temper. I had encounters with her almost immediately after her arrival at Bellefaire. Her cottage assignment was not wisely made, for the housemother was herself inclined to be almost arbitrarily impatient with the slightest show of challenge. I was called in when the youngster refused point-blank to sweep up after the housemother had scattered her sweepings over the floor again with the order that our tantrum-ridden girl do her sweeping more thoroughly. Our girl stood in a defiant attitude that could be characteristic of her, and announced to all and sundry she would be "d——d" if she would do it again.

I entered the cottage anticipating an unpleasant scene. I reviewed with the youngster her history of insubordination. I had an advantage in her case which probably simplified our relationship. A doctor nephew of mine was in on her case in her home city. She had confidence in him and knew of my relationship to him. She had also picked up somewhat from the campus small talk that while firmness was a systematic characteristic of my procedure in instances of conflict with the housemother, there was at least a degree of general confidence in my administrative decisions, despite temporary hurt.

The girl cooled off when I had spoken my piece and proceeded to sweep up with care. When it was finished, I scrambled the mess and requested that she sweep all over again. She looked at me with the evident feeling that her trouble was to begin all over again, but she went through the motions and finished properly again. I repeated the scrambling business, and she rushed out of the cottage. Somehow she stealthily found her way back and completed her job. I talked with her quietly about the why of what I had done. She broke down and cried. We were fairly close after that.

But what in my opinion took much of the wind out of her self-willed sails was the realization that she had to make the grade with the girls of her age on the campus. She tried, and with real effort, to be a part of the activities that gave meaning to the day, and gradually she acquired the understanding that while her teen-age companions had no adminstrative standing, they had much to do with campus standing and importance.

Confirmation particularly left its mark. It ritualized her membership in the group. And while I frequently wondered about the depth and sincerity of her initiation, I do know that she occasionally wrote me after graduation, that she held a fairly responsible position prior to her marriage, that she sent me an announcement of the latter event. When I visited in her home city recently she was unusually active in rounding up alumni for a gathering, prepared a part of the refreshments for the occasion, and brought her husband along to share in the reunion spirit. When I talked to the physician who had occasion to see her in her troublesome pre-Bellefaire days, he was not prepared to believe it was the same girl.

In the three instances cited, the youngsters reacted, prior to the group living at Bellefaire, with a negative response to adult authority. I repeat that they exhibited run-of-mill, anti-adult-authority behavior. Two of the three probably had some clinical treatment. It may be that in the stress and strain of responsible family living their old quirks may reappear. I am convinced, though, that the interlude at Bellefaire was wholesome and helpful, and that the three will be glad to acknowledge this.

6

THE staff had its best opportunity during the summer to get acquainted in an intimate way with the children because of the almost ceaseless round of activities. The long summer vacation was the peak period for group outdoor interests. It was the balmiest and most relaxed time of the year. It was the period that I enjoyed most. The pressure of school with its deadline on household chores was over. A few of the older high-school children would utilize the idle period for summer employment. And our manual training and print shops would be open for those who were interested in tinkering and puttering with tools and type.

The Bellefaire print shop has played a practical part in the lives of quite a number of graduates of the Home. Spread over the country are a number of men with successful shops of their own who received their first lessons in the work at the hands of the patient and quiet-mannered teacher who has become a legend in his own right. Mischievous boys under his instruction delighted in exploiting his seeming lack of physical and vocal prowess, but honor him today for the definite contribution he made to their career and lives.

Incidentally, the first presses in the old Home on Woodland Avenue were the gift of the founder of the modern *New York Times*. He had his own paper, I believe, in Tennessee, at the time, and all of the Middle West was interested in the Jewish Orphan Home project in those early post-Civil War days. When we contemplated the move to Bellefaire, we apprized him of the fact, suggesting discreetly that the old presses had outlived their usefulness. Typical of this original donor's interest and pride in the old Home, he forthwith sent us complete modern equipment for instruction and training purposes. It was one of those gifts, that we gratefully received and acknowledged, which aided substantially in featuring the only effort at specific vocational training seriously and effectively undertaken at the Home. Other career interests were left to the public schools.

I particularly enjoyed the summer because it enabled me to touch the lives of the children informally. We had long walks together. I rooted like a veteran at the baseball games. I watched with pride the development of swimming ease and skill in our fine indoor swimming pool. The latter never failed to bring back the memory of my own boyhood and stealing out to the riverfront swimming beach to get my first lessons in the art. Each of the cottages planned a picnic at one of the many picnic parks circling the city, and invariably I found the time to join in the fun. Occasionally, good friends from town would take out smaller groups to places of interest, or to the big amusement park of the city, and when I could, I would be with the group, though sometimes a little late.

We had open-air sings which I tried to lead, but not with too much success. It could be that I was too much the pedagogue when facing the mass of children and staff and not enough the natural entertainer. The Scouts arranged a series of cookouts that were the highpoint in the Scout year.

The summer was the season for vacation visits to relatives and friends in other cities, thus reducing the resident population and enabling all of us to be a somewhat more intimate group. I was especially protective of this opportunity to bring children closer to their families, for I regarded as a systematic and continuous challenge the dissipation of the family cleavage brought about through admission.

The practice of sending children on vacation visits brought about a development that uniquely exploited the facilities of Bellefaire as a kind of summer camp for underprivileged children in small communities. Social agencies in such towns felt that we had something to offer as a summer camp for youngsters with little opportunity for traditional camp life. In the last few summers of my leadership at Bellefaire, we had the privilege of acting as hosts for about thirty children each summer, several of whom were refugee children whose tenderest years were probably blighted by concentration camp existence.

For the benefit of these young summer visitors, we deliberately tried to schedule the day to include sports, shops, the library for a story hour, the swimming pool, and dramatics. And we used our oldest children, competent in sports particularly, to act as leaders and counselors for the visitors. As I watched our Bellefairian oldsters, I could not escape the notion that the intense seasoning in campus experiences in all directions gave them the kind of competency that made them natural leaders for the young folks strange to such life.

With the colorful county fair behind us, and the opening of school immediatly ahead, I invariably felt a touch of nostalgia for the ease and informality that could not continue. The curtain was shortly to go up to the serious business of lessons and sterner training. I shouldn't be surprised if most of our Bellefairians felt exactly as I did, though many of them could be as earnest as study itself when the challenge and opportunity and responsibility were there.

Bellefaire was a beautiful spot physically. Visitors from all walks of life, especially men and women interested in communal enterprises, found their way to what so many regarded as a high point in child care. Volunteer service has developed amazingly in the past twenty-five years, and we had our share of attention from interested lay as well as professional groups.

The School of Applied Social Sciences of Western Reserve University, the entire student group of the sociology department of Oberlin College, the Visiting Nurse Association of the City of Cleveland, and the trainees of the Jewish Social Service Bureau visited regularly. The Western Reserve school later arranged to have selected students in child care do their field work on our campus. It was all pleasantly reminiscent of my Pleasantville days of acting as guide to many of such visiting groups. Whereas at Pleasantville I was disciple, pointing with postgraduate pride to curriculum and mores of the place, as dean at Bellefaire I had something additional from years of seasoning in the work. It enabled me to interject the positive optimism and practicability of much that was too frequently and cynically regarded as theory. From the nature of questions asked by visiting students, it was always apparent that some old notions about institutions were "dying hard," to speak in the vernacular. I frequently found in my talks to such visiting groups amazement at the unexpected revelations of the life. I cannot resist the temptation to repeat some of the things I found necessary to emphasize on such occasions:

1. The institution is not custodial in its administrative structure and supervisory regulations. A semipenal institution may have reason for vigilance bordering on espionage. At Bellefaire there are no visiting rules—anybody may come at any time. There is no special place where the children have to receive their visitors. There is a ceaseless going out from day to day. The shut-in program of a generation ago is completely gone.

2. A serious effort is made to provide for individual consideration. The general health, the steady physical growth, the climbing to the topmost point of the educational ladder, the opportunities for creative effort in shops, dramatics, clubs, campus projects indicate this. The protection of private family interests and rights is responsible for a great deal of confidence. There are frequent conferences with relatives of the children. At one time it was the practice of Bellefaire to mail semiannual reports of

progress. This had to be discontinued because of lack of clerical help but the concern was there.

3. The children are not shy or afraid of themselves. They may, for a few years after graduation, cautiously feel their way due to public notions about institution care. When these testing years are past, there should no longer be any sign of shyness.

4. The daily life of the institution is not a network of routine. There is no bell nor whistle. There is no uniform; there are no formations; here are no silence moments. It is true that, as with any organization or any community of hundreds of people living in community fashion, there are regulations and fixed policies and fixed schedules, but these are reduced to a minimum and are protective of elementary needs universally recognized in private family life as well as in group living. Occasionally it becomes necessary to be more conservative than in town in the interpretations of privileges allowed children. The campus has the responsibility of training. Not all children absorb privileges and opportunities in the same way. Some may be trusted more than others. In a community campus there must be protection against epidemics of all kinds, not only physical. Routine is anything but the dominant factor in the modern institution. There is, of course, supervision, but the manner and extent, as well as the personnel responsible for supervision, are frequently comparable to that in any reputable boarding school.

5. Finally, the institution is not a scene of sadness. The day throbs with pleasant activities, ambitious effort, and friendly relationships. There is romance of a kind in the excitement of the life. Visitors are sometimes amazed at the absence of forlorn and sad-looking "orphans." Children, particularly the older boys and girls, frequently refer satirically to the odd comment of an occasional visitor on "the poor orphan." The day of depression and dismal sobriety in atmosphere is gone. I do not know of a more beautiful spot in Cleveland in the summer, measuring beauty in any terms pertaining to juvenile life, than Bellefaire.

Memories of my own institution childhood served as storm signals whenever leading questions suggested the indulgence of foster-care children in generous surroundings. I kept my own boyhood and the ultimate obligations of true philanthropy in constant juxtaposition.

Which reminds me that the word "philanthropy" seems to have undergone serious changes from its early Greek origin. As I recall it, the philanthropist in the days of Socrates was a friend of man on the highest level of public statesmanship. It had a profound philosophic interpretation. Today it seems to have so much to do with the simple passing of money, not always indicative of a deep, sympathetic impulse. To go afield a bit, witness what has happened to the words "penitentiary" and "asylum," the former in its origin implying a place for sorrowful self-confession and penitence, the latter a sacred refuge from the sordid persecutions of life.

We had a visit one late afternoon that brought me back to my early teaching days in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York City. A prominent merchant of Cleveland, who gave much of his time to sports promotion and was the sponsor of a nationally known basketball team, phoned me and offered to arrange an exhibition game between his well-known players and a picked basketball team of the Cleveland Police Department. The game was to be played in our gymnasium. I thought the contest would be of great interest to the children, if only to see the nationally known basketballers who were featured daily in the sports pages of the local newspapers.

The game was not underway very long when I was attracted to the man playing center on the much-advertised national team. When the first half of the game was over, I approached him and inquired whether he had attended P.S. #51, in his boyhood. When he answered in the affirmative, knowing his name from the newspaper publicity, I asked him whether he remembered me. He in turn looked at me quizzically and asked me my name. When he heard it, crimson came into his face. He remembered only too well that he had made me quite uncomfortable as a young teacher, always calling after me, "You sheeny," inviting me occasionally to have it out with him. But he recovered quickly, smiled, and said, "Well, I was a kid then," and followed up with, "Then you should know Dutch who plays forward." Dutch was the best-publicized member of the team, and I recall him as a well-mannered and serious pupil. Dutch and I shook hands and smiled over the memory of the old days on Forty-fourth Street in New York City. More than twenty years had elapsed since I had left the old school, but time had its way of bringing pupil and teacher together again.

Occasionally I would get calls from the radio columnists of one of the papers. He would advise me that he would be glad to arrange some brief after-school entertainment for the children. I did not particularly care for this interruption of the day. It involved the spot reassembling of the children as they alighted from the school buses, taking some of them from routine cottage duties and many from the opportunity for home study. But I consented a few times, never certain that the publicity the entertainer received as a result of his visit to "an institution for underprivileged children" was adequately balanced by the entertainment offered, or that it was in harmony with the sustained policy to eliminate the exploitation of foster children. "It is better to give than receive" always bothered me when it was presented in direct relationship with the children.

My impatience had reached a mutually embarrassing point when I was called to the phone for the fourth time in not many weeks, and I didn't even wait to hear the name of the entertainer, but broke in with the abrupt statement that we just could not spare the time for the visit of whoever it was. The radio columnist hung up. I learned later that I had turned down the offer to appear at Bellefaire of one of the best-known and nationally loved vocal artists of the day. It was her practice to spread herself wherever she felt the need for sunshine. I'll admit I was somewhat piqued when I learned who the prominent radio star was. I probably picked a poor spot for the declaration of principle.

The visit of friends and relatives of the children gave me an entirely different feeling. They came usually on weekends and holidays. I had a psychological feeling of their belonging, of their rounding out our social program. I enjoyed going about the campus on such occasions to exchange greetings with them. Occasionally we would discuss events of the day, for some would make an effort to manifest positive qualities in confidence and courage, despite the breakup of their family. It was routine to exchange observations about the children. I tried by every means, without sycophantic suggestion, to eradicate the old notion of the beneficiary of philanthropy that he stood waiting with his hat in his hands. I might add here that when youngsters were brought for admission by father or mother or other relatives, I frequently explained that the Board of Trustees and I represented them particularly, as well as the public generally, and that it was their duty to inquire or complain whenever in their opinion the interests of other children were not adequately protected. Relatives from distant cities were put up for brief stays. I always enjoyed the opportunity of doing this as an expression of the partnership between a family and the place.

One of the pleasant recollections of my work was the friendly relations I enjoyed with the families of children under care. I find it difficult to recall a single instance of bitterness, conflict, or challenge. When I finally decided to resign, there was the comforting inquiry repeatedly made as to what my future plans might be. And after having left, on casually meeting any of the relatives of the children, there would be the solicitous concern as to the optimism of my affairs. I like to feel as I write this tale that I actually kept in fixed focus the relatives and friends of the children as partners in our enterprise, even if only silent partners.

No matter how different or atypical or aggressively challenging a Bellefaire youngster might be, even if there were clinical needs indicated in his personality, on the horizon was confirmation, with its campus legends. The experience psychologically tingled every fiber not only of the confirmands as they marched up to the pulpit to solemly receive the whispered blessing from the officiating rabbi, but of the whole assembly as well. The atmosphere was charged with a deep emotionalism. The strains of the classical "Largo," though constantly repeated to match the length of the procession, seemed to reach progressively deeper wells of sentiment, until the confirmand received the gentle touch of the rabbi's benediction. I was always deeply affected by the experience. To this day, the traditional "Largo" spontaneously grips me with profound response, even though years have separated me from the immediate significance of its meaning.

I am not at all sure that it was only the conventional religious ritual of confirmation to which I reacted so sensitively, as did most others in our beautiful chapel. It was as much a flash of contemplation philosophically defining life itself, with its inexorable challenges. The orphan was leaping from the playground into the arena; and he was taking with him for the battle only the armament of hope and character. Swelling the sentiment was the unspoken realization that the confirmands would shortly separate to go to all parts of the country, some destined rarely, or even never, to see their Bellefaire comrades again. My own boyhood at such times irrepressibly rose before me. The many passing years apparently dropped away like a mist before an inspiring sunshine. It is almost inconceivable that a Bellefaire graduate can forget the drama of his greatest campus day.

It was my duty to prepare the graduating class for confirmation. We would meet once a week with a manual to guide us. Not being theologically trained, I was invariably timid about the responsibility I assumed. I accepted it as a necessity because the first understanding that the rabbis of town would rotate, each taking a given year for the preparation of the class and officiating at confirmation, had not worked out satisfactorily. The rabbis with discouraging frequency would advise that other obligations made it impossible for them to meet the class on schedule. I decided to take over myself, leaving only the high ceremony of the actual confirmation ritual to the rabbi.

With marginal misgiving because of my serious lack of special training, I nevertheless decided that I was teacher enough and ardently Jewish enough and mature enough to appreciate the philosophic aspects of preparation for adequate Jewish living. I had to plan cautiously for each session in order to prepare for the active discussions we had.

It was especially difficult to meet the questions of this adolescent group, some of whom were in the upper grades of high school, regarding the God idea. I had to fall back on the infinity of wisdom and mercy and love as the attributes of a supreme being, saying that sin and the profanation of this divine goodness were evidence of man's falling away from the grace of such infinity, that life was a subconscious, if not active, reaching out for eternal truths and values, that even the savage in the jungles was on the same quest, though his tribal customs prescribed a different approach.

Of course I had to meet the challenge of contemporary events: wars, floods, hurricanes. At such times I felt the need of the comforting theology of the minister, and confess I was never satisfied with my own lay perspective in such critical inquiries. Much, I am sure, was left unanswered, as I suspect is the common experience for many not in the pulpit.

I did prescribe for all members of the class the memorizing of the Ten Commandments, the reverberating prayer through the ages, beginning "Hear, Oh Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One," the prayer over the dead, and the prayer for silent devotion, taken from the ritual of the weekly service. Of course many a moment was given over to the discussion of the persecution of minority groups, especially of our own people, and the corollary obligations of Jewish citizenry in the American democracy.

There were the traditional class tests to measure individual and group progress. I mention this because of an experience that was embarrassing and challenging. I rated the students on the basis of participation in class discussion and on the results of their periodic tests. There was the usual competition for place and parts at the confirmation exercises. I chose a valedictorian of the class from the cumulative records for the entire year.

Ordinarily, it was not too difficult to do this. But one year the student who had attained the highest rating did not represent to me what the spokesman of a young group, taking their vows for positive Jewish living, should be. She was a brilliant scholar in the public high school, as well as in the preparatory work for confirmation, and a girl of fine general character. She had come to us from a family broken by divorce. It seems the mother, herself Jewish, did not take kindly to the simple acceptance of the Jewish heritage of her husband. This conflict brought a divorce.

The children, particularly the older, beautiful girl, seemed to sympathetically accept the outlook of the mother, and I never felt, despite very active contribution in class discussion and her high grades, that she was Jewish at heart. I called her into conference and explained that I was not assigning her as the valedictorian in the confirmation ceremony. She resented it bitterly and tried to convince me that my prejudice was unfounded. Several of her class members, girls, also challenged my right to make this decision. I had the petty notion at the time that these girls looked forward to the valedictory of the class being spoken by such an attractive respresentative.

It was a cruel personal slight and discrimination, if my judgment was without basis. I preferred to take no chance because of my strong desire to have as much genuine feeling in the confirmation experience as possible. Years later, I was convinced by the developments in her own life that my unusual decision was not altogether unjustified.

The confirmation ceremony at Bellefaire invariably brought out an army of friends, some of whom seemed to make it an annual ritual. We saw them year after year. They may have come because of a special sentimental feeling for this unusual occasion. But I like to think of them as a symbol of fellowship in our work on the part of so many in the community and over the country. Such folks quietly revealed an understanding friendship and partnership year in and out, without marked display. Gifts and service would come with a regularity that suggested in many instances the anonymity of system in the experience.

I was always deeply appreciative of this, especially of the unostentatious manner that expressed philanthropy at its best. Needless to say, I am not referring to monetary contributions, though such contributions would arrive frequently without the barest touch of paternalistic relationship to the place. The old Jewish Orphan Home and the new Bellefaire were evidently much respected and beloved spots in the Middle West. From the very beginning, one could feel the heart and pride in this work for the underprivileged child. The successful building fund campaign in Cleveland, against the wishes of the local Federation, was in part the refreshment of an old love.

I made a review of indebtedness every year with the approach of the High Holy Days. It was my annual practice to draw up a letter of thanks and appreciation a month or so before the holidays. The identical letter would go to all who touched the work in a philanthropic way, but each letter was separately typed and signed. Hundreds of letters were thus mailed at this sensitive period in the Jewish year. It was not an unpleasant experience to get replies, expressing the thought that the indebtedness was mutual. The letters must have registered, as was evident to me years later, when on casually meeting a number of those who received our personal message, I would be reminded of the appreciation of the recipient.

My annual report to the Board of Trustees in 1938 reflected this consciousness of service rendered, service that became integrated with the work and progress of the Home in its day-by-day life, so much of which is frequently taken for granted because of the regularity marking its occurrence.

The alumni organization was a constant auxiliary, reaching into every conceivable phase of volunteer helpfulness. The ladies of the local B'nai B'rith lodges visited monthly to assist in the preparation of costumes for our Birthday Night shows. A graduate of the Home, in the produce business, almost weekly sent a shipment of fruit in season, rarely making a personal visit himself. One of the grocery concerns of the community delivered two gallons of mayonnaise week after week through the long years. It was like the regular arrival of a day of the week in the calendar. Children who needed glasses received them without cost to Bellefaire. Repairs of glasses were made without expense. I was curious shortly after I began duty about this unique service and visited with the gentleman responsible for it. I understood the modesty of his ceaseless thoughtfulness when I finally met him.

The doctors and nurses at Mt. Sinai Hospital cared for Bellefaire children with special concern and pride. In one of my annual reports I stated—"Recently when I attended the marriage of one of our girls and realized that she looked so attractive and that at one time, while a child under care, her eyes were crossed, I could not help but think of the service rendered her gratis by a certain surgeon who had been doing this kind of work for our children right through the years."

And as I write of this example of the gratuitous medical attention of local physicians, I have another in mind, almost as a symbol of it all—the unusual attention shown one of our girls who was at the City Hospital with meningitis, which developed from scarlet fever, for which she was entered in the contagious ward of the big hospital. I had received an early-morning call that the outlook was dubious as to her pulling through. When I arrived at the bedside of the teen-ager, the physician comforted me with the assurance that he would give all his spare moments to the child. She pulled through. To this day the doctor knows what it was that established him as a good friend not only of the Home but of my own family, though not much is said in reference to it.

One particularly valuable aid in the campus life was the weekly movie. Both film and projection service went on through all the years of my connection with the Home, and the partnership and concern shown by the Film Exchange organization and the Operators Union could not have been more faithful if the service had been paid for.

I must have expressed my thanks to all those good people personally whenever possible, but my annual letter was a form of insurance of the registration of gratitude in behalf of the children. One of the optimistic developments in communal work is the widespread activity of the volunteer and the supplementary auxiliaries of service, so frequently given in a casual way with a regularity suggesting organic partnership. Society, of course, is so much the better for it. Budgets, incidentally, are materially benefited, especially in areas not frequently covered in anticipated expenditures for the coming year. Treat funds are a good illustration of this. I am glad I have this additional opportunity to acknowledge so much, done so often and so thoughtfully, in behalf of the children at Bellefaire.

7

IN THE spring of 1939, an event took place that had an influence not calculated at the time, at least it is reasonable to presume so. It precipitated a state of mind, and an ultimate decision, which was dramatic in my child-care career. Bellefaire was in the throes of uncertainty as to its basic program. Admissions were steadily growing smaller in number. Family agencies were meeting the needs of widowed households. Boarding home care was receiving primary consideration everywhere, in cases where no special restraint was indicated in the care of the children. The future relationship of Bellefaire to the Cleveland community once again began to present itself as a problem, but with the significant difference that now the question was slowly emerging for consideration in the minds of the Bellefaire Board of Trustees. It will be recalled that not too far back it had been the Federation that was very much interested in the question.

Forward-looking members of the Board at Bellefaire felt that the time had arrived for a reappraisal of its program. And as was the popular practice in such a situation, a survey of the work of the Home was decided upon. Today I can view the fact of the survey coming to Bellefaire with a philosophical perspective more devoid of emotional bias than possible at the time. The survey director was a national figure in the professional child-care field at the time.

As I recall the survey report, and I acknowledge today only a sketchy recollection of its findings, I am convinced that it had as its primary purpose and goal the acceleration of the Bellefaire program into an out-and-out clinical center and laboratory for problem and disturbed children. There was a corollary to this. It doubtlessly projected a relationship in the future with the local boarding-home organization, which would provide care for the normal child for whom some placement was necessary. I say this looking backward, though this specific idea may not have been in the minds of the Board when the survey was planned.

I make much of the survey, for without being able to piece together the whole jigsaw pattern of the events that followed, it did happen, as is not unusual in post-survey developments in social service agencies, that the clouds began to hover over the previously sunny campus panorama. I had been advised by the Board that the survey director was to concern himself with policies and program only. He was not to be concerned at all with the competency of the superintendent.

Up to this time my relationship with the Board was all that an executive might wish. Professional friends in the field chided me, as I have previously mentioned, for earning such continued good standing over the many years by strategic backslapping. I appreciate now that my position in the total Bellefaire picture was unique, for I believe, far from reflecting political palavering with the Board members, our good relations were a result of the progressive faith that came from progressive recommendations for changes that effectively justified themselves over the years.

It could well be that with the rapid change in thinking in the progressive children's centers of the country, with the psychologist and psychiatrist moving into platform leadership in the care of underprivileged children, there may have been the first evidence of a feeling on the part of the Board that I was not overly enthusiastic about a too-clinical program. I must admit that I was not ready at the time for precipitate and extreme developments in this direction. The reader will recall the many changes from the Victorian formula of custodial care. A psychiatrist and caseworkers had been added to the staff, and many casual needs, emphasizing private rights and happiness, were recognized and specifically met.

Oddly enough, my annual reports, which I so carefully prepared, steadily featured the approach of Bellefaire to a status where it might serve all children in need, the children of the rich as well as those of the poor, wherever our kind of help seemed indicated. The analogy with a public hospital, caring for all with bodily disability without regard to financial classification, was a steadily growing concept in my mind, intimated if not actually expressed before the survey came into the Bellefaire story.

Yet at the time the survey made me subjective in my work. Prior to its presentation, I enjoyed an objectivity in the day-by-day duties which undoubtedly made for relaxed optimism. Most of the findings in the report seemed directed toward increased clinical and casework study of the children under care, with a greater clinical analysis to determine admission. Study and diagnosis for ultimate allocation was the focus, I believe, of the recommendations.

As I remember it, the survey broke away completely from an evaluation of positive values in the current Bellefaire picture. This, I confess, surprised me, innocently expecting the usual delineation of strengths and limitations in the Bellefaire program of the day. I suppose it was a survey to expedite a change in a given direction. I had not anticipated this one-sided appraisal and must have been chagrined at its limited approach. Pride may have something to do with my feelings; but I was also confused as to what attitude the public might take, for we enjoyed the most generous good will.

There was not a mention in the findings of the report of the excellent relations the campus enjoyed with public agencies in the community and with the schools. No word of recognition for the courage to establish psychiatry as an auxiliary in the work in the earliest days of the revelation of the usefulness of psychiatry. Not a line to highlight the effort to protect the relationship of children with family through easy egress and ingress and through summer vacation visits to out-of-town families. No word about the remarkable play program, with self-government by athletic councils of the children. The architect, as well as I myself, was puzzled at the absence of any comment regarding the complete play facilities of the beautiful campus. Even such a comment as might be expected about the significance of a Birthday Night program for children in foster care received no place in the report. Nor did the unusual development of the alumni, as one measure of the usefulness of Bellefaire, get even a single line in the observations of the survey director. And even Alumni Hall, which could easily have been the most conspicuous reminder to a man who himself was the superintendent of a home for underprivileged children, did not attract any attention, in spite of the fact that it probably is the only structure of its kind in the world.

The day-by-day living personality of Bellefaire as a reality apparently did not deserve the critical appraisal of the surveyor except where he located a negative condition. I remember with humiliation that in one cottage the housemother was reported to have taken the cream off the top of the milk bottle for her own use. The intimation was that the practice was general. I appreciated the revelation and frankly was chagrined that this should be the case. But the optimistic atmosphere of the campus as an entity and an influence on children under care did not receive the barest mention. The only reference to the superintendent as a well-educated man frankly left me with a puzzled notion as to what actually was the survey director's opinion of the campus leadership.

Surveys, like Congressional investigations, rarely leave in their wake completely tranquil reflections. Sensitivities continue after such inquiries, no matter how factually clear and illuminated are the personalities involved. It is rare for a post-survey period in any social agency to be free of any and all of the anxiety following the scalpel probing of investigation.

No matter how optimistic I may have been before the report was presented to the Board, there is room, I am confident, for the kind of reaction my comments suggest. A survey, I believed then and believe today, should reflect all of the compass points of the life of an organization. Where it deliberately does not do so, frankly aiming to indicate future program only, it should state this in a preliminary way to clear the deck for its purposeful analysis of service opportunities—which the survey, as I remember it, did not do. What happened later is typical of the confusion that so often follows surveys wherever they are conducted.

Part of the reason for my story is to discuss basic phenomena in an organization like Bellefaire. Progress in the care of underprivileged children is, of course, reflected not only in the promotion of the private rights and comforts of the individual but in the concern as well of the total personality of the organization as an instrument of society. It may well be that in the latter respect there was room for the idea that Bellefaire did not function as effectively as it might for the type of child for whom other forms of care, other than institutional, were not available. That was the conclusion eventually reached and in practice today.

As I write now, detached from responsibilities, with the additional detachment of time as well, I am inclined to regard this development as decidedly worthy of effort. However, much might not have happened, which eventually did occur, if there had been less of discreet, possibly cautious silence in the mutual exchanges on the subject between myself and the Board.

There is one aspect of the survey which bothers me: I am not as familiar today with the detail of the survey as I should be in the light of my observations. The odd fact is, and by this time the reader may have wondered about it, that I recall a great many of the details that touched the lives of individual children in a serious way. Such matters usually registered deep. Relationships in so many instances were intimately personal. Many a graduate has commented on my uncanny memory for incident, family background, accomplishment at school and in activities. And there is usually disappointment that I do not recall details of misbehavior, amusingly recalled.

One of the rarest tests of memory in my whole career with youngsters occurred a few years ago. I had been invited to act as toastmaster at a tribute dinner to one of my boyhood institution friends, a successful attorney by this time, who had given so much of his day to the many activities of the alumni organization of the old place. I was more than a little sensitive about the experience ahead of me. I knew I would meet men and women whom I had not seen since Pleasantville days, some thirty-five years back.

As I entered the anteroom leading to the banquet hall, I was fairly mobbed by men and women who insisted that I recognize them, despite the changes brought by so many years. I was rather proud of the manner in which I met the test. Eventually a woman approached me with, "Well, we'll see if you remember me." I looked at her and had to confess I just couldn't place her. Apparently suspecting something, the woman went on, "Maybe you'll remember if I tell you my maiden name was Tillie L——."

I looked at her, puzzled, and then said, "You can't be Tillie L——; Tillie had a wart on her nose!"

Whereupon she laughed hilariously and said, "I'd like to have you meet my husband, Doctor B——; he is a plastic surgeon, and one of his earliest professional experiences was to take that terrible wart off my nose."

Shortly before the advent of the survey, my assistant of many years had decided to resign. It was not a happy prospect for the campus, for he had entrenched himself deeply on all sides. It had not been my experience, before or since my contact with him, to meet an individual who had endeared himself to so many. He covered an administrative post and could easily have made himself vulnerable to criticism. The reader may recall my reference to him earlier.

What prompted him to leave the work, which he followed with missionary feeling and zeal, I do not actually know. There were, of course, differences between us at long intervals, reflecting his almost organic tendency at times to disregard administrative judgment and decision for the momentary convenience and happiness of youngsters. He would do this when he honestly felt there was not too much at stake. We talked about this again when he advised me of his intention to leave, but apparently these occasional differences were not basic in his determination to leave.

More likely, and I conjecture here, he realized that the years were moving past the usual apprenticeship period and that with the rapid development of new standards for professional workers, there might not be opportunity for higher placement. He may have regarded his work as a dead end in a career way. I believe we discussed this phase of his affairs in the friendliest manner when he actually fixed the date for his resignation.

I have a final thought about this unusual personality. Protective of every detail of humanization in the work, I think of him today, with the years crowding my life, as a consecrated spirit in the manner in which he idealized his work. With no reflection on the inspiration for career given at professional schools of social work, I have a feeling that no curriculum can indoctrinate students to such a degree of selfless devotion that his day-by-day service to the children suggests. I remember so well the glamour with which he surrounded the prize Hilton tale of Mr. Chips, and the zeal with which he would tell this story to his boys. To many of them, he must have seemed a Mr. Chips at close range.

There was one characteristic of my assistant's work which was so obviously a reflex with him, and which I appreciated all the more when the same was not so routinely evident with his successor. I refer to a ceaseless dependability as to working habits, a punctuality, an availability, and a respect for schedules that touched the duties of others. It had much to do with the helpful physiological functioning of the campus. The whole staff, right down the line, readily followed the pattern and with little strain. It was one reason for the remarkable infrequency of incidents and explosive emergencies. I do not have in mind a manner of supervising sometimes ascribed to army sergeants, blunt, impersonal, challenging. I would have been disturbed, for example, if my "rounds" of the campus had created the impression that I was checking up on staff or children.

True, there must have been occasions when on my daily trips I would miss a worker or an older child scheduled for duty, but the occasions were rare enough to be conspicuous exceptions. I deliberately extended myself to add a relaxed quality to my physical supervision and to eliminate misunderstandings of its purpose. The graduates will remember, and a number have reminded me of this, that I frequently stopped long enough in a cottage to discuss the sports of the campus, or to indulge in parlor games from stop to stop, kibitzing on all sides.

That the spirit and point of the latter technique in supervision was at least partially appreciated by the children is illustrated by remarks made by a graduate at a recent reunion gathering in my honor in a distant city where I was visiting. There seems to be irrevocably the habit of graduates, under such circumstances, to inquire, "Why did you do so and so?" In the endless inquiries about the old days, this graduate, a successful businessman and regarded as an unusually intelligent lad in his playroom days, wanted to know why, in making my trips through the spacious barracks dormitories at night, I always had such a heavy step.

"The crowd played up that it was fast asleep when you came into the dorm." I smiled at the question. "Could it be that you wanted us to know you were approaching? We figured it that way, and it didn't hurt our regard for you."

The solicitous manner of supervision may not suggest drama enough to be in this part of the story, but the change in its character by my new assistant was one of the steps that led to drama in my affairs. I do not intend to infer that the new man stealthily soft-shoed his visits. Far from it. He seemed to be guided basically by the clinical approach of the caseworker, and in mood he seemed removed from direct administrative action. I thus found myself between the clinical influence of the caseworker, who conscientiously avoided the administrative type of thinking, concentrating on analysis and guidance only, and an administrative assistant who seemed to follow this pattern also, suggesting a primary loyalty to it, leaving me with all of the frequent challenges that can develop with administrative decision. Thus, there was confusion in the leadership of the campus.

The gap between us became too evident to workers, and finally I felt compelled to request his resignation. And it was this, I believe, in the face of the later sequence of events, that led to my own resignation, a subject almost as difficult to refer to today, because of sentiment and pride, as it assuredly was when I announced it to the Board.

One August morning in 1941, I received a telephone call to attend a meeting downtown of the select trustees, a group who were the elders of the Board. Several had come from far-off cities for the purpose. Hardly had I entered the meeting room when I realized that something of unusual importance to Bellefaire had transpired. This feeling came to a focus at once when the chairman announced to me that the group had held a meeting the evening before.

I say it came to a focus at once because it was the first time in the nearly twenty years of my service at Bellefaire that a meeting had been held without me. My absence from the meeting implied, of course, that the subject under discussion concerned me, which of itself was disconcerting. It had been an inviolate practice with me to share with the Board every detail that touched and affected the campus in a serious or sentimental way. Not being invited to the meeting of the evening before lifted the curtain to what might be a new relationship.

There was the closest democractic understanding between the Board and myself. It occurred to me that for some reason I had lost such strategic standing, which I cherished. This loss, if it were true, would definitely undermine my confidence and my work. Something psychological happens in such circumstances which makes it difficult to recapture later the unity of superintendent and Board. I make a point of this not only because I was caught emotionally off balance by it but because I knew, where such a practice continued, it could readily be the end of a courageous and frank relationship with the Board and the beginning of an obsequious one.

When the reason for the special meeting was presented to me, I was additionally taken aback. It seems that the highly respected secretary of the Home had submitted her resignation in June. No word of it had leaked out at the big annual meeting in early July. Apparently an effort had been made to have her reconsider. With the passing of the weeks and no change in her decision, something of an emergency was created. Relations between the secretary and myself had been exceedingly pleasant up to the arrival of the new assistant. She had been a frequent guest at my table. It is possible that the secretary resented my insistence that the new assistant resign, and when the resignation became a fact, she may have made up her mind to submit her own resignation. Much of this I conjecture. At any rate, there was the unusual situation before me at this special meeting. The spokesman at the emergency meeting advised me of the unusual developments and asked what I thought might be done in the light of the secretary's determination to resign.

As I remember the drama of the moment, I did not hesitate to reply. "Gentlemen," I began, "you have consistently encouraged me through the years. I have enjoyed the comraderie in our work more than I can tell you. I think it timely to add that our fine relationship has been the subject of repeated curiosity and comment among my professional colleagues. But the moment has arrived, to my deep regret, when I must tell you I am through. I feel it inadvisable to continue under the circumstances."

I have no way of knowing whether this pronouncement on my part was anticipated. There was, for a moment or so, significant silence. Then the ejaculation from several: "Keep cool; you are unnecessarily excited." When I repeated my determination to resign, the chairman of the Board suggested, "Maybe a leave of absence would help you reach a more tranquil perspective." But I simply couldn't see it that way, with personalities now involving the happy Bellefaire picture. The suggestion was added that I review the matter with my wife, and advise the local chairman of my final decision after a few days of serious consideration. My wife, who was close to me in every move and every effort through my entire service, regretfully acknowledged her feeling that the end had come. I advised the local committee accordingly.

The reader will doubtless regard this reaction of mine as an abrupt anticlimax to a service that was marked by so much satisfaction. Psychologically, I was unprepared for the development. It was akin to the dropping of the curtain in the middle of the third act. To some it may appear that because the Board would not play it my way I sulked and decided "to take my marbles and go home."

There may be some small basis for this conclusion, but at the moment, and the relaxed years have not changed my point of view, the integrity of the superintendent as executive director, with equal and independent status with the members of the Board, was at stake. The point I make may be delicate, but the future direction of the campus would be definitely retarded and confused where professional leadership hesitated because of fear of what the Board might think. To me "the issue was drawn," and I preferred to accept it for what I felt it implied. I did not consider it wise or conducive to peace of mind on the job to do otherwise.

To understand my position perhaps I should mention that when I earlier announced to the Board my wish that the new assistant be asked to resign, there was impatience with my request, despite a detailed explanation which in other days might have been regarded as ample cause for separation. And when, after an additional probationary period requested by the Board, my decision was unchanged, the silent acquiescence of the Board had not added to my comfort.

Personalities and partisanship were unmistakably evident. Split controls, with the secretary reporting only to the Board, plainly threatened the continuation in the future of the independent action that was so characteristic of my work in the past. Never temperamentally inclined to play politics, the dramatic climax of the emergency meeting would obviously be the last spot for my compromise with conscience. The special meeting without me suggested the lack of confidence that traditionally precedes the fall of a continental ministry. I felt I had no choice but to do as I did.

With the finality of decision behind me, my contact with the work, the faithful staff, took on a treadmill character. I felt beaten. It may be that I was badly spoiled by the constant succession of optimistic experiences in my career. My most difficult challenge was the children. I had lost leadership of them, as well as partnership with them, in the magical inspiration of the campus. Facing the children in a body, as was necessary at religious service, brought the hurt of the ultimate separation to a painful focus.

Many of my friends have characterized me in personality as a boy never grown up. I might have taken the cyclonic break with campus family with professional equanimity and allowed due time for the appointment of a successor. But, frankly, I was not myself with normal dynamic impulse. It might appear that I failed the children. Yet I saw no good that would come from the daily appearance, even in routine functioning, of a ghost of my previously enthusiastic leadership. I understood as I never did before the unique significance of the oriental concept of saving face.

Each passing day became more difficult to live with. There was a recently appointed new assistant to carry on for the few months to the end of the year, which in my opinion, would allow for the appointment of a new executive director. Accordingly, I advised the Board of my intention to leave within six weeks.

There may have been unpleasant interpretations of the seeming haste of my plan. To me it was a choice between being the center of ceaseless gossip and solicitous inquiry, marking time for the eventual farewell, or calling it a day, with the confidence that the campus could carry on for the brief period before new leadership was designated. I chose the latter. I understand that at the beginning of the year a new director was found, with no unseemly developments transpiring in the interim.

When the announcement of my resignation was made public, I began to hear from all sides. Professional colleagues, among whom was the dean of the school of Applied Social Sciences of Western Reserve University, expressed particular regret that I could not continue a work that added "dignity" to the calling. The leading rabbis of town seemed to feel the same way. The three Cleveland daily papers found space in their editorial columns to generously honor my work. The Ohio State Department of Welfare took occasion to remind me of my effort to lift the child-care standards of the county homes of the state. There was a constant flow of calls and letters from graduates. The Alumni Association arranged for a final tribute dinner.

Driving away from the campus that eventful September afternoon brought a rush of reminiscent contemplation. My family did not realize it, I suspect, but I was as close to depression and despair as a mature man may dare be under the circumstances. I had come to the old Woodland Avenue place on a dull late December day, faced a drab collection of barracks buildings reflecting age and outdated methods in child care. I left Bellefaire on a bright fall day, with a beautiful campus and, I believe, a beloved and highly respected organization behind me. I should have made my exit with the pride of accomplishment, but it just was not destined to be that way. I left with a broken heart.

Several weeks later the pain of my abrupt departure from beautiful Bellefaire was partially relieved on the receipt of a beautiful set of resolutions, elegantly bound, over the signature of a special Bellefaire committee for the purpose, led by the distinguished chairman of the Board. I reproduce here the tribute resolution verbatim as a gesture of special appreciation on my part for the generosity of the Board in its gracious mood and understanding in overlooking the untraditionally brief notice given them of the plans for my leaving the campus.

RESOLUTION

The officers and trustees of Bellefaire, the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home, have learned with deep sorrow that

MICHAEL SHARLITT

for more than nineteen years the efficient superintendent of our institution, has decided to sever his connection with our Home. Most regretfully were we under the necessity of accepting his resignation.

Michael Sharlitt was regarded by many of us, not alone as the official head of our institution, but its spiritual and paternal guide and inspirer as well.

The guidance of our Home was to him a sacred task; the rearing of our children, in the best traditions of our country and our faith, was to him a sacred obligation to which he gave unstintedly the best that was in him.

Our children, many of whom under his guidance have grown to splendid young manhood and womanhood, rise up and call him blessed. They join us in whole-heartedly paying tribute to the fine loyalty and untiring zeal that he at all times brought to his task.

And in his labor of love and of great achievement, he found inspiration and encouragement in his devoted wife who aided him and strengthened him and was at all times a helpmate in all his endeavors.

To both of them we owe our affectionate appreciation for the many years of fine endeavor and splendid accomplishment. Under their joint ministrations our Home has become a model institution, and through their efforts, we shall continue to grow and live up to its traditions and past achievements.

Be it resolved that these words of our affection and esteem be entered upon our minutes and an engrossed copy thereof sent to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sharlitt.

(Signed) The Committee

PART IV

Conclusion

SUCH is my story. The reader may acknowledge that there must have been gratification with the progressive opportunities exploited; that the illumination of the rights of the underprivileged dependent child was doubtlessly a reflection of a childhood memory; that something of a mission sparked a militant determination to give positive character and personality and the rights of full childhood citizenship to the orphan.

Through the long years, as a result of living with so many in joint enterprise, there developed the joy of living itself. Not the least satisfaction, by any means, was the relationship with the young people which mellowed and hallowed with the persistent nostalgia that so often comes with the passing of time.

Youngsters become graduates, then career-minded men and women, then parents. Their own children come into the total perspective of their lives. It has been my good fortune, and a blessing in my later years, that this total perspective has rarely crowded out the foster relationships of childhood. It is not given to many to enjoy, in intimate fashion so often, the pressing understanding and appreciation of hundreds whose lives were touched, albeit in professional and administrative capacity. The personal factor on both sides must have worked for and cemented deep emotional values, though these were unspoken in the impressionistic years of official relationship.

Innumerable times I have been a welcome guest at celebrations in honor of the births of children of graduates. Time and again my wife and I have been specially invited to weddings. Confirmation parties for the children of Bellefairians have repeatedly found us among those present. Recently we attended one such function at which there were twenty-five graduates, all Bellefairian buddies of the same era as the mother of the confirmand. And it has been a sad experience to occasionally be called to attend a funeral at the untimely passing of a campus alumnus.

A not insignificant reminder of the fellowship established with a total personal family of children who were under care is the delicate obligation assumed to be at funerals of parents of children who lived their childhood at Bellefaire. Relationships extended to entire families, through the easy frequency of visiting at the campus, at which times I rarely failed to extend greeting and exchange the pleasantries of conversation.

One of the most unusual sentimental touches reflecting ties binding the graduate to the campus and to his childhood days as a dependent child came shortly after the Second World War began. Our Cleveland apartment telephone rang one evening and a radio executive of a national hookup inquired whether my wife would be ready to acknowledge a message of greeting from a G.I. stationed near Los Angeles. It seems that each week one of the newly enlisted boys in uniform would have the privilege of calling the person to whom he most desired to send a final message before going overseas. As this lad put it, he wanted to talk to the mother he knew at the old J.O.H.

Naturally, my wife and I were overcome with the sentiment of the experience, the challenge of battlefield contingencies adding to the drama of the call. What particularly affected me was the realization that the young man had attracted little attention in the general life of the campus. Apparently, though, he had not forgotten, and in the fatalistic hours of his young life, had expressed the wish he did. My good wife was apparently a symbol to him of the motherhood of Bellefaire.

The call came in as scheduled; the radio audience all over the country listened in on the conversation between the young G.I. and my wife. Immediately after its conclusion, almost on the minute, our phone began to ring and continued ringing well past midnight. The days following brought letters from everywhere.

When the war was over, I had occasion to meet an Indianapolis friend of mine who as an officer was stationed in Alaska. He had written me shortly after the radio program and on repeated meetings with him constantly referred to the experience. He described it as an unforgettable moment in his war experience, particularly stationed as he was in the northernmost frontier of the country. His wife was with him at the time and they both had an emotional cry that went deep. The setting in his far-off spot must have been perfect for recollections of home and family.

It was so common in early days to refer to an institution as being a meticulous plant and a physical entity only, with rare demonstration of heart. Looking back on my own isolated experience, I find it extremely difficult to reconcile my inspiring days with such a conventional notion. I can understand, of course, the depressing observation of the distinguished author and philosopher, Pearl Buck, when she says in her book *My Several Worlds*: "A well-run orphanage, where the children grow up clean and obedient, is a wonderful showplace. I cannot bear to go into an orphanage. What I see is not the clean faces, the good clothing —no uniforms any more, we have advanced so far. I see only the children's eyes, their wistful looks, the strange still patience or the belligerence that hides a breaking, childish heart."

But it seems to me the unique picture of Bellefaire belies this hurt sensitivity expressed by the brilliant and humanitarian Pearl Buck. The almost possessive pride shown by most grads of the place, and the oft-repeated comment by them that their campus days constantly come to mind as among the happy days of their lives, the intimate relationships of children with staff, the studied effort to recognize personal and private needs and rights, with inspiring play and recreation provocatively adding to the drama of the day throughout the year—these cannot readily be characterized as parts of a physical body only, with administration where the heart should be.

I am disposed to acknowledge that with all of the attention Bellefaire received from public officials, professional as well as lay observers, the institution may have been an exception to the rule. But I am puzzled and somewhat at a loss to understand why the formula of Bellefaire should be ignored as an optimistic pattern for the future care of underprivileged children.

The campus as I knew it died when Bellefaire was converted into a study and service station for difficult children. This was very likely a logical development, with the overwhelming needs in that direction and with other facilities available for so-called "normal" children, an area that had been served by the institution. The new program at Bellefaire is a worthy enterprise, deserving every encouragement. The atypical all along the line, old as well as young, have only too long been a vexatious challenge of society. Young atypicals deserve more optimistic hope and opportunity and every investment in them deserves commendation.

The overwhelming tide against institutional care for so-called "normal" dependent children, in the Jewish group at least, makes it unlikely that the unusual story of Bellefaire will be repeated. This is to be regretted, since so much was accomplished for so many, and in the happiest way.

I write as I do as schoolmaster as well as campus administrator. I keep in mind the great number of mediocre boarding schools, where the curriculum vitae is not too conspicuously superior to the influence that I believe inspired the life at Bellefaire, overlooking of course the eleemosynary basis. The feeling against institution care for average dependent children is so strong that the wonder is that such care persists in this age of intense professional analysis. Some religious groups, with the desire to control the educational and full training program for youngsters of their respective faiths, continue to build and maintain institutions for the orphan; this despite the systematic effort on the part of social agencies to place children in boarding homes in accordance with the religious denomination of the child.

Here, with the partisanship inspired doubtlessly by personal experience, I venture the bold observation that the foster home can go only part of the way in salvaging the broken family moorings of normal dependent children. By way of checking up on my reservation in the matter, I scrutinized the 1942 studies of some fifty-four men and women who, forced by circumstances, lived their formative childhood in foster homes. The studies were submitted by graduate students of the School of Applied Social Sciences of Western Reserve University toward the fulfillment of a Master's degree. The men and women interviewed in the studies were in their twenties, a number being married with children.

I ask the indulgence of the reader here that I do not submit the findings themselves. I am in quest of a status for the dependent child under care that is independent of extreme and exclusive hypotheses. The heart of the child is a factor in the training for ultimate social adjustment.

In this study of 54 men and women, 26 showed favorable reaction to their foster home life, 23 were quite unhappy about it, 5 had mixed feelings. The 54 lived in a total of 264 homes, of which 96 were regarded as satisfactory, 79 unsatisfactory, 31 with mixed reaction; 58 were passed over either by evasion or oversight. The number of homes lived in by this group of 54 ranged from 1 to more than 10. The number living in less than 3 homes was in the conspicuous minority.

The personal comment of some of the individuals interviewed, frequently repeated by others, brought to mind that there is no perfect panacea in either the average boarding home or the institution. It was really surprising to read of the same hungers and criticism in foster home care that proverbially has been part of the running indictment against the old institution, as follows: self-consciousness of dependency status, with accompanying feeling of inferiority; housework too heavily a part of the routine, emphasizing subordinate position in the household; punishment arbitrary and sometimes severe; subordination in status to the foster mother's own children, frequently reflected in privileges and food distribution. One woman stated bitterly that she never saw a glass of milk in one of the homes in which she lived (as I read this, I recalled my own institution boyhood in the early nineties of the last century); unwillingness to talk with visiting social worker in the presence of the foster mother; the unusually rapid turnover of visiting caseworkers.

Repeatedly echoing through the interviews was the hunger in their foster home childhood for the "home" of homestead and the being wanted and belonging that is inseparable from parental love. There were exceptional instances of extreme neglect and extreme departures from social patterns that suggested the importance of greater public knowledge of life in boarding homes. The latter, of course, applies with equal force to institution care.

The critical reader may not be generous enough to go all the way with me in my evaluation of Bellefaire as I knew it. I recognize that there may be something of defensive pride in my position. This does not detract from my belief that whereas there may be something in boarding home living that an institution can rarely supply, there are also values in such a campus as Bellefaire which no foster family home can provide.

These values are built up around generosity in social philosophy and educational and psychological formulas, accompanied by a realization of the futility of actually matching the parental loss. Instead the campus creates a program, and the word "program" is important (strength and buoyancy and comraderie) to compensate in part for the psychic loss sustained. At the same time, the generous campus does much to keep warm a partnership in this enterprise with surviving relatives. There was little mistake about this in the story of Bellefaire.

There is no way of knowing whether the Stephen Girard millions would have been applied differently if there had been social agencies at work in the middle 1800's, about the time the nationally known Girard College was opened in Philadelphia. The first superintendent, chosen before the buildings were erected, was instructed to study boarding schools and eleemosynary institutions abroad, which is an unusual fact by itself, considering the date. As indicated in his will, Stephen Girard desired "to provide for such a number of poor white orphan children as can be trained in one institution, a better education as well as a more comfortable maintenance than they usually receive from the application of public funds." Girard College contemporaries, and the early and later administrators of his bequest, have all been in agreement that he meant his "college" to be vastly different from the conventional orphan asylum. And so it has become an honor and a privilege to be a pupil in Girard. The school began with an enrollment of three hundred boys. In 1917, 1540 boys were in attendance. Apparently mass by itself was never regarded by the school or administrators as indicative of the regimentation which is so frequently associated with institution living. An interesting factor was the provision from the earliest days, and continuing to the present, of prescribing academic culture in the curriculum for those planning on industry as a career, and vocational subjects for pupils looking to an academic life.

The Hershey Industrial School, at Hershey, Pennsylvania, was founded in 1905, "for the care, education and training of normal white orphan boys needing assistance." No expenses are incurred by the pupil, his parent, or his sponsor. Admissions are called scholarships. The enrollment touches the thousand mark. The curriculum at Hershey takes a lad through high school and offers courses preparing for college, for commerce, and for industry. The school is rich in extracurricular activities in music, dramatics, special-interest clubs, and athletics.

There are several other schools in this country following the pattern of Girard and Hershey endowed on behalf of orphan youngsters. There doubtless is the mellowing of school spirit and the hallowing of legend that increases in compounded degree at such schools as Girard and Hershey. Campus exploits, the annual reunion of alumni in comraderie and loyalty, the increasing public respect for the school through the complimentary record of graduates have a way of sublimating the orphan requirement for admission. Both of the founders of Girard and Hershey refer to all admissions as scholarships; and while there is no misunderstanding about the requirement for such scholarships, nevertheless the word is part of the pattern of dignifying the total purpose of the enterprise.

At this point I am reminded of a conclusion at which I ultimately arrived after my many years of institutional experience. Words like "uniform" and "barracks" associated with institution care in its earliest days have become symbols and an anathema to the socially minded public. But both a uniform and a barracks can arouse pride where they are associated with inspiring organization. The old soldier will preserve his uniform long after it has seen service. The old grad of a great school will cherish it as a reminder of his happiest days. The quotation from Pearl Buck's *My Several Worlds* refers to the meaninglessness of the abandonment of the institution uniform where the old depression and repression continues to exist.

It was in the sixteenth century that the now famous Bluecoat School of Christ's Hospital, London, was founded. It was established by Edward VI to house and care for the orphans of London streets. It took its name from a peculiar blue coat to be worn by the youngsters, which blue coat, I understand, is still the uniform of the school and has become as distinctive a symbol, which graduates take pride in, as the school ties of the great "public schools" of England.

The concept of the London orphan as a pauper in those early days was reflected not only in the meanness and brutality of the life at the Bluecoat School but in the matter-of-fact paternalism toward the school's pupils expressed by the London public generally. The record says that in the earliest days the children were often used to swell funeral processions. One eccentric London citizen made provision in his will that some sixty boys of the school, "march every Good Friday to All Hallows Church where after the service each child should receive one penny and several raisins."

But the blue coat of the Bluecoat School today, some four hundred years later, brings an enviable pride to the wearer. The distinguished English writers Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt were products of the school when it still must have been a disciplinary center for charity children. But today, the school has a place deep in the heart of the English public.

Such schools as Girard, Hershey, and the remarkable Bluecoat School, and others like them, must call forth appreciative reminiscence and understanding on the part of graduates. It was Matthew Arnold, the great schoolmaster, who said of his university life, "When I was an undergraduate at Oxford there were voices in the air that haunt my memory still."

It is almost impossible for me to resist the feeling that except for the private school character of the foregoing, and similar residential schools, Bellefaire provided such "voices in the air." I was so carried away by the intrinsic appeal of the campus life at Bellefaire that as early as 1937 I felt that the practice of limiting the admission to children of the lowest economic group only should be departed from, to allow for the care of all children—except those needing clinical treatment—where stabilized living and simple retraining was indicated in their history. Exploitation, indulgence, neglect are not limited to families in the lowest economic group only. Costs, I felt, could be in proportion to the ability to pay, very much like the hospital that admits all in need of hospital care and exacts payment for service on the basis of degree of financial competency.

My annual message in July, 1937, to the Board of Trustees and Directors, went on to say:

> From the foregoing recital of the life and personality of Bellefaire, a listener might be pardoned if he felt a gentle whispering that much of the blessing of life on our campus might be shared with other children, where, though there is economic sufficiency, there is still the need of training and a home. Not all of the underprivileged in society are in the lowest economic brackets. Children of the so-called upper and middle economic levels, who cannot get the benefit of such because of conventional thinking, are orphans of our sociological theories.
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> As a pedagogue, I can never resist the feeling that from the standpoint of true childhood needs, the current emphasis in service for the impoverished only belies the true challenge of society, particularly in an American democracy. Accordingly, I recommend that the Board be encouraged to extend in practice the theoretical provisions of the rules for the admission of all children to whom the need of a permanent and stable home, and its corollary of training, may be otherwise denied. It is my belief that we have arrived at a day when a change in approach is as necessary for us as it has demonstrably become so for all public service.

When the Jewish Orphan Home was founded in 1868 the institution curriculum included schooling. Through the years serious efforts were made to standardize the teaching. The legends of the old place suggest a respect for the teaching personnel. The superintendent was the equivalent of headmaster. A somewhat similar setup was the Jewish Orphan Home in New Orleans, where a special manual training school was an adjunct to the institution. The latter attracted so much public regard that community families did not hesitate to send their children to this manual training school, thus reversing the usual arrangement. For many years, I understand, the superintendent was expected to be a man of certificated education and to function as headmaster.

The Pleasantville institution went the whole distance with cottage campus, academic and commercial and vocational curriculum, the pioneering superintendent a headmaster in the best intellectual meaning of the word. The higher level of positive results in the spread of career accomplishment of its graduates suggests, at least to me, that the formula the Pleasantville experiment represented was basically sound. The Pleasantville effort foundered through lack of financial sponsorship.

I keep Pleasantville and Bellefaire constantly in mind as two phases of an optimistic and constructive program for dependent children, under one sponsorship. I bring them together to unite the serious educational curriculum and opportunity of Pleasantville with the buoyancy and personal relationships of the day at Bellefaire.

The endowment of a Girard or Hershey on the Jewish horizon does not seem imminent, but the day may come when it will be. And it is not in the realm of the impossible that an alumnus of a Pleasantville or Bellefaire may eventually provide the miracle. It may be that only graduates of spots like Pleasantville and Bellefaire can understand and appreciate this persistent reference on my part to the frank concept of a generous campus for the dependent child. I cannot easily dismiss from respectful evaluation the tested level of accomplishment at both places.

Social theory of the day may regard my conclusion as stupid, even presumptuous partisanship. But easily old enough to be a grandfather today, with the shadows of finality beckoning, I am more indifferent to hypothesis only. I seek for the underprivileged child an entrenched childhood home and training curriculum in compensation for a loss not so easily requited. I would recapture the "haunting happy voices of childhood," redirect in happy fashion the outlook of youngsters bereft of the blessing of stable parental care. Stephen Girard faced it squarely. He knew what suffering was when he volunteered to take over the active direction of the Philadelphia City Hospital when the staff had fled in a yellow fever epidemic that ravaged the town.

I had a broken heart when I left Bellefaire. My work there was a labor of love inspired by a memory and a consciousness of opportunity. I seriously believe, because of the happiness it engendered, that its spirit is worthy of endowment as an investment, without subterfuge, positive, optimistic, and direct, in the salvaging of the friendless child of society.